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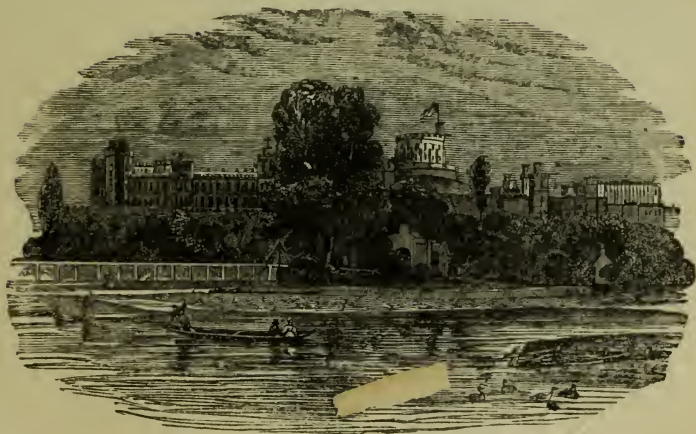




THE
PATRICIAN.

EDITED BY

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Author of "The Peerage."



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TO

THE REV. FRANCIS ORPEN MORRIS,

VICAR OF NAFFERTON, CO. YORK,

THE EDITOR'S KIND AND EVER VALUED FRIEND,

THIS VOLUME OF

The Patrician

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF THE SINCEREST REGARD AND ESTEEM.

THE PATRICIAN.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

PART I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IMPRESSIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD."

DURHAM PLACE has long ceased to cast its broad shadow over the bosom of the Thames, and its existence is but remembered by the lover of antiquity, yet the memory of him who dwelt therein is green in our souls—for this was the abode of Sir Walter Raleigh. The palace was no mean specimen of the dwellings of the nobility at the period to which we refer, when Queen Elizabeth encouraged hospitality amongst her lords, visiting them during her Progresses. Harrison, after enumerating her Palaces, says, "but what shall I need to take upon me to repeat all, and tell what houses Her Majesty hath? sith all is hers; and when it pleaseth her in the summer season to recreate herself abroad, and view the estate of the country, and hear the complaints of her poor commons, injured by her unjust officers, every noble's house is her palace, where she continueth during pleasure." This residence of Raleigh's had been a palace of Henry VIII., and was given by Mary to the see of Durham, whence called Durham Place, or Palace. For, as Pennant observes, "be it known to all whom it may concern, that the word is applicable only to the habitations of princes, and that it is with all the impropriety of vanity bestowed on the houses of those, who have luckily acquired money enough to pile on one another a greater quantity of stones or bricks than their neighbours. How many *Parks* have been formed within precincts where deer were never seen? How many houses misnamed *Halls*, which had never attached to them the privilege of a manor?" This edifice was properly designated, however, having been the abode of princes. On the occasion of a great jousting in 1546, a superb feast was given here by the challengers of England, to the king, Henry VIII., and Anne of Cleves. "In this time they not only feasted the king, queen, ladies, and all the court, but also they cheered all the knights and burgesses of the House of Parlement; and entertained the maior of London with the aldermen and wives at a dinner." On the death of Mary it became the property of Queen Elizabeth, who gave the use of it to Raleigh, and now, though in the hands of a subject, lacked but little of the splendour of royalty.

The evening of the 12th September, 1603, succeeded one of those intense warm days which linger on the verge of winter, recalling the joys of the summer time. Many a gay bark and pleasure-boat glided on the

silver bosom of the Thames, and exulted in its voyage from the crowded and plague-stricken city, while its occupants inhaled with rapture the evening breeze which greeted them on their approach to the Royal Palace of Greenwich. All who possessed dwellings by the banks of the lordly river opened the casements to suffer the pure air to enter, or, if debarred from venturing on the water, took pleasure from surveying the gay parties, who, urged by wind or oars, swiftly shot past. Yet one seemed to have little pleasure in the sight, or scant desire to look on the fair scene before her. The casements of windows, looking on the flowing stream, were open, it is true, and a burst of sunlight lighted up a room of noble dimension, furnished with splendid profuseness. Mirrors and pictures hung from the walls, while couches, tables, and cornices, richly gilt, seemed blazing in the glare. The sole tenant of this luxurious chamber was in the prime of life, her features regular, and of a cast betokening true nobility—her figure had lost the roundness of youth, and assumed a matronly dignity, but each attitude betokened grace, and the internal consciousness of elevation which is inseparably connected with superior station. She stirred not from the couch, but having turned over the leaves of a large manuscript folio, exclaimed aloud, in a voice betokening pleasure and emotion, “Here it is, I have got it at last!” And unconsciously she continued to read aloud the following lines:—

COUNTRY RECREATIONS.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
 Fly, fly to courts,
 Fly to fond worldling's sports;
Where strained sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;
 Where mirth's but mummery,
 And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastime, fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
 Come, serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
 Peace and a serene mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comfort grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic masque, nor drama,
But of our kids that frisk and prance:
 Nor wars are seen,
 Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one another,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;
 And wounds are never found,
 Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baits,
 To hasten to too hasty fates;
 Unless it be
 The fond credulity
 Of silly fish, which, worldling-like, still look
 Upon the bait, but never on the hook :
 Nor envy, unless among
 The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go ! let the diving negro seek
 For gems hid in some forlorn creek :
 We all pearls scorn,
 Save what the dewy morn
 Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
 Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass ;
 And gold ne'er here appears,
 Save what the yellow corn bears.

Blest silent groves ! Oh may ye be
 For ever mirth's best nursery !
 May pure contents
 For ever pitch their tents
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
 And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
 Which may we every year—

“Find when we come a-fishing here,” chimed in a tuneful, manly voice, as a gentleman of a very dignified presence and costly attire strode into the apartment. His figure was rather slender, about six feet in height, with a singularly prepossessing countenance—dignity and sweetness spoke in each lineament. In accordance with the fashion of the times, his dress was splendid, and became him well—a white satin vest, close sleeved to the wrist, and he wore over the body a brown doublet, embroidered with flowers, intermingled with pearls of price—trunk hose, also white, fitting tight, displayed the perfect symmetry of his limbs. In his hat, which he held in his hand, was a black feather, with a large ruby and pearl drop, in place of a button.

“Well rhymed, Sir Walter,” said the lady, pressing his hand in hers ; “how knew ye the verse ?”

“There’s a saying among the Irish kernes, lady mine, ‘What the fairy writes he can read.’”

“What, Walter, are the verses thine ?” asked the lady in a tone of surprise.

“Of a suretie, why dost thou wonder, sweetheart ?”

“I crave your pardon, but you, my Walter, who could *feel* to write thus—oh ! how can *you* bear to leave the pure, peaceful delights, here so sweetly pictured, and encounter the very evils you recount ?

‘Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
 Anxious sighs, untimely tears.’

Oh why ‘Fly to courts ?’”

“By my faith, sweet love, I cannot answer you. It were as bootless to ask the moth already singed by the flame, why he hoverest round the candle—it is my fate.”

“Whilst I read the lines,” said the lady, “I pictured Sherborne. You were so happy there, doubtless there you composed them.” (He bowed

assent.) "They were happy days for me, Walter, when you read as I worked, and gardening occupied the time now sacrificed on the altar of ambition."

"And such days we shall again enjoy, and God grant," replied her husband. "He knows the times I pass with you and our loved one at Sherborne, are such as my soul yearns for—but for thy sake, sweet one, I must endure the stormy scenes of life, to keep ye in that state which my position demands."

"Gladly would I yield state to the meanest, to share your presence the more," answered the lady.

The knight pressed the fond heart to his. "And now, dearest," he said, "haste thee ere twilight falls; I have ordered the barge, and here it is," as the splashing of oars in the tide announced the boat at the steps. "Thou hast not gone forth this day, and I have been long in the laboratory—we shall breast the waves, and the musicians shall raise thy spirits, I fear me sunken from confinement since the plague set in."

The lady vanished, and shortly returned to go aboard. She had on a dark hood, hanging sleeve gown, tufted on the arms, and under it a close-bodied gown of white satin, flowered with black, with close sleeves down to her wrist; a large chain of pearls round her neck, while her headgear was studded with costly jewels. She returned not alone however. A fine flaxen-haired boy, in a close-fitting doublet, walked by her side. "My father," said the child, clasping his parent's knees. Sir Walter took him up in his arms, kissed him, and they descended to their barge.

As they passed a balcony filled with orange trees in full blossom—then first introduced into England by Sir Walter—the child gratified him much by holding out his hand, and calling out with boyish glee, "Papa's flowers, Papa's flowers."

"He appreciates his father's renown," said the lady, delighted, giving one to the boy, who held its perfume to his father. They now launched on the bosom of the river, and impelled by right sturdy rowers, in rich livery, left the city behind.

The last boat they passed that night was occupied by a venerable man, and whether intentionally or otherwise, he remained in the wake of the barge of the knight, urging his paddles with infinite skill. A proficient himself in all manly sports, especially aquatic, Sir Walter beheld with pleasure the adroitness with which the ancient mariner availed himself of the light boat he was in, to make short cuts over the banks, but scantily covered with water, and keep pace with his stately vessel, obliged to wind with the sinuosities of the channel. At length it struck the knight, that the old man's anxiety to keep pace with him arose from other motives than essaying his skill as a boatman; so, under pretence of enjoying the setting sun, he desired his boat's crew to slacken their speed. The old man promptly availed himself of the remission, for gliding so covertly under the awning, where Sir Walter sat, as to escape notice of his lady, who was looking the other way, he whispered, "You are accused of treason. Sir Walter Raleigh, beware!"

A vessel outward bound at this moment obliged the bargemen to pull out of her course, and when she passed, the small boat and its occupant had disappeared. Sir Walter rubbed his eyes, and looked, but nothing was seen but the ship that had just passed; and no boat was visible on the surface of the water. Flags of all nations waved from the masts lining the quays, and, as if under the influence of a dream, Sir Walter returned to his study.

Alone, in the solitude of his chamber, the active, well-stored mind of Raleigh grasped the public affairs of the time, and they were such as to inspire him with confidence. Elizabeth had lately died, and the crown of England was never transmitted from father to son with greater tranquillity, than it passed from the family of Tudor to that of Stuart.* The Queen herself had named her successor. On the 23rd March, the day before she died, some members of the council deemed fit to introduce the subject, notwithstanding her great aversion to having it spoken of, and the very mention recalled the fiery spirit of the expiring Queen. "I told you that my seat had been the seat of Kings; and I will have no rascal to succeed me! Trouble me no more. He who comes after me must be a King. I will have none but our cousin of Scotland."† James lost not a moment in taking possession of his new dominions; and the cordial reception he met with during his magnificent progress was extremely grateful to his affectionate, though suspicious temper. Desirous, of evincing his gratitude, he lavished titles and distinctions with a profusion strangely contrasting with the frugality of his renowned predecessor. He is reported to have conferred knighthood on no less than two hundred and thirty-seven persons in six weeks, and titles became so common as to be hardly any mark of distinction. A humorous pasquinade was affixed to St. Paul's, in which the advertiser promised "to teach an art very necessary to assist the memory, in retaining the names of the new nobility."

"What meaneth this strange warning?" Raleigh muttered, "and wherefore should I fear. True, alas! death hath robbed me of my gracious mistress—my best friend,—and already I mark the difference 'twixt the old and new Sovereign. My foreign adventures are coldly looked on, nay, but yesterday, my noble proposition, so easy, and certain of speedy accomplishment—that England should divide with Spain the rich provinces of the New World, countries abounding in gold, and rich in fertilities—was scouted as a delusion. The mastery we gained over Spain, instead of being now turned unto our account, opportunitie neglected. And the bulwarks of Britain, our gallant navies, when I called the King's attention thereunto, and pointed out the rigid necessitie of keeping the fleet in commission, and redie for sea."—"Sir Walter," quoth he, "these crotchets may bide—an ye bring me a scheme to put the goud and siller in the exchequer, man, an rin na risks of men and shipping, I'll hearken to ye." The poor lout; and then he is so learned, forsooth, doles out syllogisms at the council, and reasons by rule. Poetry, too, by the Royal 'Prentice—faugh! there's not a 'prentice in all 'Cheap that would own the trash. But Treason! betray! what idle conceits may have stirred such speech? Mayhap the morn will unfold."

Between two such men little sympathy could exist; there was nothing common or congenial in their natures, and, as may be gathered from the words which escaped Sir Walter Raleigh, he despised the King's acquirements. Indeed the literature of James was rather for shew than use. He talked in a vain pedantic strain, which the ignorant mistook for the concentrated essence of wisdom, while the well-informed heard nothing but the lucubrations of a conceited scholar. As he could not, we may presume Raleigh frequently did not, conceal his contempt for the superficial learning of the King. His erudition was vast but profound. Much of his information the result of actual and accurate observation. His phi-

* Hume.

† Nichol's Progresses, vol. ii.

losophy was not gleaned from the brains of others, but tested by the application of his experience. Brought up amidst the din of arms—the tumult of the camp, and, above all, a participator *quorum pars magna* of all the triumphs attained by Britain on the seas, Raleigh had to deal with a man timid to a degree, to whose mind peace was essential as life, and jealous of anything that tended to disturb his quiet, or rouse his inactivity. It had doubtless been better had Raleigh exerted himself to accommodate himself to the temper of his new Sovereign; but he was so used to find his plans countenanced—his views entertained—and his opinions acted on by his late Queen, that we cannot wonder if his upright spirit could not stoop to win Court favour at the expense of integrity.

James, from the first, disliked Raleigh. He felt himself inferior in literary attainments, in poetry, and of these the king was vain. It is the attribute of little minds to dislike whoso possesses qualities superior to their own, whereon they pride themselves; and there was one with the King ready and willing to blow the coals that would blast Sir Walter. Though Cecil, son of the famous Lord Burleigh, had disguised his hostility, during the life of Elizabeth, to one he feared as a rival, no sooner had he been assured of her successor's power and influence in protecting him, than he began to weave the meshes of a web he hoped would take this noble stag in its toils. And first he modified and altered his own pliant principles, to conform with the feeble and inert character of James; and to the surprise of all, in a few days, he played his cards so well, that, "who in such dearness and privacy with the King as Sir Robert Cecil, as if he had been his faithful servant many years before."* By these means he was continued in his office of principal secretary of state, equivalent to that of prime minister, whilst Raleigh was regarded with coldness and suspicion.

There was an open glade in the pleasure-gardens of Windsor Castle; it commanded a glorious view of the tiara of proud towers, and the wide forests around. Art vied with nature in adornment, and the long vista formed of green high hedges, trimly cut, were roofed with trellis-work through which the musk-rose, honeysuckle, and sweet-briar, had woven a thick and blooming canopy. A marble fountain cast the crystal waters high in air, and, as the sun shone on the scene, each drop seemed transmuted into a gorgeous gem, topaz, or sapphire, or green emerald. Orange trees, a present from Sir Walter Raleigh to the King, suffused delicious perfume around, and he who brought them from afar was conversing with looks full of sore disgust, yet bitter scorn, cast upon a deformed, mean-looking man, whose features denoted craft, dissimulation, a cold immoveable heart, and wily spirit.

"By your looks and words," replied the deformed, to Raleigh's remarks, "you might persuade others of thine innocence, but there are some—and why shouldst I not avow it, by me for one, you are suspected of treason, Sir Walter."

"I doubt not thy good purpose, Mr. Secretary," retorted the other, with an air of disdain; "but happily thy suspicions are no proofs."

"Well should it be for thee, Raleigh, if I gave credence unto my suspicions, without the proofs thou vainly tauntest me with lacking. God

* Weldon, Court and Character of King James, pp. 10, 11.

knows then, thou standest free of this plot—aye ! free as that blythe bird that now soarest above us,” and he pointed upwards as he spoke. “The former dearness between thee and me tied so firm a knot of my conceit of thy virtues, that I am sorely, sorely grieved to have it broken by the discovery of thy imperfections.”

“Thou speakest marvels, Sir Robert Cecil. Plot ! Imperfections ! What plot ? what imperfections, I ask thee ? nay, I demand to know. Who doubts my allegiance ?”

The tone in which this question was asked might well have unnerved a stout man, yet the sickly, delicate being, to whose ear it was thundered, was unmoved.

“I speak no marvels ; I tell thee in sober sadness, neither from doubt nor suspicion. I have plain stubborn facts to bear me out, not merely to speak by, but to act on ; facts well and credibly authenticated by unimpeachable evidence.”

“I dare thee to the proof,” said his companion, impatiently.

“’Tis well,” muttered the Secretary, a gleam of malignant joy lighting up his ill-favored countenance, as though he had gained his end. “Yet methinks, as this is no meet place to unravel a treasonable conspiracy, if thou be’st innocent, as thou sayest, ’t were as well we went at once before the Lords of the Council.”

“The Lords of the Council !” repeated Sir Walter, in amaze. “Doth they sit here ?”

The Secretary nodded assent, and a new light seemed to have burst on the Knight. “By whose orders dost thou visit me with this indignity Cecil ?” demanded he, sternly.

“The King wills it,” meekly replied the other.

“Then I obey.” And with his head erect, as though conscious of his innocence, Sir Walter followed Cecil to a private meeting of the Council.

History seems to be very vague as to the certainty of any plot against the government at this time, and all that appears against Raleigh is this. Lord Cobham, brother-in-law of Cecil, was a correspondent of Count Aremberg, a Flemish nobleman in the service of Spain, who, on the accession of James I., was sent as ambassador to England, where he renewed the acquaintance, and engaged Cobham to further a peace with his Catholic Majesty. One of the great enemies of this peace was Raleigh, and aware of this, Cobham suggested to Aremberg that Sir Walter should have a pension if he withdrew his opposition. Accordingly his lordship offered Sir Walter 8000 crowns, to which he, considering it an idle conceit of Cobham, jocosely replied, “I’ll tell thee more when I see the money.” Now supposing Raleigh was weak enough to accept it, where was the harm ? The King was as anxious for peace as Aremberg. Many courtiers took the money and presents so lavishly bestowed to further the design ; nay, Cecil himself acceded to the eager desires of his sovereign. But other circumstances aided Cecil in his base project to injure the man whose genius he envied. Some few persons were suspected of a design to place the Lady Arabella Stuart, a near relation of the King’s, upon the throne. This gave the crafty Secretary, who knew how to take advantage of the timorous monarch, ample scope to work on. Brooke, the brother of Cobham, was implicated ; that threw suspicion on his kinsman ;

the conversation between Cobham and Raleigh was related in frightful colours, and suspicion soon hardened into certainty.

But three days after our first interview, a hasty knocking at his study door aroused Sir Walter. He desired the applicant to "come in," and his lady entered, in disorder, pale, and agitated.

"I have been requested," said she, presenting a small sealed billet to her husband, "to deliver this with speed. It was handed me by an aged man, whom, the porter affirmed, he descried plying a small boat with the speed of a sea-gull, from the Surrey side of the river. What can it mean, dear Walter?" she asked tenderly, as she saw her husband's hand tremble as he took the paper. He recollected the warning, and now read its repetition. "You are accused of treason. Sir Walter Raleigh, beware!"

"My sweet Bess," replied Sir Walter, looking up with an air of confused dignity, "it is no doubt meant as a friendly warning, for I heard it before."

"And yet you told me not of it, Walter," said she, reproachfully.

"Wherefore, dearest? why cause you anxiety when there is no reason? I am not conscious of guilt, and come what may, will bear myself composedly. And you must not be so easily excited, my wife, my dear Elizabeth," he added, taking her hand; "calm this beating pulse, which is a sure index of perturbed spirits."

"I will try, dear heart, replied the lady. "I disturb you instead of being of use; but promise you that, with Heaven's blessing, you may not complain of me, or find me wanting in ought. And when God pleases, or where it is His will thou shouldst go, there will I abide, and be happy."

"Did'st the old man depart? perchance he needs refreshment?" asked Sir Walter.

"He refused both cheer and gold, and vanished as he came."

"Strange! passing strange!" mused the Knight, and he fell into a reverie of the sudden nature of these warnings, so mysteriously announced. Who his veteran guardian was, he could not surmise.

His wife still lingered, her eyes fixed on her husband's face, and sighed at the prospect of the plans of quiet life, when retired to the country, she had pictured to herself, being shattered like a dream. "We should be so happy, she said, in a low tone, as though communing with herself, "at Sherborne, calm, peaceful Sherborne. Oh! that I might again enjoy my own loved home. Our quiet morning's walk under the wide old trees, our forenoon reading in the library, or walking through the grounds, our meal free from the bustle of company—the fatigue of dress—of dissipation; but I am too selfish," she said, as she caught her husband's gaze, "and it is sinful to talk in this strain of regret, when God wills it otherwise. Dear Walter, wilt thou avail thyself of the warning, and retire for a time?"

"To what end, dearest? It would but countenance any idle suspicions that may be entertained of me; I fear nothing, I dread no one; I will not stir."

"Thou art always wise, my Walter, and I should be loth to advise any craven act to thee, now or ever;" and she kept her purpose faithfully.

It was about noon. Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh had just dined; the

household were partaking of their repast, when the hall of Durham Place was filled with the underlings of Sir William Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, a creature of Cecil's, who, on his entrance, commanded the porter, in the king's name, to deliver to him the keys of the mansion. This the servant refused to do, so the lieutenant stationed sentinels to prevent ingress or egress without his permission. The tumult soon reached the ears of the Lady Raleigh, who, casting herself on her husband's neck, wept bitterly. He was engaged soothing her, when Sir William Wade entered the study. Somewhat abashed at the calm self-possession of the noble Raleigh, the lieutenant was silent some moments. He at last plucked up courage to say, "Sir Walter Raleigh, I arrest you of high treason."

"Shew your commission, Sir?" asked the accused.

Truly might his countenance fall, when, on glancing his eye over the document, he saw he had been indicted at Staines, on the 21st September, and a true bill found by the grand jury—he was to take his trial speedily, and in the mean time to be sent to the Tower.

PART II.

ON the 17th November, 1603, owing to the prevalence of the plague, at that time raging in London, the commission to try Sir Walter Raleigh assembled at Winchester. The principal Commissioners were, Howard, Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain; Charles Blount, Earl of Devon; Lord Henry Howard, Cecil; Lord Wotton, of Morley; Sir John Stanhope, Vice-Chamberlain; and Lord Chief Justice Popham. The constitution of the court, as well as the injustice and rigour of the law of treason, as it then existed, was little calculated to inspire the prisoner with confidence or the hope of an impartial trial. Among his judges were his determined enemies, or the subservient tools of a government anxious for his ruin. The iniquitous system of packing juries to insure conviction, was known in those days, for we read, that the jury first appointed being suspected of too much independence, a list of more obsequious persons was substituted in their stead. The great mind of Coke, so highly venerated for his invaluable Commentaries on British Law, seems to have hid itself beneath a murky cloud, warping its better reason wrong, during the entire of this transaction. As Attorney-General it was his province to prosecute, but not to persecute, and that he did both with a baseness that tarnishes his fame will appear in its place.

Aware, by a deep knowledge of the men he was oppressed by, that they would leave nothing undone to procure his conviction; having strong notions of the enmity of Cecil, the malignity of Coke, and calculating that in such hands he had small reason to expect to shield himself under the palladium of English liberty—the jury of his country—Raleigh made every exertion to save himself from destruction. Rumours had reached him that unworthy means were used to induce Lord Cobham to implicate him, and that that weak nobleman fell into the snare. He therefore penned a letter to Cobham—"that as he uttered many things prejudicial to his life, he would write one line for its securement." But how to have this conveyed was the question. Cobham was a prisoner in another part of the Tower, and the lieutenant would allow no intercourse between them.

Planning in his mind how to proceed in this matter, Sir Walter found the window of his cell, which was on the ground floor, suddenly darkened as by an opaque body placed before it. He hastily looked up from his musing position, and beheld an aged man habited in the ordinary garb of one of the wardens. The venerable face once seen could not be forgotten, and Raleigh knew him instantly.

"We have met before, methinks, friend," said the knight, opening the casement, and peering through the close-barred iron grating; "thou plyest an oar with skill."

"We had met before that time, Sir Walter Raleigh," said the old man, with emotion.

Sir Walter paused for some seconds, as if recollecting himself, and his mind wandered o'er many a year, and from clime to clime, and in its remembrance called back many a face, since numbered with the dust or long forgotten. At length, shaking his head—

"My memory serveth not; I call not to mind."

"The mind of one who received a kindness is better than that of the donor," said the old man. "You saved the little property of my family from the hand of the rapacious Saxon; and dear to me was my farm at the foot of Mole, by the banks of the flowing Mulla."

"And why art thou not

'Keeping thy sheep amongst the coolly shade,
Of the green alders by the Mulla's side,'

as my friend Spencer hath it?" demanded the captive knight.

"Hearing of the strait you were in, and not knowing but, old as I am, Redmond Barry might be of service, I left the ground to Robin Oge, and the bark of a kinsman sailing from Cork, I took my passage in her, got service here, and want only the opportunity to shew my gratitude."

Sir Walter brushed away the tear that came to his eyes, at this timely aid from one he had quite forgotten.

"Thanks, my worthy Hibernian, and in good time hast thou come. I am in sore plight as to a matter needful for my defence on my trial; canst thou find means to convey this letter unto my Lord Cobham, now in the Tower?"

"That can I," replied the other, and having secured the billet in his doublet, disappeared on his errand, just as the lieutenant returned from supper.

"I have even now received orders concerning thee, Sir Walter," said that officer.

"To what purpose?" demanded the prisoner.

"That by dawn thou goest under escort to Winchester, when the trial proceeds before my Lords Commissioners. Is there aught thou standest in need of?"

"Grammercy; there is naught. Good night;" and his gaoler withdrew.

Raleigh again took his station by the casement, to await the return of life or death. His window looked on the dreary prison and the tall grim walls of the White Tower, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar. Beyond it was the hoarse-flowing river, on which the curtain of night was rapidly falling. Alas, Nature herself declines—

“And now the cold autumnal dews are seen,
 To cobweb every green;
 And by the low-shorn rowans doth appear
 The fast declining year;
 The sapless branches doff their summer suits,
 And wane their winter fruits;
 And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
 To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy freize.”

“Ha, here comes my faithful kerne,” and a gentle tap caused Sir Walter to rise. “Thou gavest him?”

“Troth aye! by a device.”

“How was that?” demanded Sir Walter, as he read the reply, and falling on his knees, uttered a pious “thank Heaven!” at the exculpation it brought him.

“Why, an’ it please you, I found my Lord Cobham’s cell on the top of the lion’s tower, and on seeking to ascend the stairs was repulsed by the guard. ‘I want to look to the prisoner,’ I said. ‘Then thou art likely to keep thy want,’ was the reply; so finding it was no use to parley, I left the group busy over a flagon of Rhenish, and seeing my Lord’s casement open, took my cross bow, and placing thy billet in the cleft of an apple, shot the missive into the apartment.”

“Right skilfully done,” said the knight joyously; “and brought back a reply that shall keep this head on these shoulders for many a year. How can I requite thee?”

But ere these last words were uttered, the warden was gone.

The trial was numerously attended, by nobles and esquires, and the prisoner might well have been surprised at the multitude of charges brought against him. The indictment accused him of conspiring to dethrone the king—to raise sedition—of consulting with Lord Cobham at Durham Place to put the crown on the head of Arabella Stuart—of consenting to receive 8000 crowns for bringing about a peace with Spain.

Sir Edward Coke then addressed the jury, in statement of the case for the prosecution, but instead of confining himself to making a case against the prisoner at the bar, contrived to interlard his speech with a detail of the treason of others, enlarging on their baseness. On this, he was at once interrupted by Sir Walter, who mildly begged he would remember “that they were not on their trial but he was; that matter likely to raise any prejudice against him should be avoided, and that the Attorney General should confine himself to the matter at issue, and not travel out of the indictment.” Coke seemed nettled at this—he proceeded: “Now I come to your charge, my masters of the jury. The greatness of treason is to be considered in two things—*determinatione finis, et electione mediorum*. This treason excelleth in both; for that it was to destroy the king and his progeny. These treasons are said to be *crimen læsæ majestatis*; this goeth farther, and may be termed *crimen extirpandæ regię majestatis et totius progeniei suæ*. I shall not need, my Lords, to speak anything concerning the King, nor of his bounty and sweetness of his nature, whose thoughts are innocent, whose words are full of wisdom and learning, and whose works are full of honour; although it be a true saying, *Nunquam nimis quod nunquam satis*. But to whom do you bear malice? to the children?

Raleigh—To whom speak you this? You tell me news. I never heard of.

Mr. Attorney—Oh, sir, do I? I will prove you the notorious traitor that ever came to the bar. After you have taken away the king, you would alter religion: as you, Sir Walter Raleigh, have followed them of the Bye* in imitation, I will charge you with the words.

Raleigh—Your words cannot condemn me; my innocency is my defence. Prove one of these things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment; and that I am the horriblest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand torments.

Mr. Attorney—Nay, I will prove all: thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money: Aremberg was no sooner in England (I charge thee, Raleigh), but thou incitedest Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him for money to bestow on discontented persons, to raise rebellion.

Raleigh—Let me answer for myself.

Mr. Attorney—Thou shalt not.

Raleigh—It concerneth my life.

Mr. Attorney—Oh! do I touch you?

After this, Coke dwelt upon the charges in the indictment.

Raleigh—I do not hear yet that you have spoken one word against me. If my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is it to me?

Mr. Attorney—All he did was by thy instigation, thou viper! for I *thou* thee, thou traitor.†

Raleigh—It becometh not a man of quality and virtue to call me so; but I take comfort in it; it is all you can do.

Mr. Attorney—Have I angered you?

Raleigh replied mildly—I am in no case to be angry.

This dialogue was at length put an end to by the Chief Justice Popham. “Sir Walter Raleigh,” said he, “Mr. Attorney speaketh out of the zeal of his duty for the service of the king, and you for your life: be patient on both sides.”

The clerk then read the proofs, beginning with the examination of Lord Cobham. Only one abstract of it is on the record, but that alone indicates the looseness of his swearing. “At the first beginning he breathed out oaths and exclamations against Raleigh, calling him villain, and traitor, saying he had never entered into these courses but by his instigation, and that he would never let him alone. Besides, he spoke of plots and invasions; of the particulars whereof he could give no account, though Raleigh and he had conferred of them.”

On this examination being read, which, by the admission of his direct foes, was the only evidence against the accused, Raleigh was permitted to address the jury in his defence.‡ “And this,” said he, in a tone of unfeigned astonishment, “is absolutely all the evidence which can be brought against me; poor shifts! Gentlemen of the Jury, I pray you to understand this. This is that which must either condemn me, or give me my life—which must free me or send my wife and children to beg their bread about the streets: this is that must prove me a notorious traitor, or a true

* The word “Bye” was given to a plot confined to Brooke and some others. That of which Raleigh was accused of instigating was called the “Main.”

† Coke’s answer became a proverb.

‡ Tyler’s Life of Raleigh, 234. Jardin’s Criminal Trials, vol. i. p. 416.

subject to the King. I was examined before my Lords of the Privy Council at Windsor, touching the surprising treason,* and also of the Lord Cobham's practices with Aremberg, from all which, God knows, I was free, for I never was privy to any of them; and as concerning plotting for the Laby Arabella, I protest before God, at that time I never heard one word of it! It is true in my examination I told the lords I knew of no plots between Aremberg and Cobham; but afterwards I wrote to Lord Cecil that I suspected Lord Cobham had intelligence with Aremberg. This letter of mine being afterwards shewn to the Lord Cobham, he thought I discovered and betrayed his dealing with Aremberg, and entering into a rage, accused me; but before he came to the stair foot, repented, and, as I heard, acknowledged he had done me wrong. When he came to the end of his accusation, he added, "that if he had brought this money to Jersey, he feared I would have delivered him and the money to the King." Mr. Attorney, you said, "this never came out of Cobham's quiver—he is a simple man." Is he so simple? No; he hath a disposition of his own—he will not easily be guided by others; but when he has once taken head in a matter he is not easily drawn from it: he is no babe. But it is strange for me to devise with Cobham that he should go to Spain to persuade the king to disburse so much money, he being a man of no tone nor following in England, and I having resigned the chief command—the Wardenship of the Stanneries. Moreover, I was not so bare of sense but I saw that if ever this state was strong and able to defend itself, it was now: I knew the kingdom of Scotland united, where we were wont to fear all our troubles; Ireland quieted, where our forces were wont to be divided; Denmark assured, which before was suspected; the Low Countries, our nearest neighbours, at peace with us. I knew that, having lost a lady whom time had surprised, we had now an active king, a lawful successor, who would himself be present in all his affairs. I was not such a madman as to make myself, in this time, a Robin Hood, a Wat Tyler, or a Jack Cade. I also knew the state of Spain well; his weakness, and poorness, and humbleness at this time. I knew that he was discouraged and dishonoured. I knew that six times we had repulsed his forces—thrice in Ireland, and thrice at sea—once at Cadiz, on his own coast. Thrice had I served against him myself, at sea, wherein, for my country's sake, I had expended of my own property, 4000*l*. I knew the King of Spain to be the proudest prince in Christendom; but now that he came creeping to the king, my master, for peace. I knew, whereas before he had in his port six or seven score sail of ships, he hath now but six or seven. I knew, of twenty-five millions he had from the Indies, he hath scarce but one left. Then was it ever heard that any Prince should disburse so much money without a sufficient pawn? I knew her own subjects, the citizens of London, would not lend her late Majesty money without lands in mortgage. I knew the Queen did not lend the States money without Flushing, Brill, and other towns for a pawn, and can it be thought that he would have given Cobham 600,000 crowns? What pawn had we to give the King of Spain? What did we offer him? And to shew I was not Spanish, as you term me, I had written, at this time, a treatise to the King's Majesty, of the present state of Spain, and the reasons against the peace. For my inwardness with the Lord Cobham, it

* Another name for the "Bye."

was only in matters of private estate, wherein he communicated often with me, and I lent him my best advice. Whether he intended to travel to Spain or not, God in heaven knoweth. But for my knowing that he had conspired all those things with Spain for Arabella, against the King, I protest before Almighty God, I am as clear as whoever here is freest.

Coke met *Raleigh's* allegation, "that Cobham had accused him in a fit of passion."—It hath been argued, that Cobham acted under a paroxysm of resentment. Yet it was no sudden ebullition, for at least two months before, he had said to his brother Brooke, "You are fools, you are in the Bye. Raleigh and I am in the Main. We mean to take away the King and his cubs."

Raleigh—I beseech you, my Lords, let it be proved that Cobham so expressed himself. You try me by the Spanish Inquisition, if you proceed only by the circumstances without two witnesses. Good my Lords, let it be proved either by the laws of the land or the laws of God, that there ought not to be two witnesses appointed. It is no rare thing for a man to be falsely accused. A judge condemned a woman in Sarum for killing her husband, on the testimony of one witness. Afterward, when she was executed, the real murderer confessed. What said the judge to Fortescue, touching his remorse of conscience for proceeding upon such slender proof? "That so long as he lived he could never purge his conscience of that deed." I may be told that these statutes are repealed. Yet the equity and reason of these laws remain: and at all events the law of God remaineth for ever; and the canon of God saith, "At the mouth of two or three witnesses shall he that is worthy of death, be put to death; but at the mouth of one witness he shall not be put to death." If, then, by the statute law, by the civil law, and by God's word, it be required that there must be two witnesses at the least, bear with me if I desire one. Let Cobham be here; let him speak it. Call any accuser before my face, and I have done. All is but his accusation. No other thing hath been brought against me; and yet its accusation he never subscribed—he never avouched. I beseech you, my Lords, let this lord be sent for. Charge him on his soul, on his allegiance to the King. If he affirm it I am content to be found guilty. Remember what St. Austin says, "So judge as if you were about to be judged yourselves; for in the end there is but one Judge, but one tribunal for all men." Now, if you yourselves would like to be hazarded in your lives, and disabled in your descendants,—if you would be content to be delivered up to be slaughtered; to have your wives and children turned into the street to beg their bread—if you would be content all this should befall you, upon a trial by suspicions, and presumptions, upon an accusation not subscribed by your accuser, without the testimony of a single witness, then so judge me as you would yourselves be judged.

Coke's passion again burst forth in invective. Failing in proof before the Court, he launched into abuse.

Mr. Attorney—Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.

Raleigh—You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly.

Mr. Attorney—I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treason.

Raleigh—I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half-a-dozen times.

Mr. Attorney—Thou art an odious fellow; thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

Raleigh—It will go near to prove a measuring-cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney.

Mr. Attorney—Well now, I will make it appear to the world, that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou. (Saying this he drew a letter from his pocket.) My Lords, you shall see, this is an agent who hath writ a treatise against Spain, and hath even so detested him! this is he that hath spent so much money against him in service! and yet you shall see whether his heart be not wholly Spanish. The Lord Cobham, who of his nature was a good and honorable gentleman—until overtaken by this wretch, now finding his conscience heavily burdened with some of the courses which the subtlety of this traitor had drawn him into, he could be at no rest in himself, nor quiet in his thoughts, until he was eased of that heavy weight. Out of which passion of his mind, and discharge of his duty to his prince and his conscience to God, with his own hands he wrote this letter:—"I have thought fit to set down this to my Lords, wherein I protest on my soul to write nothing but the truth. I am come now near to the period of my life, therefore I confess the whole truth before God and his angels. Raleigh, before I came from the Tower, caused an apple to be thrown in at my chamber window; the effect of it was to intreat me to right the wrong I had done him in saying that I should come home by Jersey; which under my hand I have retracted. At Aremberg's coming, Raleigh was to have procured a pension of £1500 a year; for which he promised that no action should be against Spain, the Low Countries, or the Indies, but he would give knowledge beforehand. He hath been the original cause of my ruin; for I had no dealing with Aremberg but by his instigation." On this letter Mr. Attorney commented—"Oh, damnable atheist! he hath learned some text of Scripture to serve his own purpose but falsely alleged."

Raleigh—You have heard a strange tale of a strange man. Now Mr. Attorney thinks he hath matter enough to destroy me. I bid a poor fellow throw in the letter at Cobham's window, written to this purpose, "You know you have undone me; now write three lines to justify me." In this I will die that he hath done me wrong. Why did he not acquaint me with his treasons if I did acquaint him with my dispositions?

Chief Justice—But what say you now of the letter, and the pension of £1500 per annum?

Raleigh—I say that Cobham is a base, dishonorable, poor soul; as this, his letter, will shew—(He then produced the letter and requested that Cecil, who alone was acquainted with the handwriting, might read it.) It ran thus—"Seeing myself near my end, for the discharge of my own conscience and freeing myself from your blood, which else will cry vengeance against me, I protest upon my salvation, I never practised with Spain for your procurement. God so comfort me in this my affliction, as you are a true subject, for anything I know. I will say as Daniel,* *Purus sum a sanguine hujus*. So God have mercy on my soul as I know no treason by you."

This was the last piece of evidence. A marshal was sworn to keep the court, and the jury having retired, deliberated for a *quarter of an hour*, and brought in their verdict—*Guilty*. Raleigh was then asked, in the ordinary form, whether he had anything to urge why judgment of death should not pass against him. To which he replied with marked composure:—

* He clearly meant *Pilate*.

My Lords—The jury have found me guilty. They must do as they are directed. I can say nothing why judgment should not proceed. You see whereof Cobham hath accused me. You remember his protestation that I was never guilty. I desire the King should know of the wrongs done me this day, since I came hither, by Mr. Attorney. I desire my Lords to remember these things to the King—1st, I was accused to be a practiser for Spain. I never knew that my Lord Cobham meant to go thither—I will ask no mercy at the King's hand if he will affirm it; 2nd, I never knew of the practice with Arabella; 3d, I never knew of my Lord Cobham's practice with Aremburg, nor of the surprising treason. I submit myself to the King's mercy. I know his mercy is greater than my offence. I recommend my wife, and son of tender years, unbrought up, to his compassion.

The Lord Chief Justice then pronounced the extreme sentence of the law. The court broke up, and Raleigh accompanied the Sheriff to the prison; all being struck with his noble demeanour, which it was observed became a man conscious of his innocence, and yet not insensible to his situation, as being condemned by the laws of his country.*

I would willingly pass over the mockery of justice as evinced in his trial, but unhappily the profession of the law is always the armoury from which the weapon is selected to strike at the welfare of an individual or a nation, and the prominent instance before us shews that the knowledge of right is no preventative of the commission of wrong, for who more thoroughly versed in the science which he so cruelly perverted than Sir Edward Coke? He was then the ablest lawyer of England, and few since have equalled, never excelled him. He must have been convinced of the absence of legal evidence against Sir Walter, and how must we reprobate the readiness with which he lent himself to the conspiracy to ruin an innocent man? Clearly he sought to ingratiate himself with James, and to gain the patronage of Cecil, whom he looked to as possessed of the power of bestowing those professional honors he sighed for. To this we must attribute the foul abuse, the insulting language used by Coke on this occasion, sufficient to cast a great reflection, not only on his own memory, but even in some degree upon the manners of the age.† Affording an instance of that browbeating tone which counsel often assume, and which the presiding Judge should protect the party from. I am not at all satisfied with Chief Justice Popham's conduct. He should have prevented the language so disgracefully uttered, at least the repetition of it; and though his conduct is said to be the result of the defective state of the law of treason more than a strong or improper bias against the prisoner,‡ I think a more frequent interference, and more decided tone, would have prevented much of the foul rancour which fell from the Attorney General.

* Cayley, vol. ii. p. 79.

† Hume.

‡ Tyler, 260.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

XXIV.—ROBERT, LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

THE case of this noble criminal, though one now little known, has some remarkable circumstances attending it.

The Hon. Robert Balfour was, when he committed the crime, son and heir apparent to the fourth Lord Balfour of Burleigh. He was born in 1687, at the seat of his father, Lord Burleigh, near Kinross; and having studied successively at Orwell, near the place of his birth, and at St. Andrews, so successfully as to obtain considerable credit, he returned home, being intended by his father to join the army of the Duke of Marlborough, then in Flanders. At his father's house he became enamoured of Miss Robertson, the governess of his sisters, and in order to break off the connexion he was sent to make the tour through France and Italy, the young lady being dismissed from the house of her patron. Balfour, before his quitting Scotland, declared his intention, if ever the young lady should marry, to murder her husband; but deeming this to be merely an empty threat, she was, during his absence, united to Henry Stenhouse, a schoolmaster at Inverkeithing, with whom she went to live at Inverkeithing. On his return to his father's house, he learned this fact, and immediately proceeded to put his threat into execution. Mrs. Stenhouse, on seeing him, remembering his expressed determination, screamed with affright; but her husband, unconscious of offence, advanced to her aid, and in the interim, Balfour, entering the room, shot him through the heart in the midst of his scholars. The offender escaped, but was soon afterwards apprehended near Edinburgh; and being tried, was convicted and sentenced to be beheaded by the *maiden*,* on account of the nobility of his family.

The subsequent escape of the criminal from an ignominious end is not the least remarkable part of his case. The scaffold was actually erected for the purpose of his execution; but on the day before it was to take place his sister went to visit him, and, being very like him in face and

* The following description of the Maiden, by Mr. Pennant, may not prove uninteresting:—"This machine of death is now destroyed; but I saw one of the same kind in a room under the Parliament-house in Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the Regent Morton, who took a model of it as he passed through Halifax, and at length suffered by it himself. It is in form of a painter's easel, and about ten feet high; at four feet from the bottom is the cross bar on which the felon lays his head, which is kept down by another placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are grooves; in these is placed a sharp axe, with a vast weight of lead, supported at the very summit with a peg: to that peg is fastened a cord, which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and does the affair effectually, without suffering the unhappy criminal to undergo a repetition of strokes, as has been the case in the common method. I must add, that if the sufferer is condemned for stealing a horse or cow, the string is tied to the beast, which, on being whipped, pulls out the peg, and becomes the executioner."

stature, they changed clothes, and he escaped from prison. His friends having provided horses for him, he proceeded to a distant village, where he lay concealed until an opportunity was eventually offered him of quitting the kingdom. His father died in the reign of Queen Anne, but he had first obtained a pardon for his son, who succeeded to the title and honours of the family, and died in the year 1752, sincerely penitent for his crime.

Balfour's honours, however, became forfeit before his decease; for he had been present at the meeting at Lochmaben, the 29th May, 1714, when the Chevalier's health was publicly drunk at the Cross, and he engaged in the rising of the following year, for which he was attainted by Act of Parliament.

XXV.—THE PARRICIDE BY MISS BLANDY, AT THE INSTIGATION OF THE HON. CAPTAIN CRANSTOUN.

THE case of Miss Blandy appears at great length in the State Trials, and a statement at its conclusion would go to shew that the unhappy woman was ignorant of the deadly nature of the drug which she administered to her father. This could not possibly have been so, in accordance with the evidence adduced. The details of the commission of the crime, given at the trial, are throughout disagreeable, sometimes disgusting, and nowhere very interesting. A summary therefore of the horrid affair is all that is here presented. To begin with the parties concerned.

Mr. Francis Blandy was an attorney residing at Henley-on-Thames, and held the office of town-clerk of that place. He possessed ample means, and his house became the scene of much gaiety. As report gave to his daughter a fortune of no inconsiderable extent, and as besides, her manners were sprightly and affable, and her appearance engaging, her hand was sought in marriage by many persons whose rank and wealth rendered them fitting to become allied to her. But among all these visitants, none were received with greater pleasure by Mr. or Mrs. Blandy, or their daughter, than those who held commissions in the army. This predilection was evinced in the introduction of the Hon. William Henry Cranstoun, at that time engaged on the recruiting service for a foot regiment, in which he ranked as Captain.

Captain Cranstoun was the second son of William, fifth Lord Cranstoun, a Scotch peer of ancient family, and through the instrumentality of his uncle, Lord Mark Ker, he had obtained his commission. In the year 1745, he had married Anne, sister of Sir David Murray, Bart., of Stanhope, a young lady of good family, with whom he received an ample fortune; and in the year 1752, he was ordered to England to endeavour to procure his complement of men for his regiment. His bad fortune led him to Henly, and there he formed an intimacy with Mary Blandy. At this time Cranstoun was forty-six years of age, while Miss Blandy was twenty years his junior; and it is somewhat extraordinary that a person of her accomplishments and beauty should have formed a *liaison* with a man so much older than herself, and who besides, is represented as having been devoid of all personal attractions.

A short acquaintance, it appears, was sufficient to excite the flame

of passion in the mind of the gallant captain, as well as of Miss Blandy; and ere long, their troth was plighted. The captain, however, felt the importance of forestalling any information which might reach the ears of his new love of the existence of any person who possessed a better right to his affections than she; and he therefore informed her that he was engaged in a disagreeable lawsuit with a young lady in Scotland who had claimed him as her husband; but he assured her that it was a mere affair of gallantry, of which the process of the law would in the course of a very short time relieve him. This disclosure being followed by an offer of marriage, Cranstoun was referred to Mr. Blandy, and he obtained an easy acquiescence on his part in the wishes expressed by the young lady.

At this juncture, an intimation being conveyed to Lord Ker of the proceedings of his nephew, his lordship took instant steps to apprise Mr. Blandy of the position of Cranstoun. Prejudice had, however, worked its end as well with the father as the daughter, and the assertion of the intended bridegroom of the falsehood of the allegations made was sufficient to dispel all the fears which the report of Lord Ker had raised. But although Captain Cranstoun had thus temporarily freed himself from the effects of the imputation cast upon him, he felt that some steps were necessary to get his first marriage annulled, and he at length wrote to his wife, requesting her to disown him for a husband. The substance of this letter was, that, having no other way of rising to preferment but in the army, he had but little ground to expect advancement there, while it was known he was encumbered with a wife and family; but could he once pass for a single man, he had not the least doubt of being quickly promoted, which would procure him a sufficiency to maintain her as well as himself in a genteeler manner than now he was able to do. "All, therefore," (adds he) "I have to request of you is, that you will transcribe the enclosed copy of a letter, wherein you disown me for a husband; put your maiden name to it, and send it by the post. All the use I shall make of it shall be to procure my advancement, which will necessarily include your own benefit. In full assurance that you will comply with my request, I remain your most affectionate husband."

Mrs. Cranstoun, ill as she had been treated by her husband, and little hope as she had of more generous usage, was, after repeated letters had passed, induced to give up her claim, and at length sent the desired communication. On this, an attempt was made by him to annul the marriage, this letter being produced as evidence; but the artifice being discovered, the suit was dismissed, with costs. Mr. Blandy soon obtained intelligence of this circumstance, and convinced now of the falsehood of his intended son-in-law, he conveyed a knowledge of it to his daughter; but she and her mother repelled the insinuations which were thrown out, and declared, in obedience to what they had been told by the gallant captain, that the suit was not yet terminated, for that an appeal to the House of Lords would immediately be made. Soon after this, Mrs. Blandy died, and her husband began now to shew evident dislike for Captain Cranstoun's visits; but the latter complained to the daughter of the father's ill-treatment, and insinuated that he had a method of conciliating his esteem; and that when he arrived in Scotland he would send her some powders proper for the purpose; on which, to prevent suspicion, he would write "Powders to clean the Scotch pebbles."

Cranstoun sent her the powders, according to promise, and Mr. Blandy

being indisposed on the Sunday se'nnight before his death, Susan Gunnell, a maid-servant, made him some water-gruel, into which Miss Blandy conveyed some of the powder, and gave it to her father; and repeating this draught on the following day, he was tormented with the most violent pains in his bowels.

The disorder, which had commenced with symptoms of so dangerous a character, soon increased; and the greatest alarm was felt by the medical attendants of the old gentleman, that death alone would terminate his sufferings. Every effort was made by which it was hoped that his life could be saved; but at length, when all possibility of his recovery was past, his wretched daughter rushed into his presence, and in an agony of tears and lamentations, confessed that she was the author of his sufferings and of his inevitable death. Urged to account for her conduct, which to her father appeared inexplicable, she denied, with the loudest asseverations, all guilty intention. She repeated the tale of her love, and of the insidious arts employed by Cranstoun, but asserted that she was unaware of the deadly nature of the powders, and that her sole object in administering them was to procure her father's affection for her lover. Death soon terminated the accumulated misery of his wretched parent, and the daughter had scarcely witnessed his demise, ere she became an inmate of a jail.

At the ensuing assizes at Oxford, on the 3rd of March, 1752, Miss Blandy was tried for the wilful murder of her father, before the Hon. Heneage Legge (second son of the second Baron and first Earl of Dartmouth) and Sir Sydney Stafford Smythe, Knt. two of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. After a long investigation she was found guilty. She addressed the jury, repeating the story which she had before related; but all was of no avail, and sentence of death was passed upon her by Mr. Baron Legge, who had previously summed up the case most lucidly and elaborately.

After conviction, the wretched woman behaved with the utmost decency and penitence. She spent the night before her execution in devotion; and at nine in the morning of the 6th of April, 1752, she left her apartment to be conducted to the scaffold, habited in a black bombazin dress, her arms being bound with black ribands. She died declaring her innocence of intending to poison her father. Her body being put into a hearse, was conveyed to Henly, and interred with her parents, at one o'clock on the following morning.

Cranstoun, for his concern in the killing of Mr. Blandy, was prosecuted to outlawry. His ultimate fate was this. Having heard of Miss Blandy's commitment to Oxford jail, he concealed himself some time in Scotland, and then escaped to Boulogne, in France. Meeting there with Mrs. Ross, who was distantly related to his family, he acquainted her with his situation, and begged her protection; on which she advised him to change his name for her maiden name of Dunbar. Some officers in the French service, who were related to his wife, hearing of his concealment, vowed revenge, if they should meet with him, for his cruelty to the unhappy woman: on which he fled to Paris, from whence he went to Furnes, a town in Flanders, where Mrs. Ross had provided a lodging for his reception. He had not been long at Furnes when he was seized with a severe fit of illness, which brought him to a degree of reflection to which he had been long a stranger. At length he sent for a father belonging to an adjacent convent, and received absolution from his hands, on declaring himself a convert to the Catholic faith, and a sincere penitent.

Cranstoun died on the 30th of November, 1752; and the fraternity of monks and friars looked on the conversion of this great sinner as an object of such importance, that solemn Mass was sung on the occasion, and the body was followed to the grave not only by the ecclesiastics, but by the magistrates of the town.

XXVI.—THE FRAUD UPON LORD CLARENDON.

THE nobleman, whose great charity and unbounded benevolence made him the dupe of the following extraordinary fraud, was Thomas Villiers, second Earl of Clarendon, who succeeded his father the first Earl in 1786, and died unmarried in 1824, leaving his honors to his brother John, the third Earl, the father of George William, the present Earl of Clarendon, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The person who practised the cheat, Henry Perfect, was a man of respectable parentage, and of excellent abilities. His father was a clergyman living in Leicestershire, and his son, at the completion of his education, entered the army as a lieutenant in the 69th regiment of foot. He was twice married, and received a handsome property with each of his wives; but their estates being held during life only, upon the demise of his second helpmate he was thrown upon his own resources. His commission had long since been disposed of, and he determined to endeavour to procure contributions by writing letters to persons of known charitable dispositions, setting forth fictitious details of distress. In the course of his numerous dispositions, he assumed the various and imaginary characters of the Rev. Mr. Paul, the Rev. Daniel Bennett, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Smith, and others, but at last he was detected in an attempt to procure money from the Earl of Clarendon, whom he addressed in a letter signed "H. Grant."

He was indicted at the Middlesex sessions for this offence; and his trial, which came on at Hicks' Hall, on the 27th of October, 1804, occupied the whole day.

It then appeared that the Earl of Clarendon being at his seat at Wade's Mill, Hertfordshire, in the previous month of July, he received a letter, purporting to be from Mrs. Grant, which stated in substance—

That the writer having heard from a lady, whose name she was not at liberty to reveal, the most charming character of his lordship for kindness and benevolence, she was induced to lay before him a statement of her distressed circumstances. The supposed lady then detailed her case, which was, that she was a native of Jamaica, of affluent and respectable family; that a young man, a Scotchman, and surgeon's mate to a man-of-war, was introduced at her father's house, who so far ingratiated himself with her father, that he seriously recommended him to her for her husband. She did not like him, because he was proud, and for ever vaunting of his high family; but as her father's will had always been a law, she acquiesced on condition that he would live at Jamaica. They were accordingly married, and her father gave him one thousand pounds. He, however, soon became discontented with remaining at Jamaica, and continually importuned her to go with him to Scotland; and as her friends joined in the solicitation, she consented. She had now been six months in England; but her husband had always evaded going to Scotland, and had left her whenever she spoke upon the subject. In short he had gamed, drunk, and committed

every excess ; and within the last six weeks he had died in a rapid decline, leaving her a widow, with two children, and hourly expecting to be delivered of a third. She was not twenty-three years of age, and never knew want till now ; but she was left without a shilling to support herself and miserable children : she owed for her husband's funeral, and the apothecary's bill, for which she was afraid of being arrested. To avoid this she was going to seek shelter with a poor widow in Essex ; and if his lordship would write to her at the post-office at Harlow, she would, if brought to bed in the meanwhile, get some safe person to go for the letter.

His lordship's answer evinced the benevolence of his heart. He expressed his readiness to alleviate her distress, but justly observed that her tale ought to be authenticated by something more than the recital of a perfect stranger. He desired to know who the lady was who had recommended the application to him, and assured the writer she need not conceal her, for that he considered it was doing him a great kindness to afford him the means of rendering service to the necessitous. On the 14th of July his lordship received a note nearly as follows :—

“ Mrs. Smith, widow of Captain Smith, begged leave to inform Lord Clarendon that Mrs. Grant was brought to bed. It was she who recommended Mrs. Grant to Lord Clarendon ; while her husband was living, she had frequently been with him on the recruiting service in Hertfordshire, where she had heard of the benevolent character of his lordship. She added, that Captain Smith, when in Jamaica, had frequently visited Mrs. Grant's father, who was a person of great wealth ; that she had herself done more than she could afford for an amiable and unfortunate young woman. She had no doubt but that as soon as her letter should reach Jamaica, Mrs. Grant's father would send her abundant relief ; but till then she might, without the friendship of some individual, be totally lost.”

In consequence of this late note, his lordship returned an answer, and enclosed a draft for five guineas, offering at the same time to write to any person at Harlow who might be of assistance to her, particularly to any medical person. On July the 23rd, the supposed Mrs. Grant wrote again to his lordship, acknowledging the receipt of the five guineas, and stating that she had the offer of a passage home : but she said that she wished to see his lordship, to return her grateful thanks for his kindness. At the same time she was extremely delicate, lest their meeting should be misconstrued by a malignant world, and entreated that it might take place a little distance from town. The answer to this letter she begged might be addressed to A. B. C. at George's Coffee-house, to which place she would send for it. His lordship, at her request, wrote an answer, and appointed the Bell Inn at Kilburn. Before the arrival of the day of meeting, however, his lordship received another letter from Mrs. Grant, stating that ever since she came to town, she had met nothing but trouble. Her last child had died, and she was seized with a milk-fever ; that she had twelve shillings left of his lordship's and Mrs. Smith's bounty, when she came to town ; that she was afraid of coming further than Whitechapel, lest her creditors might arrest her ; and she concluded with the request of the loan of five pounds, to be inclosed in a note addressed to Mr. Paul, to be left at the Saracen's Head Inn, Aldgate. His lordship, in reply to this note, sent the money requested, and with great humanity condoled on her supposed situation. He then proposed to take her into the country, where she might live quiet, and free of expense, until she heard from her friends. The next letter introduced another actor on the stage. It came from the

Rev. H. Paul. Mr. Paul, at the desire of Mrs. Grant (then said to be delirious), acknowledged the receipt of the five pounds. He would write again, and say anything Mrs. Grant might dictate in a lucid interval. He begged his answer might be left at the Chapter Coffee-house. His lordship accordingly wrote to the Rev. H. Paul, with particular inquiries after the state of Mrs. Grant, and proposed to send the proper medical assistance. The Rev Mr. Paul replied to this letter, and stated the description of Mrs. Grant's complaint, which was of a delicate nature. He then stated the high notions of Mrs. Grant, who would not condescend to see any person from his lordship in her present wretched state; and added that she thought her situation such, that it was not delicate to admit any one to see her but those absolutely necessary. Mr. Paul therefore had promised, he said, not to divulge her residence; but declared that in her lucid intervals, Mrs. Grant expressed the utmost anxiety to be enabled to thank her benefactor.

This correspondence produced a meeting between the supposed Rev. H. Paul and his lordship, which took place at the Bell Inn, at Kilburn, on the 8th of August. The prisoner then introduced himself to his lordship as the Rev. Henry Paul. They entered into conversation on the subject of Mrs. Grant, when his lordship asked every question as to her situation, with a view to alleviate it. Mr. Paul said he had not seen her distinctly, for the curtains were closed round her; but the opium had had an effect which he had known it frequently to produce: it had given her eyes more than usual brilliancy: with respect to her lodging, it was a very small room. The woman who attended her seemed a good sort of a woman enough, and she was also attended by a surgeon or apothecary. As Mr. Paul seemed to be a man of respectability, his lordship asked him at what seminary he had been brought up: the prisoner replied he had been educated at Westminster and Oxford, and had the living of St Kitt's, in Jamaica, worth about 700*l.* per annum; that he had property in Ireland, and was going to America on private business. To his lordship's question how he was so fortunate as to meet this young woman, he said it was by an accident, that quite looked like a romance.—He was coming to town in the Ongar stage, in which were a young woman, two children, and a lady, all in mourning. He entered into conversation with the lady, and was surprised to find her the daughter of a person at whose house, in Jamaica, he had himself been frequently received with kindness. Although his business pressed, he determined to stay and afford her some assistance. He then stated that he had that day given her a 2*l* note, which his lordship, at this interview, returned (being the note on which the indictment was founded). He added, that Mrs. Grant's father was extremely affluent, and he should not wonder if he was to remit 500*l.* at the first intelligence of his daughter's situation. His lordship in his evidence said, that he seemed to express himself in language of the purest truth and benevolence; and as he appeared a well-educated gentleman, who had seen the world, he had no suspicion of any fraud.

After this interview a correspondence took place between the pretended clergyman and his lordship, in which the former stated the progression of the patient, Mrs. Grant, towards convalescence, and at her desire requested that linen, poultry, fruit, and wine, might be forwarded, all of which were supplied by the bounty of the noble lord.

At length Mrs. Grant was sufficiently recovered to be able to write to his lordship, and in her letter she expressed her unbounded thanks for the

benevolence which she had experienced at his hands, and remarked that but for the friendly introduction of the Rev. Mr. Paul, she believed that she would have been lost. She then went on to say, that although she had been ordered by her medical attendant to keep herself perfectly quiet, yet she could not resist the temptation of sitting up in bed to write to her benefactor, whom she hoped to be able shortly to thank personally for his numerous kindnesses.

The last letter from Mr. Paul was dated August 23. He acknowledged the receipt of 6*l.* 2*s.* which had been expended for Mrs. Grant; and informed his lordship that the sheets which had been last sent, had, by some accident, been near brimstone, which affected Mrs. Grant very much; that her situation required fine old linen, if his lordship had any such. He apologized, if there should be any inaccuracy in his letter, because he *had a head-ache and some degree of fever.*

The farce now began to draw to its conclusion. His lordship received another letter from Mrs. Grant, dated Saturday, September 1st, in which the supposed lady said:—

“Last Saturday, her father’s sister came to town, and found her out. She was a sour old lady, a man-hater, and snarled at the whole sex. She had taken Mrs. G. into the country with her, although she was removed at the peril of her life. The lady she was with was nearly as bad as her aunt; but, as the latter was going out for a few days, her Argus would let her come to town, which would enable her to meet his lordship. As her ill-tempered aunt had given her neither money nor clothes, she begged 4*l.* of his lordship. If this opportunity was lost, she should never be able to see him, as her aunt was a vigilant woman, and hated the men so much, that at the first entrance into her room, finding the Rev. Mr. Paul there, she most grossly affronted him. She could not have any letter addressed in her own name lest it should fall into the hands of her aunt, and therefore begged his lordship to direct to Mrs. Harriet, Post-office, Waltham.”

His lordship, in his answer to this letter, expressed some suspicions that he had been duped; in answer to which Mrs. Grant thanked Lord Clarendon for his favours, and declared that she was sorry to think he should conceive himself duped, but he would find his mistake when she got home to the West Indies. In a postscript, she added—“That best of men, Mr. Paul, died suddenly on Saturday last.”

This closed the intercourse between his lordship and his correspondents, Mrs. Grant and Mr. Paul. Soon afterwards, however, he received another letter from a Rev. Mr. Bennett, setting forth a deplorable tale of misery; but his suspicions being awakened, he employed his steward to trace the supposed Rev. Mr. Bennett, when it turned out to be the prisoner at the bar, who had imposed himself on his lordship as the Rev. Mr. Paul, that “best of men,” whom Mrs. Grant stated to have “died suddenly.” His lodgings being searched, a book was found in his own handwriting, giving an account of money received, (by which it appeared that he had plundered the public to the amount of four hundred and eighty-eight pounds within two years,) with a list of the donors’ names, among whom were, the Duchess of Beaufort, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Lyttleton, Lady Howard, Lady Mary Duncan, Bishops of London, Salisbury, and Durham, Earls of Kingston and Radnor, Lord C. Spencer, Hon. Mrs. Fox, and others.

More memoranda were also found, which shewed that the prisoner had

reduced his mode of proceeding to a perfect system, notes being taken of the style of handwriting which he assumed, under his different names, and of the description of sealing-wax, wafer, and paper, used in his letters.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the Court immediately sentenced him to seven years' transportation. He was sent to Botany Bay in April 1805.

THE SPRING'S LAST MESSENGER.

By Miss F. F. Hood.

HE did not see the summer flowers
Spread forth o'er hill and plain ;
The spring with all its early blooms
Had brightened earth again :
A happy fate was yours, dear flowers,
They plucked you, here to bring,
To cheer the half-departing heart
With tidings of the Spring.

These violets blossomed freshly then
Within his darkened room,
And brought him thoughts of far-off fields
And hedges bright with bloom ;
And oft his weary shaded eyes
Gazed on their lovely hue,
And dreamed of pleasant meadow sides,
Where they profusely grew.

And when, his earthly labours o'er,
He gained the long-sought rest,
These little blossoms, cherished long,
Lay in the mourner's breast :
She loved their little withered flowers,
Though scent and hue were gone ;
Last memory of the pleasant Spring
He lived to gaze upon.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

MISS SARAH CURRAN.

EVERY reader of the *Sketch Book* must have been caught with an early paper in it, called "The Broken Heart." Here the genius of Washington Irving found a suitable field of exercise; and he gives us, in his most polished diction, a little tale of woman's fondness and faith, continuing unaltered even to the grave. The casual reader may have lingered over the sketch, being attracted by its pathos. How much higher the interest then, when its authenticity is declared; and we exercise the privilege, which the lapse of nearly a half-century confers upon us, to name the parties referred to by the writer? There are none, now living, who can be pained by such mention, or we should forbear.

The summer of 1803 was memorable in Ireland for the insane attempt at a Revolution made by Robert Emmet. We have no wish to quit the even tenor of our way by the discussion of politics, and least of all, Irish politics. Suffice it, therefore, for present mention, that the design was to seize the castle of Dublin, taking the Viceroy prisoner, and detaining him as a hostage, and to proclaim a Provisional Government. A depôt of arms was formed in an adjoining street to the castle, and the preparations were made in undisturbed secrecy. On the 23rd of July, at nightfall, the insurgents moved from their concealment. They had but to traverse three streets ere the castle was reached, and, from its defenceless state, probably taken. The carriage of one of the Judges, Lord Kilwarden, encountered them by the way; and in the delay of the perpetration of a cold-blooded murder (from which their Chief vainly sought to keep them) the whole enterprise was blasted. A small body of military coming up, dispersed the tumultuous crowd with a few discharges of musketry; and the *émeute* was at an end almost as soon as it had commenced.

Emmet fled to the Wicklow hills, and found safe concealment there with the disaffected peasantry. He might have embarked in some of the fishing smacks, and thus have reached the French shores in safety; but a romantic passion, enkindled in more tranquil hours, urged him to return to the metropolis, that he might bid a final farewell to his Betrothed. He retraced his steps accordingly; and while sojourning at Harold's Cross, in the vicinity of Dublin, he was arrested on the 25th of August, was tried by Special Commission on the 19th of September, and was executed on the following day.

The unhappy object of this fatal attachment—fatal to him, and no less fatal to herself—was the lady whose name heads our paper, the youngest daughter of CURRAN. "In happier days and fairer fortunes," writes Irving, "Emmet had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune;

when disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven-in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She did not object to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and ‘heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.’

“The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade (at the Rotunda, Dublin). There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more strikingly painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that shewed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

“The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of her friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

“He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and, at length, sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.”

All these particulars are correct, as we have had them confirmed to us by a valued friend, who was personally cognizant of the whole. The officer alluded to was Captain Henry Sturgeon, of the Royal Engineers.

He was quartered in Cork at the time he made Miss Curran's acquaintance; and the marriage took place, in 1805, at Woodhill, a beautiful seat of the Penrose family, on the Lee, near that city. Captain Sturgeon shortly afterwards went on foreign service, and was accompanied by his bride. In the spring of 1808 they returned to England; and on the 5th of May in that year, Mrs. Sturgeon expired at Hythe, Kent, her disease being, as is stated above, consumption. She was buried in the Curran vault, at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, where a monumental tablet was placed over her by her husband. In September, 1847, this vault was opened to receive the remains of James, son of William Curran, nephew of Mrs. Sturgeon's illustrious father, when a leaden coffin was discovered (the outer wooden shell having decayed), bearing this inscription on a brass plate:—

“ Mrs.
Sarah Sturgeon,
fifth daughter
of the
Right Hon. John Philpot Curran.
Died May 5th, 1808,
Aged 26 years.”

It only remains for us to add, that Mr. Sturgeon rejoined his regiment in the Peninsula, and having distinguished himself in many a field, was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He fell at Toulouse.

The reader will doubtless remember Moore's verses* on this hapless love of Emmet's, and will understand the allusion contained in the second stanza, from the preceding notice:—

“ She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing :
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

“ She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking ;
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

“ He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him,

“ Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.”

THE MISS GUNNINGS.

To the Editor of "The Patrician."

SIR,—The interesting notice of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, in "The

* Irish Melodies.

Patrician" of last month, brought to my recollection some lines I had read in an old letter in my possession, dated "Spa, 5th Sept., N. S., 1752." The writer remarks, "I have opened this to send you an epigram on Miss Buncomb's painting herself, which is handed about here:—

"Buncomb, I'm sure, deserves more praise
Than Gunning from the town;
You may thank Heaven for Gunning's face,
But Buncomb makes her own.

"Time may the charms of Gunning spoil,
Though now so much she 's praised,
But Buncomb's bloom would never soil,
If she were framed and glazed."

Yours truly,
BARONETTUS.

TOBY MATTHEW, THE PREACHING ARCHBISHOP.

TOBIAS Matthew, or Matthews, Archbishop of York during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, was perhaps the most diligent preacher that ever lived. From a record kept by himself, it appears that while Dean of Durham, he delivered seven hundred and twenty-one sermons; while Bishop of that see, five hundred and fifty; and after his preferment to York, seven hundred and twenty-one, making a total of almost two thousand addresses, or nearly one for each single day in six years. We know no parallel in the history of pastoral labour, with the single exception of Charles Simeon, who in his *Horæ Homileticæ*, furnishes the draughts of two thousand five hundred and thirty-six sermons; but whether these all were actually preached, or not, we have no means of determining. Archbishop Matthew was descended from an ancient and honorable family in Wales, and was born in Bristol, in 1545. He received his education at Christ Church, Oxford, and rose to high honors in that University.

"When he had united," we translate the inscription on his tomb in York Cathedral, "the knowledge of theology with that of polite literature, he immediately entered upon the public service of the church, and became equally celebrated in the city, the country, the college, and the palace. Nor will Greece hereafter have more to boast of her Chrysostom than England of her Matthew. He was immediately known to Queen Elizabeth," continues the eulogy, "and was in great esteem with that princess. There was no preacher that she heard with more pleasure, or commended with more warmth. In the twenty-eighth year of his age, he was made head of the College of St. John Baptist, Oxford, and at the same time Archdeacon in the Church of Wells, and Canon of Christ Church, to the Deanery of which he was soon after promoted. At length, having enjoyed all the honors of the University, he was made Dean of Durham. After a few years, the Deanery became too small a dignity for his growing reputation; and such was the Queen's favour towards him, that he was created Bishop of Durham. When he had presided about twelve years in that see, he was translated by King James to the Archbishopric of York. So great a genius, whatever course it took, could not stop short of the highest attainments in it. These were the steps by which he arrived at so elevated a station. The virtues by which he adorned it

this monument cannot contain : they exceed the province of the sculptor ; history alone can do them justice. Among other things, his singular hospitality ought to be recorded : his house was a perpetual scene of entertainment for the rich, and of charity to the poor. It was a distinguished happiness to the see of York, that though he was in his 60th year when he took possession of it, he held it for twenty-two years. That rich vein of eloquence he possessed was not impoverished even in extreme old age ; after he was seventy years old, there was no one who preached more constantly, more successfully, or more acceptably. When his strength became unequal to these public services, he immediately began to languish, as if he had lived by that health alone which he spent in preaching the word of God, and was unwilling to survive these studies and these labours. Having lived a long, excellent, and happy life, he calmly departed out of it, on the 29th day of March, 1628, in the 83rd year of his age." The epitaph concludes with some further laudations, that are fulsome and uninteresting.

As one of the ablest antagonists of Campian, the Archbishop deserves notice ; and the only composition he committed to the press was a Latin sermon against that able but unfortunate Jesuit. Campian was sent to England, in 1580, on a secret mission, by Pope Gregory XIII. He was arrested on a charge of high treason, and was convicted and executed in the course of the following year. Archbishop Matthew was in nowise concerned in his unhappy death, which took place on political and not on religious grounds.

THE " ELIZA " OF STERNE.

In the Cathedral of Bristol, among multitudinous efforts of the statuary, is a tomb by the artist Bacon, that must attract the attention of every admirer of quaint, humorous, sorrowful, and irresistible—whether he be in mirth or pathos—Sterne. It is reared against the western wall, and consists of a Gothic arch, encircling two figures, representing Genius and Benevolence. The latter with a silent finger points to this inscription :—

" Sacred
To the Memory
of
MRS. ELIZABETH DRAPER,
in whom
Genius and Benevolence
were united.
She died
August 3rd, 1788,
Aged 35."

A short tenure of life, yet sufficient now for our continued remembrance.

AN IRISH DOCTOR.

DOCTOR Lyne, a physician of the early part of last century, lived at

Arloom, in the extreme west of the county of Cork, and attained the patriarchal age of 85, being cut off at last by the small-pox. It was remarkable that, for fifty years together, no one died out of his house, though he had always a numerous family of children and grandchildren. His house was built after a design of his own. Every window had another opposite to it, none of which he suffered to be either shut or glazed. They were kept continually open, without any defence against the weather. The room the doctor lay in had four windows, two open on each side his bed. Upon his death, his son glazed all the windows, and the exemption from the wonted mortality in families straightway ceased. Now, in these our days of universal drugging, might not the Irish physician's recipe be more largely followed than it is? He simply recommended, though doubtless, on a more extensive scale than we are prepared to follow, "fresh air," a remedy, we are persuaded, far better than many a nauseous draught that is compounded for her Majesty's lieges.

VERSES BY SHERARD OF LOPINTHORP, 1592.

WE derive the following lines from a rare old manuscript, and lay them before our readers in the hope they may receive from them the same pleasure with ourselves. The Latin tongue is unpaganised in them, and is made to speak the faith and hope of the Christian.

Rolandus Sherard de Lopinthorp, armiger, obiens 9 die Oct. A.D. 1592.

" Quod potuit dare, terra dedit, nunc debita poscit;
 Cedo libens; cœli nunc mihi restat iter.
 Quid dare terra potest homini? Bona corporis atque
 Fortunæ, et sobolis pignora chara suæ—
 Hæc habui, et longæ placidissima tempora vitæ,
 Queis pax Angligenis aurea semper erat.
 Nunc nihil hic video restare quod amplius optem,
 Deliciæ vitæ præteriere meæ.
 Nec manus officium, nec pes nunc præstat, ut olim;
 Nec solito clarent lumina more mihi;
 Musica nec solitâ dulcedine verberat aures;
 Nec favet ad cantum debile vocis iter.
 Brachia, quæ validos carnuabant (?) fortiter arcus
 Debitu nunc ori vix alimenta ferunt.
 Cornipedisque alacer quondam qui terga premebam,
 Nunc jaceo lecti triste senilis onus.
 Nec tamen ista quæror, nec torquent membra dolores,
 Matura at senii tempora cerno mei;
 Hoc solum mihi dulce manet, Mens conscia Recti,
 Atque fides mentem concomitata bonam.
 Christe Deus, qui multa dabas, majora daturus,
 Qua sperem grates posse referre Tibi?
 Nil mihi nunc restat, nisi ut *Alleluia* cantem,
 Immixtis sanctis cœlitibusque choris;
 Et cum plenus erit numerus cætusque tuorum
 Cum proprio rursus corpori junctus ero!"

The fourth word in line thirteen is illegible, but the sense is sufficiently plain without it. Will some of our readers attempt a version of the foregoing in English verse?

THE DUKE OF MONTAGUE.

THE first Duke of Montague, soon after the peace of 1748, observed that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth was worn thread-bare appeared at a certain hour every day, in the park, walking to and fro with a kind of melancholy gait. This man the duke singled out as likely to be a fit object for a benevolent frolic. He began, therefore, by making some inquiry, and soon learnt that he was a poor, unfortunate creature, who having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the late war, in hopes of promotion; but upon conclusion of the peace had been reduced to half-pay. He also learnt, upon further inquiry, that the captain, having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them into Yorkshire, whither he regularly transmitted them the moiety of his half-pay, and reserved the other to keep himself upon the spot, where he alone could hope for an opportunity of obtaining some advantageous situation. After some time, when everything had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, as the captain was sitting alone, busied in thought, to send his valet to him, with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day. The duke having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach the poor officer without being perceived;—he saw him start from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, without seeming to comprehend what he said. He was told that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his Grace at the time appointed. When he came, the duke received him with particular marks of kindness and civility and taking him aside, with an air of secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dine with him, upon account of a lady who had long had a particular regard for him, and had experienced a great desire to be introduced to him, which her situation made it impossible to accomplish without the assistance of a friend. During this discourse, the duke enjoyed the profound astonishment, and the various changes that appeared in the poor captain's face; who, after he had recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the duke could perceive that he was labouring in the best manner he could, to insinuate that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon; and therefore, to put an end to his difficulties at once, the duke laid his hand upon his breast, and swore that he told him nothing that he did not believe to be true. When notice was brought that dinner was served up, the captain entered the dining-room with curiosity and wonder: but how was his wonder increased, when he beheld at the table his own wife and children!—The duke had sent for them out of Yorkshire, and had astonished the lady as he had done her husband. It is more easy to conceive than describe the effect of a meeting so unexpected. The duke at length, with much difficulty, seated the family at his table, and persuaded them to eat. After dinner was over, a servant informed the duke that his lawyer attended by his Grace's order; and producing a deed which the duke was to sign, was directed to read it. The legal gentleman accordingly began to read aloud; when, to complete the astonishment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed proved to be a settlement, which his Grace had made upon them, of a genteel competency for life. Having gravely heard the instrument read, he signed and sealed it, and delivering it into the captain's hands, desired him to accept it without observation; "For I assure you,

Sir (said his Grace), that it is the last thing I would have if I had one, thought I could have employed my money, or my time more to my satisfaction, in any better way."

JUDGE JENKINS, THE ROYALIST.

David Jenkins, a Welsh judge in the reign of Charles the First, distinguished himself so strenuously in behalf of the royal cause, that on falling into the hands of the rebels in 1645, he was sent up to London, and committed first to the Tower, and next to Newgate. When he was brought to the bar of the House of Commons, he was reprimanded by old Lenthall, the Speaker, for refusing to kneel, on which he made this reply:—

"In your speech, Mr. Speaker, you said the house was offended with my behaviour, in not making any obeisance to you on my coming here; and this was the more wondered at, because I pretended to be knowing in the laws of the land (having made it my study for these five-and-forty years); and because I am so, that was the reason of such my behaviour: for as long as you had the king's arms engraved on your mace, and acted under his authority, had I come here, I would have bowed my body in obedience to his authority, by which you were first called. But, Mr. Speaker, since you and this house have renounced all your duty and allegiance to your sovereign and natural liege lord the king, and are become *a den of thieves, should I bow myself in this house of Rimmon, the Lord would not pardon me in this thing.*"

This bold speech so irritated the house, that without any farther trial, they voted him and Sir Francis Butler, another royalist, guilty of high treason, and even fixed the day of their execution, but were diverted from it by a droll speech of Harry Marten, who said that this way of proceeding would do them mischief.

After this the house sent a committee to Newgate, offering the judge, that if he would own their power to be lawful, they would not only take off the sequestrations from his estate, which were about five hundred pounds a-year, but would also settle a yearly pension on him of one thousand pounds. To which he answered, "far be it from me to own rebellion to be lawful, because it is successful;" so he desired to see their backs.

Then the chief of them made him another proposal, saying, that he should have the same grants, if he would only permit them to put it in print, that he did own and acknowledge their power to be lawful, and would not gainsay it. To this he answered, "that he would not connive at their so doing, for all the money they had robbed the kingdom of; and should they be so imprudent as to print any such matter, he would sell his doublet and coat to buy pens, ink, and paper, and would set forth the commons house in their proper colours."

When they found him so firm, one of the committee used this motive: "You have a wife and nine children, who will all starve if you refuse this offer; so consider, for their sakes, they make up ten pressing arguments for your compliance."—"What," said the judge, "did they desire you to press me in this matter?"—"I will not say they did," replied the committee-man, "but I think they press you to it without speaking at all." With that the old man's anger was heightened to the utmost, and in a passion he said, "Had my wife and children petitioned you in this matter, I would have discarded them all."

Upon this the committee departed, and the judge remained in confinement.

ment, expecting nothing less than to be hanged ; and he declared, that if he suffered, it should be with the Bible under one arm, and Magna Charta under the other.

He survived the Restoration, and died in 1663, aged upwards of eighty.

THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

THE Earl of Leicester was a prodigious beau ; the number and expense of his robes, suits of clothes, &c. are inconceivable. In the account of the expenses of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, addressed to that nobleman by Mr. Cruttenden, his lordship's steward, in the time of Charles I., he states as follows:—

“About the year 1584, your noble father departed this life, and immediately after it pleased God to take out of this life yor noble brother Sir Philipp Sidney whose executors vizt. the now Lady Clanrickard and Sir Francis Walsingham carried away in behalf of the heir general all the goods and moveables at Penshurst, as plate, jewells, hangings, and household stuffe, to the valewe of 20,000li.”

He then states the value of rents, fines, and other things taken from this estate, at 10,000li. and the income of it at per ann. 1090li.

Some of the outgoinges, as traits of the times are curious.

“About the year 1538, yor Honor was sent ymbassidor into Scotland att wch tyme yor servants clokes lyned with hare cullered velvett and trymmed with hare-culler and gould lace: which Journey was very chargeable to you.

“About 33 yeares agoe yor Honor was sent ymbassidorto Fraunce att wch tyme, you made you 12 sutes of apparell and had one cloke lynd with sables which cost 250li. also yor pages sutes and footemens came to att least 300li more ; besides yor servants lyveries.

“Also att the marriage of the Earl of Darbie there was a *maske* of which yor Honor was one, which cost you 500li.”

Among the expenses of this nobleman, there is one for—“The many great feasts yor Honor made for the Queen (Ann of Denmark) the Queen's brother, the states and divers of the Nobillitie, both att Baynard's Castle and at Penshurst,” &c. &c.—the whole of which amounts to £1976.

“The Christmas after the King and Queene came in, yor Honor made you a sute of russet cloth of gould and lynd a cloke with the same, wch cloth of gould being 17 yds. cost 3li. 10s. a yard wch comes unto 59li. 10s. The panes of the hose were ymbrothered wch cost 30li. the ymbrotherer also had for ymbrothering two broad gards upon every seame of the doublet 20li. The outside of the cloke was of uncut velvett wch cost, being viij yards $\frac{1}{2}$, 12li. 15s. The cloke was laced with a gould lace to the very cape, every yard of it wayed an oz. at vjs the oz. and there was 36 dozen of lace upon it wch wth 20tie oz. of silke to sett on the lace came to 72li. Yr Honor had also to this sute a hatt ymbrothered wth gould, girdle, and hangers, ritch stockins, garters, roses, points, and shooes ; wch with making upp of the sute came to so much that the whole charge of this sute came to at the least £220.”

THE LATE THOMAS STEELE.

The following sketch of this lamented gentleman, is from the graceful pen of William J. O. Neill Daunt, Esq.—

"Honest Tom Steele," as he was usually called, was born at Derrymore, in the county Clare, in the year 1778. His family went from Somersetshire in the reign of Charles the Second. Their name was then Champion, which they changed to that of Steele, for reasons now unknown. William Champion, the lineal ancestor of the Head Pacificator, was, I believe, an officer in Monmouth's regiment. He established himself near Nenagh in the county Tipperary. His first experiment as a settler was inauspicious, inasmuch as the Tipperary folk three times burned his house over his head—the proprietor on each occasion narrowly escaping with his life! Unwilling to incur the perils of a fourth combustion, he migrated to the more pacific county of Clare, where his posterity have ever since continued to reside.

"Steele received a University education at Cambridge, where he obtained distinction for his scientific acquirements.

"The death of an uncle placed him in possession of his family property in Clare, just at the time when the Spanish nation rose in insurrection against the tyrannical King Ferdinand the Seventh.

"Steele, whose love of the cause of universal liberty had ever been associated with that total forgetfulness of self which the world calls imprudence, immediately resolved to assist with his hand and fortune the Spanish insurgents. Regardless of the results of his spirited enterprise upon a county Clare property, he fitted out and filled with arms a vessel which he brought to Cadiz. He accepted a commission from the Cortes, and distinguished himself by his valour in several engagements against the French, who had invaded the country as the allies of a despotic monarch, in order to perpetuate the bondage of the Spanish people,

"When the struggle against despotism proved vain, Steele quitted Spain and returned to Ireland. He constantly attended the meetings of the Catholic Association, and watched with anxious scrutiny the words and actions of O'Connell. So soon as his judgment convinced him that O'Connell was a trustworthy leader, he immediately proclaimed his adhesion to the cause, and worked with zeal to remove those disabilities from the Catholics which he, as a Protestant, felt were disgraceful only to the party by whom they were inflicted.

"Notwithstanding the military bent of Steele's ideas, and the constitutional bravery of the man, he highly appreciated the value of O'Connell's moral-force system of political warfare. Seeing clearly that the wild and illegal combinations of Whitefeet, Ribbonmen, Terry Alts, and other misguided parties assuming equally fantastic and absurd denominations, could only tend to embarrass the friends and injure the cause of rational liberty, he applied himself to the task of quelling disturbances in his native county, and of getting up arms from the misguided peasantry.

"There was in this occupation something peculiarly congenial to the wild and Ossianic spirit of Steele. He loved at night to traverse the mountain fastnesses of Cratloe; to watch the dark low clouds slowly sailing over the heavens as he wandered through the lonely ravine by the side of the swoln brook, in whose midnight waves stars shimmered as they broke through the mists. These scenes had for Steele a charm of magical potency, especially when associated with the function of Head Pacificator, which he discharged in the midst of them. His soul thrilled with an indefinable feeling, of which fancy, poetry, and patriotism were constituent parts, as he paused to hold communings with Nature in her sombre moods—to listen to the voice of the night-wind as it swept through the gloomy

woods, and to catch the inspiration of the hills in his solemn, thoughtful, and imaginative, yet energetic career. He spent many a night in the cottages of the insurgent peasantry, endeavouring to reclaim them from their driftless and mischievous conspiracies. In some of these nocturnal excursions O'Connell accompanied Steele. They got up a large quantity of arms. Steele, by constant and familiar association with his peasant-countrymen, convinced himself that their crimes were principally, if not wholly, the fruits of oppression; whilst he proudly recognised the traits of high and virtuous feeling which often appeared in their conduct.

"In 1828, the Catholics resolved on opposing every member of the Peel-Wellington administration, whether personally hostile or friendly to their claims. That administration pretended to make the Catholic question an 'open' one; at the same time contriving that all substantial power should be placed in the hands of those who opposed it. To end this delusion, it was determined by the Catholics to start a candidate for Clare in opposition to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who had been nominated President of the Board of Trade by the Prime Minister. O'Connell conceived the idea of standing for the county. An unemancipated Catholic, chosen by the electors as their representative, yet disqualified by the existing laws from taking his seat, would present a striking impersonation of the Catholic grievances. O'Gorman Mahon proposed, and Thomas Steele seconded the nomination of O'Connell. The influence of this dexterous movement of the Agitator in accelerating emancipation is now matter of history. O'Connell presented himself at the table of the House of Commons to take his seat, but could not overleap the barrier of the Protestant oaths. Emancipation was hastily passed in the Spring of 1829; and O'Connell was immediately re-elected by his former constituents.

"Steele was an enthusiast, and like all enthusiasts, it was his fate to incur the censure of those who were totally incapable of appreciating, or even of comprehending, the intense fidelity to Ireland which actuated the man. The real truth is, that the very faults of Steele were merely the exaggeration of high and noble qualities. If (in the opinion of some persons) he partook of the extravagance of Don Quixote, he also partook of the Don's contempt for all baseness, perfidy, and cowardice. It is true that in Steele's language there was a strong and marked peculiarity; an occasional application of strong phrases to comparatively insignificant objects; a blending of the ideal and poetic in undue proportions with the real and practical; a disposition to seek illustrations of his views from sources too recondite for ordinary comprehension. But what of all that? The man loved Ireland, and would have died for her with more pleasure than even the selfish place-hunter who jeered at his verbal eccentricities could derive from personal aggrandizement. The people of Ireland gave Steele full credit for his pure and single-hearted patriotism; and shame to them if they did not recognise and duly honour the qualities of unsullied honesty and enthusiastic love of freedom which pre-eminently distinguished him!

"If we smile at the poetic temperament of the orator who could harangue the frieze-coated peasantry of Connaught about the Scandinavian EDDA, and deduce from Icelandic mythology, for the edification of the Connemara rustics, comparisons between O'Connell's policy, and the antagonist influences of the HRYMPHTHUR and the MUSPELTHUR; if these illustrations evoke a passing smile, it is on the other hand perfectly impossible to deny that Steele had a vivid perception of all that is grand and beautiful

in external nature, and that he could pourtray his impressions with force, and grace, and delicacy.

"Steele's personal devotion to O'Connell is proverbial. Although a Protestant himself, he fitted up an apartment in his house in the county Clare as a chapel to be used for the celebration of mass whenever he should be visited by his "mighty leader," as he delighted to call O'Connell. He combined with this tribute to his political chief, his own devotion to Celtic antiquity; for the altar of the domestic chapel was a large, rude block of stone, which for ages had remained in the woods, grey, moss-grown, and solitary; and which was averred by a somewhat vague tradition to have been used in pagan times for Druidical rites, and subsequently for the celebration of the Roman Catholic worship in the days of penal persecution.

"Steele's declaration has been often quoted, 'that if O'Connell desired him to sit upon a mine about to be sprung, he would implicitly obey the mandate.' This, which from other lips would be hypocritical exaggeration, was with Tom Steele the strict, literal truth. Those who best knew him, best can testify the implicit nature of his faith in O'Connell's integrity and wisdom. He deemed his incarceration as a fellow-'conspirator' with O'Connell, the proudest honour of his life."

THE TONSONS.

THE Tonsons were a race of booksellers who did honour to their profession for integrity, and by their encouragement of authors. The first notice we have been able to obtain of them is, that Jacob Tonson was the son of Jacob, a barber-surgeon in Holborn, who died in 1668, bequeathing to his sons Richard and John, and to their three sisters, 100*l.* each, when they should attain the age of 21. Jacob was apprenticed, June 5, 1670, to Thomas Basset, bookseller; and having been admitted a freeman of the Company of Stationers, Dec. 20, 1677, commenced business, as his brother Richard had done the year before. The first edition of *The Spanish Friar* (1681), was "printed for Richard and Jacob Tonson, at Gray's-Inn Gate, in Gray's-Inn lane; and at the Judge's Head in Chancery-lane."

To the laudable industry of Mr. Malone, the curious reader is indebted for the publication of several letters from Dryden to Jacob Tonson, and of one from Tonson to the poet, which considerably illustrate the history of both. The first of these was in 1684, preparatory to printing of the second volume of those "*Miscellany Poems*," which are equally known by the name of *Dryden* and of *Tonson*, and is written in terms of great familiarity, with thanks for two melons. Tonson's letter is perfectly the *Tradesman's*—pleased with the translations of Ovid, which he had received for the Third *Miscellany*, but not with the price, having only 1446 lines for 50 guineas, when he expected to have had at the rate of 1518 lines for 40 guineas; adding that he had a better bargain with "*Juvenal*, which is reckoned not so easy to translate as Ovid." Most of the other letters relate to the translation of Virgil, and contain repeated acknowledgments of Tonson's kind attention. "I thank you heartily" (he says), "for the sherry; it was the best of the kind I ever drank." The current coin was at that period wretchedly debased. In one letter Dryden says, "I expect forty pounds in good silver; not such as I had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I; nor stay for it above four-and-twenty hours after it is due." Some little bickerings occasionally passed between the

author and his bookseller ; but they do not seem to have produced any lasting ill-will on either side. In 1698, when Dryden published his *Fables*, Tonson agreed to give him 268*l.* for 10,000 verses ; and, to complete the full number of lines stipulated for, he gave the bookseller the Epistle to his Cousin, and the celebrated Music Ode.

"The conduct of traders in general in the 17th century," as Mr. Malone observes, "was less liberal, and their manners more rugged, than at present ; and hence we find Dryden sometimes speaking of Tonson with a degree of asperity that confirms an anecdote communicated to Dr. Johnson, by Dr. King, of Oxford ; to whom Lord Bolingbroke related, that one day, when he visited Dryden, they heard, as they were conversing, another person entering the house. 'This (said Dryden), is Tonson : you will take care not to depart before he goes away, for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him ; and, if you leave me unprotected, I shall suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue.' On another occasion, Tonson having refused to advance him a sum of money for a work on which he was employed, he sent a second messenger to the bookseller, with a very satirical triplet ; adding, "Tell the dog, that he who wrote these lines can write more." These descriptive verses, which had the desired effect, by some means got abroad in manuscript ; and, not long after Dryden's death, were inserted in "*Faction Displayed*," a satirical poem supposed to have been written by William Shippen, which, from its virulent abuse of the opposite party, was extremely popular among the Tories.

By his success in trade, Mr. Tonson had acquired a sufficient sum to purchase an estate near Ledbury, in Herefordshire. In the year 1703 he went to Holland, for the purpose of procuring paper, and getting engravings made for the splendid edition of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, which he published, under the care of Dr. Clarke, in 1712 : perhaps the most magnificent work that has been issued from the English press.

In 1719, Mr. Tonson made an excursion to Paris, where he spent several months, and was fortunate enough to gain a considerable sum by adventuring in the Mississippi scheme. In consequence of his attachment to the Whigs, he obtained, in 1719-20, probably by the patronage of the Duke of Newcastle and Secretary Cragg, a grant to himself and his nephew, Jacob Tonson, junior, who was the son of his elder brother, Richard, of the office of stationer, bookbinder, bookseller, and printer, to some of the principal public Boards and great Offices, for the term of forty years ; and not long afterwards (1722), he assigned and made over the whole benefit of this grant to the nephew ; who, in 1733, obtained from Sir Robert Walpole a farther grant of the same employment for forty years more, to commence at the expiration of the former term,—a very lucrative appointment, which was enjoyed by the Tonson family, or their assigns, till the month of January, 1800. From about the year 1720, the elder Tonson seems to have transferred his business to his nephew ; and lived principally on his estate in Herefordshire, till 1736, when he died, probably about eighty years old. From his will, which was made Dec. 3, 1735, and proved April 9, 1736, it appears that he had estates in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire.

THE TOMBS OF PETERSHAM AND TWICKENHAM.

“The grave—dread thing!

Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
’Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel’d ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as Fame reports),
Embodied thick perform their mystic rounds.”—BLAIR.

ENCOURAGED by the interesting memorials that abound in Richmond Church, one is naturally led to visit other places of interment in the neighbourhood of a locality so famous. Below Richmond hill lie two villages, which form part of its incomparable landscape, and which are themselves as rich in bygone recollections as they are beautiful in their scenery. These are Petersham and Twickenham; the one boasting its aristocratic associations, the other no less proud in the memory of Alexander Pope.

Petersham, a hamlet of mansions, has been and is still a place of dignified retirement to peers and men of high degree; Twickenham, lesser and yet greater, has been the Muses’ haunt, and is, altogether, classic ground. The churchyards in these two villages partake of the peculiar characteristics of each: that of Petersham speaks of rank and pedigree mouldering into dust; while poetry and the drama hover in gentle, pleasing remembrance around the graves of Twickenham.

To give an account of both, let us commence with the nearest to Richmond Hill, that of Petersham churchyard, which lies at its very foot, and which may be approached by a short walk across the meadows. Among the monuments that crowd the interior of this church, we would point out those of the following persons of rank and note; viz.—

GENERAL GORDON FORBES, of Skellow, Aberdeenshire, late of Ham Common, Colonel of Her Majesty’s Regiment of 29th Foot, who died the 17th January, 1828, in the 90th year of his age, and is here interred with his wife. The stone is raised by his surviving children.

SIR GEORGE SCOTT, of Gala, Vice-Admiral of the Red, K.C.B., who died the 21st December, 1841. A tablet placed by his wife.

THOMAS GILBERT, *armiger*, of an ancient family, who died in 1706, a scholar and a poet.

SIR THOMAS JENNER, Sergeant-at-Law, who died in 1706, and who was the son of that high Tory Judge in the reign of James II., Sir Thomas Jenner, who was excepted out of the Act of Indemnity in 1690.

THE REVEREND MARK DELAFOSSE, for near forty years the pious, learned, and exemplary minister of this parish; the stone is erected by the inhabitants of Petersham; his relict is here interred with him.

LADY KATHERINE HALKETT, daughter of the fourth Earl of Selkirk, and wife of John Halkett, Esq.

CAROLINE MARIA, DUCHESS DOWAGER OF MONTROSE, widow of James, third Duke of Montrose, and daughter of George, fourth Duke of Manchester.

CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER, who made a voyage round the world. The stone is erected by the Hudson Bay Company.

SIR CHARLES STUART, K.B., M.P., conqueror and Governor of Minorca, fourth son of John, the celebrated Earl of Bute, and father of Lord Stuart de Rothsay : his wife, Louisa, daughter and coheir of Lord Vere Bertie, is here interred with him.

In the churchyard there is a very handsome tomb, erected to the second Earl of Mount Edgumbe, with this graceful inscription : " Richard, Earl of Mount Edgumbe, is buried here ; who, during a great part of his life, chose this neighbourhood for a residence, and dying at Richmond, desired that his mortal remains should not be borne to the distant tomb of his ancestors, but be deposited in this churchyard. Let us hope that his immortal part may mingle thus with rich and poor, in that abode prepared by Christ, alike for all who trust in him.

Among the other external tombs, we remarked those of

MARIA LADY BUCK, daughter and coheir of George Cartwright, Esq., of Ossington, Notts, and widow of Sir Charles Buck, Bart., with whom the baronetcy became extinct. The stone is raised by her nephew, Sir H. G. Englefield, Bart., of Wotton Bassett, now also an extinct baronetcy.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JEREMIAH BRYANT.

The HON. GEO. MURRAY, son of Alexander, eighth Lord Elibank.

LADY FRANCES CAROLINE DOUGLAS, daughter of the fifth Marquess of Queensberry, who died in her fifteenth year.

HARRIET, MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN, daughter of Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, and second wife of William, sixth Marquess of Lothian. The tomb is raised by her children.

The REV. DR. SAMPSON, rector of Groton, and his wife, who died, the former in 1826, the latter in 1839.

CAPTAIN F. HALLIDAY, R.N., who died at Caen, in Normandy, the 25th July, 1830 ; his wife, who died in 1840, being buried here.

The REV. THOMAS MONK, Professor of Divinity and Belles Lettres, in the Royal College of Vendome, who died at Paris, the 15th April, 1809. The stone is erected by Hugh Monk, Esq.

ANNE BLACHFORD, widow of Captain Geo. Blachford, who was lost, with all on board, at the foundering of the *Foulis*, East Indiaman, in 1791. She died in 1846, aged 90.

Sir JOHN DARNELL, Sergeant-at-Law.

Let us now quit Petersham Churchyard, and turn our steps towards that of Twickenham. From Richmond there are various roads thither, and every one of them rich in poetic and historic recollections. Mackay, in his "Thames and its Tributaries," thus pleasantly describes one way :—

Descending the terrace and crossing the bridge, how pleasant is the walk along the Middlesex bank of the river to the village of Twickenham, and its old grey church, where Pope lies buried ! But pleasanter still is it to take a boat and be rowed up the middle of the stream, unlocking the stores of memory as we pass, and saying to ourselves—"Here on the right lived Bacon ; yonder, at West Sheen, lived Sir William Temple ; and there was born the celebrated Stella ; and at the same place Swift first made her acquaintance. And here, again, is Marble Hall, where the beauteous Lady Suffolk kept open house for all the wits of the neighbourhood.

Among the most conspicuous of the places we pass there is a neat little rural hut, called "Gray's Summer-house," where, according to tradition, that amiable poet wrote his celebrated Fables for the infant Duke of Cumberland, currying court favour, but getting nothing but neglect for his pains. "Dear Pope," he wrote to his brother poet, "what a barren soil have I been striving to produce something out of! Why did I not take your advice, before my writing fables for the Duke, not to write them, or rather to write them for some young nobleman. It is my hard fate—I must get nothing, write for or against them."

Poor Gray! Too well he knew, as Spenser so feelingly sings in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale:—

"What hell it was in suing long to bide,
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To fret the soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat the heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone!"

Yet one cannot help thinking, after all, that it served him right; for, according to his own confession, he was ready to wield his pen either for or against the court, as might be most profitable. Who but must regret, that a man of his genius should ever have been reduced to so pitiful an extremity? Who but must sigh that he should, even to his bosom friend, have made such a confession? At a short distance beyond Gray's summer-house, and on the same side of the river, stands "Ham House," formerly the residence of the noted Duke of Lauderdale, and where he and his four colleagues, Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, and Arlington held those secret meetings, which acquired for them a name infamous in English history—"The Cabal,"—a word which their initials happened to compose. In the house, now the residence of the Countess of Dysart, are preserved many memorials of the Lauderdale family.

According to tradition this is one of the places in which Charles the Second took refuge after the battle of Worcester; and it is also said that the great gate leading to the Ham Avenue, has never been opened to any meaner visitor since the hour when the fugitive King, after he left the Wood of Boscobel, was admitted within it for a night's shelter. Another tradition, which is still more questionable, asserts that here also, as at Boscobel, he hid himself among the branches of an oak to escape a party of his eager pursuers. A shattered trunk of a tree in Ham Lane was formerly shewn to the visitor as the identical Royal Oak: and a fair, which is annually held on the spot, on the 29th of May, has tended to countenance the belief among the people of the neighbourhood, who have no notion that any incredulous and too precise examiner into dates and facts should deprive them of their traditions. However, "truth is strong," and truth compels us to say, that their Royal Oak is only a counterfeit.

From Petersham, however, the way is to proceed by the Surrey river side, pass Ham House, of historic and cavalier note, and cross the ferry. The first object that strikes us is Twickenham church and its picturesque

churchyard. Before, however, we investigate its tombs, we must go further and view that locality which was the sanctuary of him, whose memory hangs in halo over the attractions of the place. The residence of Pope, or rather the spot where he resided, for his own house is gone, lies a little beyond Twickenham. Mr. Murray, in his "Picturesque Tour of the River Thames," has given an ample account of the hallowed sojourn, its desecration, and its vicissitudes. We make no apology for taking the following rather lengthy extracts from his book.

"When," says Mr. Murray, "we visited the spot that had once been the delight of the poet, the favourite retreat of his friends, and the scene of his labours, we anticipated the grateful care with which everything, no matter how trivial, that related to him, or connected his memory with things still existing, would have been preserved and cherished: we hoped to have found preserved the room in which he lived and in which he died; we anticipated the pleasures of being seated in his favorite chair, and of finding his garden, obelisks, temples, grotto, exactly as he left them.

"Imagine our astonishment—we might almost say disgust—on finding, in answer to our anxious inquiries of the whereabouts of the villa of Pope, that it had long since been levelled with the ground! It was not without many contradictory directions that we were at length enabled to ascertain where it once had stood.

"Not far from the original site was erected by Lady Howe, a plain, uninteresting, unpoetic edifice—now being pulled down—usually, but improperly, called Pope's villa; the poet's house, as has been satisfactorily demonstrated to us by the inspection of old maps and plans, having stood exactly over the grotto, which formed as it were a part of the basement.

"How much did we miss—how much was lost to us for ever!

"The house of the poet was gone—ruthlessly pulled down by a lady—queen of the Goths and Vandals might she well be called; a lady of rank was she, and title; and her only object in this wanton piece of barbarism would seem to have been to demonstrate, by an overt act, how little of communion, sympathy, or feeling may subsist in the breast of some of the aristocracy of rank for the abiding-place of the aristocracy of genius. The house—that house which Lord Spencer thought it the highest honour to preserve and adorn, from respect to its great inhabitant, was levelled with the ground; the willow tree, also, springing from the hand of the poet, as much one of his works as the Messiah, or the Windsor Forest—whose pendant boughs overshadowed the silvery Thames, was pulled up by the roots. Of all that the poet loved or delighted to cherish, the grotto alone remains; not, however, as he left it; but still there is enough to enable us to recall the rest.

"We turned with melancholy satisfaction to the poet's letter to his friend Edward Blount, in which he gives so delightful a picture of his grotto, and of the pleasure he took in its formation: no better account of it than the author's can be given, and if such were possible to give, while Pope's remains, it would be impertinent.

"**DEAR SIR,**—You shew yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you or yours, I assure you the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better and more quiet to be had in a corner of the world

(undisturbed, innocent, serene, and *sensible*) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make *you* think of me differently in a cloudy day, from what you do in the most sunshiny weather.

“ ‘ Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them.

“ ‘ I have put the last hand to works of this kind, *happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto* : I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner ; and from that distance under the temple, passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto, it becomes in the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*, on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations : and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene ; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms, and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin ababaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open ; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ores. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur and the aquatic idea of the whole place.

“ ‘ It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of :

“ ‘ *Hujus nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce mœum, quisquis tangis cava marinora, somnum
Rumpere : si bibas, sive lavas, tace.*

“ ‘ *Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep.¶
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.*

“ ‘ You ’ll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.’ ”

“ As in prose, so in verse, Pope delighted to dwell upon his retreat here—

“ ‘ To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur and commend.
*Know, all the distant din the world can keep
Rolls o’er my grotto and but soothes my sleep.
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war and statesman out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
THE FEAST OF REASON AND THE FLOW OF SOUL ;*

And he,* whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
 Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.'

" And again in praise of his grotto :—

" "Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
 Shines, a broad mirror, through the shady cave,
 Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill ;
 Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
 And latent metals innocently glow.
 Approach ! great nature, studiously behold
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach ! but awful. Lo ! the Egerian grot
 Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought,
 Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stolt,
 And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul ;
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor.'

" We are happy in being enabled to state that all fears for the destruction of this classic grot may now be at an end, Pope's estate having fallen into the hands of a possessor worthy of such a hallowed spot, whose intention is to erect a villa upon the original site of that of the poet, in the same style, and as near as may be resembling what it was : it is also the intention of Mr. Young, as we are informed, to repair the now dilapidated grotto, and generally to restore whatever may recall most vividly the associations of this truly classic ground.

" This is not merely an object worthy a refined taste and liberal mind, contrasting most favourably with the barbarous desecration of the spot by Lady Howe, but it is a public benefit : not merely the admirers of Pope, but the country, will be indebted to Mr. Young for preserving that which is a national ornament, and ought to have been the subject of national care and preservation.

" In any other country than this—even in countries much less advanced in civilization—the haunt of such an ornament of their literature, such a master of their language, would have been thought worthy national tutelage and public consecration : the little estate hallowed by a thousand classic associations would have been preserved intact : the favourite chamber of the poet, his lamp, his desk, his chair, would have been religiously transmitted with his works to future times.

" While we lament the desecration of the poet's abiding-place, and express our disapprobation of the more than Gothic barbarism of her who was the agent, we may at the same time express our gratification that an individual is found willing to repair, as far as it can be repaired, our national loss, and who will restore whatever there may be connected with Pope capable of restoration."

Pope's death occurred at Twickenham.

About the year 1744 his health began visibly to decline : he suffered severely from headaches and rheumatic pains, and was affected with diffi-

* Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who, with only two hundred horse and nine hundred foot, undertook and accomplished the conquest of Valencia.

culty of breathing, the result, as was supposed, of effusion into the chest. He had frequent deliriums; and, recovering from one of those, Spence, the poet, who sate by his bedside, heard and recorded those memorable words, "I am so certain of the soul being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were, by intuition."

Having expressed his firm belief in the certainty of a future state, it will be thought only consonant with his professions that he should have received with humility and fervour the sacraments of his church. Lord Bolingbroke is said to have expressed great disgust with the poet for having died in the faith and hope of a Christian, being probably chagrined that his lessons of infidelity should have produced so little effect. On the evening of the last day of May, 1744, this great, good, and amiable man expired in peace, having attained the age of fifty-six years, and was buried in the church of Twickenham.

This much being said, the course is natural from the poet's death-bed to his tomb. Let us then enter Twickenham church. In the middle aisle, the sexton shows a P in one of the stones. Here (all but the skull) rest the remains of Pope, with those of his parents, whom in life he so fondly loved and cherished. In the grounds of Pope's villa, on a small obelisk, having a funeral urn on each side, the poet inscribed the following graceful farewell to his mother:

" Ah! Editha,
Matrum optima,
Mulierum Amantissima,
Vale!"

To the memory of both father and mother, Pope has in the north gallery of the church, at its east end, placed a tablet with a Latin inscription.

On the side wall of the gallery nearest the west is a tablet of gray marble, in a pyramidal form, with a medallion profile of the poet. This was placed here by bishop Warburton, and bears the following lines:—

ALEXANDRO POPE, M.H. Gulielmus Episcopus, Glocestriensis,
Amicitia^e causâ fac: cur: 1761.
Poeta loquitur.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Heroes and Kings, your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

By one of those acts which neither science nor curiosity can excuse, the skull of Pope is now in a private collection of a phrenologist. The manner in which it was obtained is said to have been this. On some occasion of alteration in the church, or burial of some one in the same spot, the coffin of Pope was disinterred, and opened to see the state of the remains: by a bribe to the sexton of the time, possession of the skull was obtained for a night, and another skull returned instead of it. Fifty pounds were reported to have been paid to manage and carry through this transaction. Be that as it may, the skull of Pope figures in a private museum.

Besides the memorial to Pope, there are some monuments to the titled dead in Twickenham Church, such as those of Sir Francis Poulton, Sir William Humble, Sir Joseph Ashe, Lucia, Viscountess Clifden, Lady Mary Wildman, the Hon. Frances Tuffnell, Sir Richard Perryn, the Hon. John Berkley, of Straton, and others.

A tablet to one Nathaniel Pigott, a barrister, rather quaintly states that being of the highest repute from "his learning, judgment, experience, and integrity, he was deprived of the highest honors, only by his conscience and religion. Many he assisted in the law, more he preserved from it," a line of conduct which certainly reflects high credit on a lawyer.

On the exterior wall of the church, we remarked the following inscription:—"To the memory of Mary Beach, who died Nov. 5, 1725, aged 75. Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in his infancy, and constantly attended for thirty-eight years, in gratitude to a faithful servant, erected this stone."

Near to this tribute, there is a tablet to the memory of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Catherine Clive, who died the 7th Dec. 1785, aged 75. The following lines upon the stone are, we believe, by Horace Walpole:

"Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,
Her moral virtues, and her well-earned fame.
In comic scenes the stage she early trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor feared his rod;
In real life was praise her equal due,
Open to pity, and to friendship true.
In wit still pleasing, as in converse free,
From aught that could afflict humanity.
Her generous heart to all her friends was known,
And e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.
Content with fame, even affluence she braved,
To share with others what by toil she saved;
And nobly bounteous from her slender store,
She bade two poor relations not be poor;
Such deeds on life's short scenes true glory shed,
And Heavenly plaudits hail the virtuous dead."

From an old magazine we borrow the following account of Mrs. Clive:

"Some extraordinary women, besides the regularity of their charming features, and besides their engaging wit, have secret unaccountable graces, which, though they have been long and often enjoyed, make them always new and always desirable—of this class was Mrs. Catherine Clive. This lady honours Herefordshire by her birth, and the name of Raftor by her maiden appellation. She was the daughter of Mr. Wm. Raftor, a native of Kilkenny, in Ireland—he had been bred to the law.) She was born in the year 1711. At the age of fifteen, finding a strong propensity to the stage, she applied to Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, the then Managers of the Theatre Royal, who, finding she had a good voice, and had made some proficiency in singing, gave her an engagement, but had no higher idea of her than as one qualified to entertain the audience with a song between the acts of the play, or to perform the part of some innocent country girl; and she first appeared before the public the next season, in 1727, (60 years after Nell Gwynne, and the year King George II. succeeded to the Throne.) There is an engraving of her soon after her first appearance, to be found in the print-shops, as *Phyllida*, &c. One evening, through the indisposition of an actress, she undertook the part of

Nell, the cobbler's wife, in the *Devil to Pay*, and her great comic powers were immediately manifest to the audience, and she soon became a great favourite with the public. At the age of 21, she married G. Clive, Esq., son of Baron Clive. This lady was formed by nature to represent a variety of lively, laughing, droll, humourous, affected, and absurd characters. She had such a stock of comic force about her, that she had but little more to do than to perfect herself in the words of a part, and leave the rest to nature; and she created several parts in plays, of which the act scarcely furnished an outline, and many dramatic pieces are now lost to the stage for want of her animating spirit to preserve them. A more extensive walk, in comedy, than that which Mrs. Clive possessed, can hardly be imagined—the chambermaid in every varied shape which art or nature could lead her—characters of caprice and affectation, from the high-bred Lady Fanciful to the vulgar Mrs. Heidelburgh—country girls, romps, hoydens, and dowdies, superannuated beauties, viragoes, and humourists. To a strong and melodious voice, with an ear to music, she added all the sprightly action requisite to a number of parts in ballad farces. She had an inimitable talent in ridiculing the extravagant action, impertinent consequence, and insignificant parade of the female opera singer. She snatched an opportunity to shew her excellence in this stage mimicry in the lady of fashion in *Lethe*. Her mirth was so genuine, that, whether it was restrained to the arch sneer, or the suppressed half laugh, widened to the broad grin, or extended to the downright burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her. He must have been more or less than man that could be grave when Clive was disposed to be merry.

“After Mrs. Clive retired from the stage, she resided near Strawberry Hill, not far from Twickenham, and her company was always courted by women of the highest rank and character, to whom she rendered herself very agreeable. Her conversation was a mixture of uncommon vivacity, droll mirth, and honest bluntness; and she delighted in all opportunities of being universally serviceable. This amiable lady died at her house, near Strawberry Hill, December 6, 1785, aged 74, and was buried at Westminster Abbey.”

In Twickenham churchyard there are scarcely any other tombs worthy of notice; one more need only be mentioned, that of the Countess Dowager Ferrers, her daughter, Lady Mary Tryon, widow of Charles Tryon, Esq., of Bulwick, in Northumberland, and her grandson, General William Tryon, Governor of New York, and Colonel of the 29th Foot, who died in 1788.

THE CHATEAU DE MALDEGHEM.

A LEGEND OF FLANDERS.

By H. R. ADDISON.

MALDEGHEM is one of the most beautiful hamlets in Flanders. The traveller between Ghent and Bruges may still behold, standing within a few yards outside the village, the ruins of the ancient Castle, once the habitation of its Sovereign Counts, who there had their courts, and dispensed justice. The ruins of the château, which, in former ages, belonged to the illustrious family of Croy, are now in the possession of the Baron Pecsteen, who preserves them, though only consisting of a few detached walls, with scrupulous care. Situated on a mound, which commands the road, the gate overhung by two old linden trees, which have acted as wardens to this, their only entrance, during centuries, the ruins are picturesque and striking. The most curious feature of the scene, however, is a door, or entrance, about half-way up the hill, which formerly opened into a subterranean passage, leading to a small dungeon, where several rings and chains, with heaps of human bones, were discovered some fifty or sixty years ago, and which have given rise to a Flemish ballad, the substance of which runs nearly as follows:—

All the country trembled with fear, when they heard, for the first time, that the terrible Duke of Alba, invested by the King of Spain with unlimited power, had arrived in Belgium for the purpose of putting down with an iron hand the many treasons and plots that had unhappily arisen. The Duke arrived in Brussels on the 22d of August, 1567. His usually cold and implacable countenance assumed a still more sullen appearance as he passed through the streets of the capital, and beheld with anger the averted looks, the ill-concealed glances of hatred, that awaited him on every side. As soon as he was settled in his despotic power, he established a tribunal, over which he presided in person,—the members of it were his mere tools. This court he called “The Tribunal for Rebels.” The people named it “The Tribunal of Blood,” an appellation by which it is quoted, even to the present day. Almost immediately after its formation, the Counts D’Egmont and De Horn mounted the fatal scaffold, which was hung with black. The heads of these noble patriots were struck off by the common executioner. Determined to restore tranquillity by instilling terror into the breasts of the people, the Duke caused nineteen gentlemen of good family to be publicly decapitated on the 1st of June, 1568, in the square of the Grand Sablon, and on the following days continued the same horrible course of bloodshed. The savage Alba, seated at a small window in the Bread House (still existing in the Grande Place), watched with pleasure these executions. Protected by a strong military guard, he enjoyed the dreadful sight, while the murmurs of the people were drowned by the sounds of the rolling drum and shrill trumpet. Daily the numbers of malcontents increased. They assumed the appellation of “*Gueux*,”

and under this name became the terror of their native country. The troops of the Duke pursued them as wild beasts. The provinces were inundated with blood, the crops, the farm-houses, the very villages which had sheltered them became the prey of the flames.

Many bold-hearted men grasped the glaive of vengeance, and embarked as "*Gueux de mer*," retorting on the Spaniards whom they met those cruelties practised by them in Belgium, without mercy sacrificing human life, living on plunder, and delighting in the blood they caused to flow. Others, outlaws and reckless, armed with pistols or clubs, fled to the woods, in the deep recesses of which they could easily elude pursuit.

Woe to the unhappy Catholic who ventured near the haunts of the "*Gueux des bois*!" Woe, above all, to the priest or monk who had the temerity to approach them. A thousand poignards were ready to strike his breast. Blood cried for blood, and as to them many of their misfortunes were falsely ascribed, the "*Gueux des bois*," in order to revenge themselves on the Spaniards, did not hesitate to slake their thirst for retaliation even in the life's blood of God's own ministers.

Flanders then boasted many of the deep woods which in remote ages had served as hiding places during the invasion of Cæsar. Here howled the spectres of the murdered ones, the victims who had fallen beneath the daggers of these murderers. The ancient name of the "Forest without Mercy" was again applied to these dreary spots.

Arnold the Young was at this period Seigneur of Maldegheem. Flanders boasted no braver Knight. Every one respected and esteemed him. As he was generous and kind to the poor and the distressed, so was he severe and inflexible towards the wicked and the ill-disposed. He seemed as an angel of light sent by Providence to administer strict justice. Dreadful was it to behold the passions that swayed him, the grief that filled his noble form, as he learnt the dire murders that had afflicted, the devastations that had laid waste his hitherto happy territory. Without an instant's hesitation he flew to the assistance of his vassals. On his road he had to traverse one of the deep woods. He was just emerging from it, he already beheld his castle in the distance, when suddenly he hears a whistle; a slight rustle among the underwood follows it. What can it be? Alas! it is the terrible "*Gueux des bois*!" who suddenly appear before him, loaded with pillage, saturated with human blood. In an instant twenty hands lay hold on his bridle, twenty muskets are pointed at his bosom; but the young Seigneur shrinks not, nor turns pale. Presently he hears a well-known voice. It is that of his oldest and most attached servant, who has joined the Brigands. He seems to have much weight with them. "Spare him," he cries, in a loud voice, "spare him, for he has ever been a noble and generous master to me." "Agreed," reply the others, "agreed; but on the condition that he instantly swears never to divulge by word of mouth, or writing of his hand, our names, should he have recognized any of us, or our place of retreat." Arnold takes the oath, but his whole frame shakes with agitation and passion as he pronounces the words.

The "*Gueux*" now accompany him to the castle and partake of his good fare. Their wild songs make the old walls ring, and their boisterous mirth jars the very arms that hang on the sides of the great hall. Till midnight they continue drinking and revelling, while thoughts of ven-

geance, only restrained by the sanctity of his oath, agitate the innermost soul of the unhappy Arnold.

Presently all are hushed in sleep, deeply sunk in drunken slumbers. The young Seigneur suddenly starts up. A ray of joy shoots across his countenance, as, borne on the wings of revenge, he flies from court to court, from house to house, even through the very streets of Maldeghem, shouting in a loud voice, "Up, my brave vassals! up, my faithful friends! Inhabitants of Maldeghem, follow me to the Hall of Justice! On the instant follow me." The tocsin sounds, and the hall is soon filled. "Make way there, make way," cries the young Lord, while every countenance around him bespoke anxiety and curiosity; "make way for the servants who bring me sand; clear a small space, and let them sprinkle it on the floor." Then Arnold, stretching out his *foot*, instantly traces, in legible characters, the spot where these brigands lurk, so long the terror, the scourge of the province. "To arms, my good vassals, to arms! Let us at once destroy the wretches. Bring me chains, the heaviest fetters you can find. Let each of these murderers be chained in a dungeon till he expire of want. At this moment, sleepy and drunk, they will easily be overcome. Pursue them then quickly. Plunge them into the cavernous vault beneath the hill, and there let them perish of hunger and thirst."

Lord Arnold! Lord Arnold! usurp not the right of God! He alone should possess the gift of life and death. He alone should exercise this prerogative. Thou hast no right to such a privilege. To die of hunger! Know you, young Seigneur, what the pangs of hunger are? You who, nursed in the lap of opulence, keep daily holiday and feasting! Beware how you thus abuse the power given to you!

In another hour the courtyards of the castle are lit up by the bright glare of innumerable torches; bands of villagers armed in haste flock into them. The doors, which the "*Gueux*" had shut, are forced open. The revellers are found sleeping profoundly in the great hall. They are seized ere they have time to offer resistance, and are dragged to the most dreary dungeon excavated in the hill where the château stood. They are instantly attached to the wall by strong chains and rings. A loaf of bread and a pitcher of water are placed beside each. "Build up the entrance, and leave the prisoners to perish in hunger and despair," cries the Count. The multitude shudder at the order. His vassals, however, obey him. The wretches shriek, and frantically sue for mercy. The smallest opening now only remains to be filled up in the wall. The people murmur inwardly at the stern justice of their lord. Two more stones are added, and eternal night descends upon the unhappy captives. Their groans come hoarsely through the solid partitions. Their prayers and execrations are feebly heard. All are moved, except Arnold, who, as he turns away with cool determination, calmly utters, "I am judge here, sole and stern judge of these men; as such, I must close my heart to every weak feeling of misplaced compassion and pity."

Arnold now retires to his room; but in the morning his locks, which were erst as black as the raven's wing, have suddenly become blanched. A single night had changed their colour from the deepest jet to a grisly grey. In six nights more they were white as the driven snow. Whence this change? None can tell. It is said, however, that during seven days he never visited his couch; that a form was seen to stalk up and down the long passage that led to the dungeon in which the suffering wretches were confined.

What could have urged him to this? What could have induced him to undergo this self-infliction; who shall say? Could it be that he loved to listen at the new-formed wall to catch the dying sigh, or revel in the last agonies of the expiring prisoners? Had he joined in their prayers as they came feebly through the partition which shut out hope and life? Had he revelled in their latest blasphemies, or mocked their last convulsive laugh? His Creator only knows.

From that instant the Seigneur de Maldeghem never smiled. The bright fire of his soul seemed quenched. Daily his spirit sunk, till the fading spark flashed out for ever, leaving none to inherit his name and fortunes. With him his noble race perished. Peace be to his ashes.

His castle, once the pride of that part of Flanders, is now a mere scanty ruin, deserted by all, save a few forest trees which timidly raise their heads around it.

It is only a few years ago that the dungeon was blocked up. Till then might be seen the iron staples to which the unhappy "*Gueux*" were attached, the bones of whom lay scattered around on every side.

NEGLECTED GENEALOGY.

A SKETCH OF THE MALE LINE OF THE FAMILY OF VILLIERS, CLAIMING
TO BE VISCOUNTS PURBECK AND EARLS OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE simple unexaggerated history of the family of Villiers, which held the Viscounty of Purbeck and claimed the Earldom of Buckingham; may seem a romance to those whose youth and inexperience have hitherto concealed from them how often truth is stranger than fiction.

The father of George Villiers, the favourite raised by King James to the Dukedom of Buckingham, was twice married. The descendants of the first marriage ascended slowly to the honours of the Peerage, and are now represented in the male line by the Earls of Jersey and of Clarendon. The sons of the second marriage, brothers of the whole blood to the favourite, were ennobled with a rapidity proportioned to that of his own elevation. John Villiers, the eldest son of this second family, had, in the dawn of the fortunes of his honour, aspired to the hand of Frances the daughter of Sir Edward Coke, but his advances had been repulsed.* To the girl herself the proposals were most distasteful; and the friends of the daughter of the successful lawyer and courtier, "a lady of transcending beauty,"† and sole heiress of the great wealth and high blood of her mother, ‡ might well expect for her a more advantageous alliance than any member of the Villiers family then afforded. Soon, however, Fortune reversed her wheel, and Coke, pursued by the united hostility of George Villiers and Francis Bacon, was, in the year 1617, deprived of the Chief Justiceship, expelled the Privy Council, and threatened with the terrors of the Star Chamber for some portion of the Legal Reports which he had published. In this crisis of his fate, the father bethought himself that, by the sacrifice of his daughter, he might appease the angry elements, which, gathering round his political horizon, seemed ready to overwhelm him: and the venerable sage of the law immediately volunteered to confer the disconsolate fair one, together with a large portion, on the late rejected brother of George Villiers—the price of the favour of the young ex-cupbearer. The ambition of Sir Edward Coke surmounted the extraordinary difficulties which were opposed to his plan; but the subsequent disgrace of his daughter, and the deferred hopes and evaded claims of her male descendants, present a fearful warning to such success as his.

* Roscoe's *Lives of the Lawyers*, p. 27.

† Wilson's *Life of James I.*

‡ The second wife of Lord Chief Justice Coke was Elizabeth Cecil, daughter of the first Earl of Exeter, by Dorothy Neville, the co-heiress of the last Lord Latimer. For her first husband she had married Sir William Newport, who, having succeeded to the property of his maternal uncle, Sir Christopher Hatton, the Lord Chancellor, took the name of Hatton. By this marriage, says Lord Campbell, in his "*Lives of the Chancellors*," Coke "got possession of Chancellor Hatton's estate, along with a companion who kept him in trouble the rest of his days."

Bacon, then Lord Keeper, determined to spare no effort to hinder the accomplishment of a plan, which tended to transfer to his rival all the Court influence of Buckingham; with him, therefore, in a letter written in the summer of 1617, he thus remonstrated on the subject:—

“The mother’s consent is not had, nor the young gentlewoman’s, who expecteth a great fortune from her mother, which, without her consent, is endangered. This match, out of my faith and freedom towards your Lordship, I hold very inconvenient both for your brother and yourself. First, he shall marry into a disgraced house, which in reason of state is never held good. Next he shall marry into a troubled house of man and wife, which in religion and Christian discretion is disliked. Thirdly, your Lordship will go near to lose all such your friends as are adverse to Sir Edward Coke, myself only except, who, out of a pure love and thankfulness shall ever be firm to you. And lastly, and chiefly, it will greatly weaken and distract the king’s service.” He, therefore, earnestly recommends that that match should be broken off, “or not proceeded in without the consent of both parents, required by religion and the law of God.”

Having given to Buckingham this recommendation:

“The brightest, wisest, meanest, of mankind,”

did all in his power to prevent the possibility of the mother consenting; though, as he himself had been a rejected suitor of Lady Hatton, he would have been deterred—could any feelings of delicacy have deterred him—from interfering in the family affairs of his successful rival. There had, however, been a connection between the family of Bacon and that of Lady Hatton* (as in spite of her second marriage she continued to be called), which might have afforded him facilities for tendering his advice. And, with Bacon’s concurrence, Lady Hatton carried off her daughter from her father’s house, and concealed her in the residence of Sir Edmond Withipole, near Oatlands.† The ex-Chief Justice traced the flight of the young lady, and then demanded a warrant from the Lord Keeper to recover her. The warrant being refused, the father, accompanied by the sons of his first marriage, and at the head of a band of armed men, proceeded to the retreat of Miss Frances Coke, and forcibly resumed possession of her.

“For this alleged outrage he was summoned, and several times examined before the Council; and, by the Lord Keeper’s direction, Yelverton, the Attorney General, filed an information against him in the Star-chamber.

“Intelligence of these events being brought to Edinboro’ (where James was then staying), the King and Buckingham put an end to the sullen silence they had for some time observed towards the Lord Keeper, and wrote him letters filled with bitter complaints, invectives and threats. Bacon suddenly awoke from a trance, and all at once saw his imprudence and his danger. In an agony of terror, he ordered the Attorney General to discontinue the prosecution in the Star-chamber; he sent for Lady Hatton, and tried to reconcile her to the match, and he made the most abject submission to Buckingham’s mother who had complained of being insulted by him.‡”

In the end Bacon was allowed to retain the Great Seal; Coke was re-

* The second wife of Lord Keeper Nicolas Bacon, and mother of the celebrated Francis Bacon, Lord Keeper, and afterwards Chancellor, was sister of the second wife of the first Lord Burghley, stepmother to the Earl of Exeter, Lady Hatton’s father.

† Roscoe’s *Lives of the Lawyers*.

‡ Lord Campbell’s *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. II. p. 367.

stored to the Privy Council ; and Frances Coke, having first been tied to the bed-post and whipped* into consent, became, on the 29th of September, 1617, the struggling and reluctant bride of Sir John Villiers.

Enriched by this alliance, Sir John Villiers was, on the 19th of November, 1619, created Baron Villiers, of Stoke Poges† and Viscount Purbeck ; and he and his heirs male were placed next in remainder for the titles of Baron Whaddon, Viscount Villiers, and Earl of Buckingham, in the event of the failure of the issue male of his brother, the Duke.

About two years after his elevation to the peerage, it has been stated that Lord Purbeck was afflicted with insanity ; and that his wife, afterwards parting from him, cohabited with Sir Robert Howard,‡ fifth son of the Earl of Suffolk, Lord High Chamberlain. And, however little confirmation there may be for the former allegation, there is unfortunately abundant for the latter. A son having been born (who will presently be treated of), Lady Purbeck and the reputed father, Sir Robert Howard, were both prosecuted for adultery in the Court of High Commission ; and were convicted and sentenced to do penance. Lady Purbeck escaped the humiliating ceremony by concealing herself ; but her paramour had probably to undergo it ; for in 1640, when the Court of High Commission was abolished, a fine of 500*l.* was, at the suit of Sir Robert Howard, imposed on Archbishop Laud, who had passed the sentence. No attempts to obtain a divorce or legal separation were made by Lord Purbeck ; but henceforward Lady Purbeck, together with her son, are stated to have been taken care of by her mother, Lady Hatton.§ Lady Purbeck died in 1645, and was buried at St. Mary's Church, Oxford. Lord Purbeck married secondly, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Slingsby, of Keppax, in Yorkshire, but had no issue by her. He died in 1657, and was buried at Charlton near Greenwich.||

The child, to whom it had been mentioned that Lady Purbeck had given birth, was on the 20th October, 1624, baptised clandestinely at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, London, under the name of " Richard Wright ;" and, though reputed to be the son of Sir Robert Howard, he afterwards bore the name of Villiers, and joined with Lord Purbeck, as his son, in the conveyance of some lands.¶ He finally, having married on the 23d November, 1648, Elizabeth, daughter and eventual heiress** of Sir John Danvers, M.P., one

* Cole's MSS., vol. xxxiii., p. 17.

† Stoke Poges, in Buckinghamshire, was settled by Sir Edward Coke upon his daughter and her husband, to come to them after the deaths of himself and his wife. Lyson's Mag., Brit., vol. i., p. 636. Aylsham Burgh manor in Norfolk, formed a part of the portion which Lady Purbeck received from her father, and was retained by her descendants till the latter end of the last century. See Blomefield's History of Norfolk, vol. iii., p. 655.

‡ Cole's MSS., vol. xxxiii., p. 17.

§ Brydes' Collins' Peerage—title, Earl of Jersey.

|| Collectanea Gene. et Top., vol. ii., p. 217.

¶ Cole's MSS., vol. xxxiii., p. 6.

** Dugdale's Baronage, under the title Viscount Purbeck, and Cole's M.S.S., vol. 33. In Aubrey's Natural History of Wiltshire, it is stated that "'twas Sir John Danvers, of Chelsea, who first taught us the way of Italian gardens. He had well travelled France and Italy and made good observations. He had, in a fair body, an harmonical mind." As this has generally escaped the observation of genealogists, it may be worth while stating that his first wife was daughter of Sir Richard Newport, and widow of Richard Herbert, Esq., by whom she had issue, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, and George Herbert, the poet. She was buried at Chelsea, the 8th June, 1627. His second wife, the mother of Elizabeth Danvers of the text, was Elizabeth Dautesey, granddaughter and heiress of Sir John Dautesey, of Lavington, in Wiltshire, and

of the judges who condemned Charles I., availed himself of the circumstance to obtain a patent from Cromwell to relinquish the surname of Villiers and assume that of Danvers, professing to hate the former name on account of the many disservices which, as he alleged, the family bearing it had done to the commonwealth.* He disclaimed the peerage, and sat in the House of Commons, in the Convention Parliament of 1659, as M.P. for Westbury; when, being accused in the House of Lords of treasonable expressions, namely, that "he hated the Stuarts, and that, if no person could be found to cut off the King's head, he would do it himself,"† and in consequence summoned to attend there in his place as a peer, to answer to the charge, he refused to attend, on the ground that he was a member of the lower House.‡ This plea, however, did not avail him, and he was compelled to kneel and ask pardon for it at the bar of the Lords. Still anxious to divest himself of his peerage, he, under legal advice, and with the consent of Charles II., levied a fine of his titles in possession and remainder.§ Latterly he retired to his estate called Siluria, in the parish of Houghton, in Radnorshire, but died in Calais, in 1675. In the administration of his goods, granted at Doctors' Commons in 1676, he is described as "Robert Danvers, alias Villiers, Esquire." His wife survived him; and, considering, as she states in a letter to her steward, that the possession of a title would assist her son to an advantageous alliance, now again called herself Viscountess Purbeck. She married secondly, but at a period of life too advanced for issue, John Duval, Esquire,|| a colonel in the army. Her will, in which she styles herself "Elizabeth Viscountess Purbeck, of Hatton Garden, widow," was dated 14th July, 1709, and proved at Doctors' Commons, in the autumn of the same year. In it she mentions her two grandsons "John Villiers, Earl of Bucks," and "George Villiers," and her¶ three daughters, "Dame Frances Deerham," "Mrs. Elizabeth Maurice," and "Dame Mary Wogan, widow of Sir William Wogan, Knt., and Sergeant-at-Law." Lady Purbeck was buried at Chelsea, 22d Aug., 1709.

To Robert and Elizabeth Villiers or Danvers, were born two sons, Robert and Edward, who, each resuming the name of Villiers, were the respective fathers of the two grandsons mentioned in the will. The elder of these sons, Robert, claimed after his father's death, the title of which his father had laboured to divest himself. He petitioned Charles II. on the subject, and was referred to the House of Lords. His claim was there opposed on two grounds: that the fine levied by his father barred his

heirress also to the ancient founder of the Mercer's Company, in London. She was baptized in 1604, and died in 1636. Sir John Danvers was buried at Dantsey, in Wiltshire, 28th April, 1655. The two elder brothers of Sir John Danvers both died without issue: they were Sir Charles Danvers, who was beheaded 15th March, 1601, for a participation in Essex's rebellion, and Sir Henry Danvers a distinguished royalist, who was created Baron Danvers and Earl of Danby. Their mother was Elizabeth Neville, daughter and coheir of the fourth Lord Latimer, who transmitted to her descendants the coheirship of many baronies in fee.

* Banks' Extinct Baronies, vol. iii., p. 614.

† Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lvi., p. 620-1.

‡ For some notices of his career in the House of Commons, see Burton's Diary, vol. iii., p. 241-9.

§ Sir Harris Nicolas's Law of Adulterine Bastardy, p. 97-8.

|| Journals of the House of Lords, vol. xiv., p. 366, and note to Blomefield's Norfolk, vol. iii., p. 655.

¶ Another daughter is mentioned in Cole's MSS., vol. xxxiii., p. 17, as the wife of — Crowden, of Knighton, Esq.

right to the honors, and that his father was not, in fact, the son of John Villiers, the first Viscount Purbeck.

In 1678 it was resolved that a fine cannot bar a title of honour—the great constitutional resolution in the Purbeck case—but it was further resolved, that the King should be petitioned to give leave that a bill may be brought in, to disable the petitioner from claiming the title of Viscount Purbeck. To this latter resolution a protest was made signed by seven Peers, stating that “the said claimant’s right (the bar of the fine of his ancestors being removed) did, both at the hearing at the bar and debate in the House, appear to them clear in fact and law, and above all objection.” The King, on a petition in conformity with the resolution of the House of Lords being presented to him, answered that he “would take it into consideration;” and, as the bill contemplated was never brought in, the family continued to claim its old titles, together with those which subsequently devolved on it on the death of the last Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers name, although no writ was issued summoning its representatives to the House of Lords. The third Viscount Purbeck was killed at the age of 28, in a duel fought at Liege with Colonel Lutterell, in 1684; in the June of which year he is described, in the administration taken out to his goods at Doctors’ Commons, as “Robert Lord Viscount Purbeck, alias Villiers, alias Danvers, Esquire.” He had married Margaret,* only child of Ulick de Burgh, first Marquis of Clanrickard in Ireland, and second Earl of St. Albans in England, and by her had issue, an only surviving child, John Villiers, who was seven years old at his father’s death.

This John Villiers, after the 16th April, 1687, when the second Duke of Buckingham, “in the worst inn’s worst room,” had breathed his last, assumed the title of Earl of Buckingham, by which henceforward he was known, instead of that of Viscount Purbeck. Having lived a life of debauchery, and squandered his fortune, he married Frances, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Moyser, and widow of George Heneage, Esq., of Lincolnshire, a woman of dissolute character, whose only recommendation was her large jointure. He died the 10th August, 1723, at Dancer’s Hill, in the parish of South Mimms, in Middlesex: and the parish register there, for the year 1723, contains the following entry—“Lord Buckingham, buried August y^e 18th.” He had no sons; and his claims, therefore, to the Villiers Peerages passed to a younger branch of the family, which will presently be treated of. His wife is described as having been the mother of two daughters, who died unmarried. Of one of these the burial register of Merton, in Surrey, for the 18th of May, 1703, thus disposes—“Lady Mary Villiers, daughter of the Right Honourable Earl of Buckingham and Lord Viscount Purbeck, of this parish.” The other daughter, Lady Elizabeth Villiers, is stated in an imperfect modern pedigree in the Herald’s College, to have been born in 1701. In the 56th vol. of the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” p. 620, is a long obituary and genealogical notice of her, stating that she had died in Tavistock Court, Tavistock Street, London, on the 4th of July, 1786.

* From her father she inherited the estate of Sommerhill, near Tunbridge; a portion of which her extravagance compelled her to part with.—Hasted’s History of Kent, vol. 2, p. 341. Lord Purbeck was her second husband. The first husband was Lord Muskerry, and her third was Colonel Robert Fielding, known in his day under the *sobriquet* of “Beau Fielding.” She died at Sommerhill, (according to Cole’s MSS., vol. 33, p. 5), on the 14th Aug. 1698.

Returning to the children of Robert Villiers and Elizabeth Danvers his wife, we shall recollect that there was a younger son, Edward Villiers. He was born at Knighton in Radnorshire, 28 March, 1661, became a captain in the army, and died at Canterbury in 1691. He had married Joan, daughter of Mr. William Heming, a brewer at Worcester. The marriage took place in the private chapel of the Bishop of Worcester, in consequence of the bride being related to Dr. Thomas, who then possessed this see.*

The issue of this marriage was George Villiers, who was born at Worcester 11th of April, 1690, and educated at Westminster school. He matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, on the 28th June 1709, and was thus described on this occasion in the books of the University: "George Villiers Edud de Civitat. Worcester gen. fil." He took his degree of M.A. on 20th April, 1716; and, entering holy orders, became vicar of Chalgrove in Oxfordshire. On the death of his first cousin, John Villiers, in 1723, without male issue, he claimed the title of Earl of Buckingham, but appears to have abstained from using it. He died at Chalgrove in 1748.† By his will, dated 30th March 1748, and proved at Doctors' Commons 10th May following—after reciting that he had settled his real property by a deed dated 20th May 1731, and that he had given her fortune to his daughter Catherine on her marriage to the Rev. Mr. Lewis—he directs that Mary his other daughter shall receive a like fortune, bequeaths to Mr. Lewis his wife's portrait in water colors, and appoints his own wife sole executrix. He had married, according to a pedigree at p. 5 of a MS. vol. in the Herald's College, lettered B.P., the daughter of T. Stephens, Esq.; and his will is proved by Catherine his widow.

The Rev. George Villiers and Catherine his wife had the following issue: George, Edward, Catherine (by whom alone the family was continued), and Mary.

George,‡ the eldest son, was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, on the 2d July, 1742, and having taken holy orders, was instituted Vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire, in 1772, and died 24th June, 1774, aged fifty. His will, in which he styles himself of St. George, the parish of the Martyr, in Southwark, Surrey, Clerk, is dated 30th June, 1770, and proved 16th December, 1774. In it, he devises to his wife Mary for life, and, in default of issue, to his right heir, his manor and rectory of Aylsham Borough,—a property which had been settled by Sir Edward Coke on his daughter. He died *s.p.*

His brother Edward died a bachelor; and, with these two brothers, expired the male line of this family.§ Their sister Mary died unmarried.

* Brydges' Collins's Peerage, and Banks' Extinct Peerage.

† Cole's MSS. vol. 33, p. 5. Brydges' Collins's Peerage.

‡ During the youth of this gentleman, some efforts are said to have been made by the family to obtain a summons to the House of Lords, which his devotion to the Jacobite cause is supposed to have rendered hopeless. Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, was consulted on the subject of the claim; and exchanged with this family assurances of devotion to the exiled Stuarts, which, when he received office, he was imagined to have betrayed, to the disadvantage of his former clients. Republicans during the reign of the Stuarts—Jacobites during the reign of the Guelphs—this unfortunate family seems always to have "had hold of the wrong end of the stick."

§ It is to be observed that, in consequence of the claims of this family, the title of Buckingham was not again conferred till after its extinction in the male line; and that the Sheffields, though commonly called Dukes of Buckingham, were in fact created Dukes of Buckinghamshire.

It has already been stated that the husband of Catherine Villiers was named Lewis. He, the Rev. John Lewis, was instituted Dean of Ossory in Ireland, on the 24th May, 1755. His wife dying on the 13th April, 1756, he married a second time, and had a second family, and died on the 28th June, 1783.

The children of the marriage of Catherine Villiers and John Lewis, were John Joseph Lewis, who died unmarried in early manhood, and is believed to have been drowned at sea, Villiers William Lewis, of whom presently, Elizabeth Catherine Lewis, who was married to William Surtees, Esq., and had issue, and Cassandra Lewis, presumed to have died unmarried.

Villiers William Lewis, inheriting Aylsham Borough, as the right heir to his uncle, the Rev. George Villiers, of Frodsham, took the surname of Villiers, and marrying Matilda the daughter of the eleventh Lord St. John of Bletsoe, had an only son George Villiers, who was accidentally killed at Tours, in 1841. The eldest son of this gentleman, WILLIAM GEORGE VILLIERS VILLIERS, ESQ., of Bath, is, through his great grandmother, Catherine Villiers, the present representative of this unfortunate, but historic line.

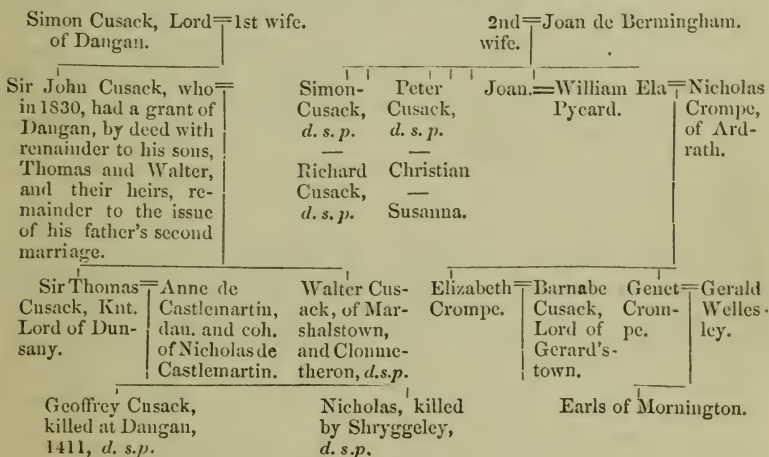
THE CUSACKS AND WELLESLEYS,

LORDS OF THE MANOR OF DANGAN, CO. MEATH.

THE manor of Dangan, now the property of William Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, has long been the heritage of the Wellesley family, and their residence for several centuries. It appears from the records of Leland that at a very early date was built the Castle of Dangan. It was probably one of the castles erected by Hugh de Lacey for the defence of his principality of Meath, as, in the records of that county, are contained many notices relating to the various sieges it sustained. Of late years it has gained a far more splendid name in the history, not alone of that county, but in the brightest pages of the history of the United Kingdom, as the birthplace* of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. Several different accounts have been given of the early descent of Dangan. Mr. Lodge, in his account of the Colley Wellesleys, in vol. iii. of his *Irish Peerage*, has fallen into an error. In his statement, he there says that "the original proprietors of the Dangan estate were the Castlemartin family." How widely different this is from the true descent will best be seen from the pedigree given below. The Castle of Dangan was never in the possession of the Castlemartin family. The estates which the Wellesleys obtained by the marriage of Richard Wellesley with Joan de Castlemartin were a moiety of the manor of Croskyle, Clonheny, Ballymaglassan, Newcastle, and several other minor estates: the other moiety, with the entire of the manor of Dunsany, going to Anne, sister and co-heir with Joan. By deed preserved on the Patent Rolls, *anno* 1380, it appears that Simon Cusack, Knight, seised of the manor of Dangan, granted the same, (reserving for his own life an annuity) to his son John Cusack, with the remainder to his grandsons, the sons of John—Thomas Cusack and Walter Cu-

* This fact is disputed, it being asserted by some that His Grace was born in Dublin, at the town residence of the Earls of Mornington, in Grafton-street, Dublin, now occupied by the Royal Irish Academy.

sack; then to the issue of himself and his second wife, Joan Bermingham, namely, Simon, Richard, Peter, Christian, Susanna, Joan, wife of William Pycard, and Ela, wife of Nicholas Crompe, of Ardrath. After the death of Simon, Thomas Cusack held the manor, his elder son, Geoffrey, having been killed by John Sergeaunt,* who besieged the Castle of Dangan in 1411; and the younger, Nicholas, having been killed by John Shryggeley, the manor of Dangan reverted, on the death of Thomas, in 1443, to the descendants of Simon Cusack and his second wife: those were the issue of Joan Cusack† and William Pycard, and Ela Cusack and Nicholas Crompe, who became, by the death of their brothers without issue, co-heirs to Simon, all whose estates were divided between them; of these, Dangan became a part of the share of Ela.‡ She had issue of Nicholas Crompe two co-heirs, Elizabeth, who was the wife of Barnabe Cusack, of Gerardston, to whom she brought the estates of Clonmothan and Marshalstown, formerly the property of Walter Cusack, and Ardrath, the Crompe property; and Genet, the wife of Gerald Wellesley, who had by her the estate of Dangan, which passed with the estates of the Wellesleys, to the present owner's family, the Colley Wellesleys. This descent is further confirmed by the tombstone erected in Trevet churchyard to the memory of Sir Thomas Cusack, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, on which is sculptured, in the form of a genealogical tree, the names and arms of his issue, and their intermarriages; amongst which appears the arms of one of his daughters, Genet, impaled with those of her husband, Sir Gerald Wellesley, of Dangan, which are exhibited as quartering the arms of Crompe, Cusack, &c., &c., in the order to which he would be entitled to bear them in right of the marriages of his ancestors.



* This was John Sergeaunt of Huntstown, who made a claim to some of the estates of Richard Cusack, which he got by his marriage with Anne de Castlemartin, who was daughter of Catherine Cusack, sister and heir of Simon Cusack of Newcastle, who was son of John Cusack, which John had by a second marriage a daughter Elizabeth, whose grandson this John Sergeaunt, was.—Pat. 7 Hen. IV. Rol. Clau. 9 Hen. V.

† 3 Hen. VI., Pat. Roll.

‡ MSS. Trin. Coll. Dub.

THE ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY.

Annotatd.

OLIFANT and OLIFARD.—The first of the descendants of this Norman, occurring in the public records, was **DAVID OLIFARD**, who served in the army of King Stephen in 1141. A conspiracy was formed against the Empress Maud, who escaped from Winchester, attended by David I. Surrounded by the enemy, the Scottish King owed his safety to the exertions of his godson Olifard, who, although in the adverse party, aided his Royal opponent. In recompense, the rescued Monarch gave to his preserver, who settled in North Britain, the Lands of Crailing and Smallham in Roxburghshire, and conferred on him the dignified office of Justiciary. Thus was established the famous family of Oliphant, so distinguished in the annals of Scotland. Among its early members, Sir William Oliphant, of Aberdalgy, the gallant defender of Stirling Castle against Edward I., stands prominently forward. Stirling, under Oliphant, was the last fortress that remained in the hands of the Scots. Edward laid siege to it in 1304; every engine known in those days was employed in the attack. The King, though far advanced in years, exposed his person with the fire and temerity of a young soldier. The defence was obstinate and bloody. All the works were ruined, many breaches made, the ditch filled up, and the Castle reduced to a heap of rubbish.

The siege commenced 22nd April; in July, Sir William Oliphant sought to capitulate; the King would listen to no terms, and the garrison was obliged to surrender at discretion, 20th July following. The sixth in descent from this knightly warrior was **LAURENCE, LORD OLIPHANT**, ancestor of the noble House of Oliphant, the Oliphants of Gask, the Oliphants of Condie, &c.

PIGOT.—In an elaborate MS. compiled and emblazoned in the College of Arms, containing "sundrie ancient remembrances of arms, genealogies, and other notes of gentility belonging to the worshipful name and families of Pigot or Picot," it is stated that "in the first reign of the Normans, there flourished in this land two noble families of the surname of Pigot; and that they were of the like noble lineage or offspring in the Duchy of Normandy before the Norman Conquest of England, appeareth by the reverend testimonies of our ancient Heralds' books and chronicles: the first whereof being named otherwiles Pigot and Picot, was Viscount Hereditary of Cambridge Sheer, or Grantbridge, and Baron of Boorne, or Brune, in the said county, in the reign of King William the Conqueror. After his death, Robert Pigot, his son, succeeded in the Baronie, and he forfeited the same by taking part with Robert, Duke

of Normandy, against William Rufus; and King Henry the First gave the same to Payne Peverell. This Peverell married the sister of the said Lord Robert Pigot, as Mr. Camden noteth in his description of Cambridgeshire.

"The other family of the Pigots that is said to have been of noble title about the Conqueror's time, did flourish in the west parts of the realm, namely, in Wales, on the Marches thereof, as it seemeth. For Humphry Lloyd, and Doctor Powell, in their Chronicles of Wales, p. 167, affirm that in the reign of King Henry the First, A.D. 1109, Cadogan-ap-Blethin, Lord of Powys, married the daughter of the Lord Pigot of Say, a nobleman of Normandie, and had divers towns and lordships in that countrie by gifts of the said Pigot, and a son also by his daughter, named Henry, to whom the King gave a portion of his uncle Ierworth's ransome, which Ierworth-ap-Blethin was the said King's prisoner."

"It is supposed from a branch of this Pigot are lineally descended those *PIGOTTS* which have many ages since continued at *Chetwin, in Shropshire*, their arms being three fuzills or millpecks, as aforesaid; likewise in Flintshire, Cheshire, Herefordshire, &c., whereof there are many gentlemen remaining in Wales to this day, as is reported and known."

Of the Cheshire branch of Pigot, it is known by authentic records, that Gilbert Pigot or Pichot was mense Lord of Broxton at a period approximating to the Norman Conquest. Robert Pigot, and William, his son, by charter granted to the monks of St. Werberg, in Chester, the town of Chilleford; and another Gilbert Pigot was a benefactor to the Abbey of Pulton, in that county, in the year 1210.

RICHARD PIGOT, "of Cheshire," presumed to have been of the family

Pigot, of Butley in that county, and to have been descended from Gilbert, Lord of Broxton, before mentioned, married the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Richard de Peshale, of Chetwynd, in the county of Salop, and with her obtained that fine estate.

PIERREPOINT.—Although the family of PIERREPOINT did not attain the honours of the Peerage until a period of comparatively recent date, yet were they persons of distinction ever since the Conquest. In which eventful era, ROBERT DE PIERREPOINT was of the retinue of William, Earl of Warren, and at the time of the General Survey, held lands in Suffolk and Sussex amounting to ten knights' fees, under that nobleman. The great-grandson of this Robert, another ROBERT DE PIERREPOINT, was a person of such extensive property, that, being made a prisoner fighting on the side of King Henry III. at the battle of Lewes, he was forced to give security for the payment of the then great sum of seven hundred marks for his ransom. He was, however, relieved from the obligation by the subsequent victory of the royalists at Evesham. He was s. by his son, Sir HENRY DE PIERREPOINT, a person of great note at the period in which he lived. In the 8th of Edward I. Sir Henry having lost his Seal, came into the Court of Chancery, then at Lincoln, upon Munday, the morrow of the Octave of St. Michael, and made publication thereof; protesting, that if any one should find it, and seal therewith after that day, that the instrument sealed ought not to be of any validity. He m. Annora, daughter of Michael and sister and heir of Lionel de Manners, whereby he acquired an extensive property in the county of Nottingham, with the Lordship of Holme, now called HOLME-PIERREPOINT.

His direct descendant, **ROBERT PIERREPOINT**, was advanced to the Peerage by King Charles I., as **BARON PIERREPOINT**, of Holme, Pierrepoint, in the county of Nottingham, and **VISCOUNT NEWARK**, by letters patent, dated 29th June, 1627, and the next year was created **EARL OF KINGSTON-UPON-HULL**.

At the breaking out of the Civil War his Lordship was one of the first and most zealous to espouse the royal cause, and he is said to have brought no less than four thousand men immediately to the standard of the King. He was soon after constituted Lieutenant-general of His Majesty's Forces in the counties of Lincoln, Rutland, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Norfolk; and was amongst the most popular of the Cavalier commanders. His Lordship became, therefore, an object of more than ordinary watchfulness to the Parliamentarians, and was at length surprised and made prisoner by Lord Willoughby, of Parham, at Gainsborough, whence he was despatched in an open boat towards Hull.

The last male representative of this distinguished race, Evelyn Pierrepoint, second Duke of Kingston (whose wife was the notorious Duchess of that name), died in 1773, when his estates devolved on his nephew, Charles Medows, Esq., afterwards created Earl Manservants.

PREENHIRLEGAST.—This name is generally supposed to be synonymous with Prendergast, which family, soon after the Conquest, held possessions in the county of Pembroke, and at Akild, in Northumberland, which last estate its owners forfeited in 1327, by their adherence to the Scottish party. Maurice, Lord of Prendergast, near Pembroke, was one of the most eminent of Strongbow's companions in the conquest of Ireland.

Although, by Henry the Second's orders he returned to England in 1175, and carried thence the rebellious Robert, Earl of Essex, captive into Normandy, yet, in 1177, he again landed in Ireland, and in that country his descendants have ever since remained. One branch held Ferns and Enniscorthy, with the Gartens and other large estates in Wexford, forfeited in 1641. The elder line held Newcastle Prendergast, in Tipperary, from the conquest of Ireland until the death of Thomas Prendergast, at the beginning of the 17th century. He had married Eleanor, sister to Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormonde, and aunt of the celebrated Duke of Ormonde. His children were deprived of their vast possessions by Cromwell, which were restored to them by a Decree of Innocency in 1660, to be again lost in 1689.

The present Viscount Gort, who uses the additional surname of Prendergast, is heir-general of this ancient family, whilst the male still flourishes in the persons of the gallant Major General Sir Jeffrey Prendergast, and Thomas G. Prendergast, of Johnstown Park, in Tipperary, Esq.

POWER.—The immediate descendant of the Norman Le Poer, or Power, was **SIR ROGER LE POER**, Knt., who accompanied Strongbow to Ireland, and obtained for his services three considerable territorial grants. Of Sir Roger, Cambrensis writes with high encomium. "He was ancestor of the Lords de la Poer, now represented by the **MARQUESS OF WATERFORD**, and the many eminent families of Power in the South of Ireland, the Powers of Clashmore, Faithlegg, Kilfane, Belleville, &c."

PAINELL.—Sir John Paynell of Drax, co. York, was summoned to Parliament as a Baron, from 29th Dec. 1299, to 25th Aug. 1318.

PECHE.—The Barons Peché, of Brunne, co. Cambridge, summoned to Parliament, *temp.* EDWARD I., and the Barons Peché, of Wormleighton, summoned in the succeeding reign, appear to have been the representatives of the Norman Peché.

PEVERELL.—"William, the Conqueror of England (we quote no less an authority than 'the Author of Waverley,') was, or supposed himself to be, the father of a certain William Peveril, who attended him to the battle of Hastings, and there distinguished himself. The liberal-minded monarch, who assumed in his charters the veritable title of 'Gulielmus Bastardus,' was not likely to let his son's illegitimacy be any bar to the course of his royal favour, when the laws of England were issued from the mouth of the Norman victor, and the lands of the Saxons were at his unlimited disposal. William Peveril obtained a liberal grant of property and lordships in Derbyshire, and became the erector of that Gothic fortress, which, hanging over the mouth of the Devil's Cavern, so well known to tourists, gives the name of Castleton to the adjacent village. From the feudal Baron, who chose his nest upon the principles on which an eagle selects her eyry, and built it in such a fashion, as if he had intended it, as an Irishman said of the Martello towers, for the sole purpose of puzzling posterity, there was, or conceived themselves to be, descended (for their pedigree was rather hypothetical,) an opulent family of knightly rank, in the same county of Derby. The great fief of Castleton, with its adjacent wastes and forests, and all the wonders which they contain, had been forfeited in King John's stormy days, by one William Peveril, and had been granted anew to the lord Ferrars of that day. Yet this

William's descendants, though no longer possessed of what they alleged to be their original property, were long distinguished by the proud title of Peverils of the Peak, which served to mark their high descent, and lofty pretensions." The details of the Norman Peveril, as given by the Romancist, are strictly correct, and we need merely add, that William de Ferrars married the heiress of William Peveril the younger.

PEROT.—WILLIAM, was surnamed "DE PERROTT," from Castel Perrott, which he built in Armorica (Brittany), and the town of Perrott, one league from it. He came over to England in 957, and obtained some lands in Wessex, on a river which changed its name to the Perrot (now corrupted to the Parret), in Somersetshire; but was constrained to return to Armorica, and his grandson, the SEIGNEUR DE PERROTT, in Brittany (who *m.* Blanche, dau. to Ramyro, 2nd King of Arragon, and nearest relative of Norman William), furnished the CONQUEROR with his quota of ships and men, and came over with him; for which, with other service in the field, he was knighted by the duke. Sir Richard then went to take possession of the lands his forefather held in Somersetshire, and began there a city, whose remains are North and South Perrott. His son, SIR STEPHEN PERROTT, *m.* the celebrated Princess Ellyn, Lady of Jestynston, dau. of Howel Dha, the great King of all Wales, "the Lycurgus or lawgiver of that land." The valour and magnanimity of Sir Stephen gained him the respect and love of the Princess Ellyn's people. Their son, Sir Andrew, claimed the kingdom of Wales, in right of his mother, and collected a body of forces in assertion of his right, but the King of England marched a numerous army into the country to take advantage of the disorders; the knowledge

of which and a sum of money offered by the English king, through the Bishop of St. David's, brought him to declare for that prince, who knighted him, on his doing homage for the land for twenty miles round Sir William's camp, whereon he built the Castle of Narbeth, whose ruins are extant in Pembroke. He *m.* Jonet, dau. of Ralph, Lord Mortimer, by Gladis Dee, dau. of Llewellyn, (the last of the Welsh princes, and who was slain in fighting for his dominions against EDWARD I.). Lord Mortimer's mother was Maud, dau. of WILLIAM the Conqueror.

In the direct line of their descendants were many knights-banneret, (as well as the celebrated William (Perrott) *de* Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester); one of them, Sir Thomas, *m.* Alice Picton, who was of the first blood of one of the knights of the Garter, Sir Guy de Bryan, by which the Barony of Laughane and other heritages came to the Perrotts. It was by the advice of their grandson, Sir Owen, that HENRY VII. landed at Milford, where he assisted the claimant to the crown of England with men and money; so nearly was he related to the king (both by Tudor and Plantaganet affinity), that the Royal letters style Sir Owen "our dearly beloved cousin." The present representative of the Norman Perot appears to be Sir EDWARD BINDLOSS PERROTT, Bart.

POMERAY.—The ancient family of Pomeray founded by the Norman continued to possess the Barony of Berry, co. Devon, until the attainder of Sir Thomas Pomeroy in the reign of Edward VI. They had intermarried with heiresses or co-heiresses of Vallefort, Merton, Bevill, and Denzell. The eldest line became extinct *temp.* Queen ELIZABETH, when the heiress is said to have married Penkevil. Younger branches were of Sandridge and Ingesdon, Devon, and of Pallice, co. Cork.

Samuel Pomeroy, Esq., the representative of the Irish line, left six daus., his co-heirs, viz., Rebecca, *m.* to Francis Drew, Esq., of Kilwinny and Meanus; Martha, *m.* to Robert Holmes, Esq.; Mary, *m.* to Abraham Lecky, Esq.; Susanna, *m.* to Capt. Thomas Campion; Sarah, *m.* to Daniel Webb, Esq.; and Elizabeth, *m.* to the Rev. John Jones, D.D.

PLUKENET.—Little of certainty is to be gathered concerning this name before its appearance in Ireland. So early, however, as the 11th century, we find John Plukenet seated at Beaulieu, co. Meath: and from him spring the distinguished Irish families of the name, ennobled under the titles of Fingall, Dunsany, and Louth.

PERCELAY or PERCY.—William de Percy, Lord of Percy, near Villedieu, accompanied Duke William from Normandy, and, being high in favour with his victorious master, obtained, according to Madox, in his "*Baronia Anglica*," a barony of thirty knights' fees. This Lord William de Percy, who was distinguished amongst his contemporaries by the addition of Alsgernons (William with the Whiskers), whence his posterity have constantly borne the name of Algernon, restored or rather refounded the famous abbey of St. Hilda, in Yorkshire, of which his brother, Serlo de Percy, became first prior. Accompanying, however, Duke Robert in the first crusade, 1096, he died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, the celebrated eminence whence the pilgrims of the cross first viewed the holy city, leaving four sons and two daus. by his wife, Emma de Port, a lady of Saxon descent, whose lands were amongst those bestowed upon him by the CONQUEROR, and according to an ancient writer, "he wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his con-

science." His lordship was *s.* in his feudal rights and possessions by his eldest son, **ALAN DE PERCY**, second baron, surnamed the **GREAT ALAN**; who *m.* Emma, dau. of Gilbert de Gaunt, and was *s.* by his eldest son, **WILLIAM DE PERCY**, third baron; at whose decease the eldest branch of the first race of Percys, from Normandy, became extinct in the male line, and their great inheritance devolved upon his lordship's two daus., the **LADIES MAUD** and **AGNES DE PERCY**, successively;

MAUD DE PERCY, the elder, was first wife of William de Newburgh, Earl of Warwick, by whom (who *d.* in the Holy Land, A.D. 1184) she had no issue. Her ladyship *d.* in 1204-5, and then the whole possessions of the Percys descended to the family of her sister,

AGNES DE PERCY, who *m.* Josceline, of Lovain, brother of Queen **ADELICIA**, second wife of **HENRY I.**, and son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Lower Lorraine, and Count of Brabant, who was descended from the Emperor **CHARLEMAGNE**. Her ladyship would only consent, however, to this great alliance upon condition that Josceline should adopt either the surname or arms of Percy; the former of which he accordingly assumed, and retained his own paternal coat, in order to perpetuate his claim to the principality of his father, should the elder line of the reigning duke, at any period, become extinct. The matter is thus stated in the great old pedigree, at Sion House: "The ancient arms of Hainault this Lord Jocelyn retained, and gave his children the surname of *Perci*." Of this illustrious alliance there were several children; of whom, Henry, the eldest son, was ancestor of the Percies of Northumberland, a race not more famous in arms than distinguished for its brilliant alliances—a race, whose renown, coeval with its nobility, has flourished in every age and

coexisted with every generation since.

The banner of the present Duke of Northumberland exhibits an assemblage of nearly nine hundred armorial ensigns; among which, are those of King Henry VII., of several younger branches of the Blood Royal, of the Sovereign Houses of France, Castile, Leon, and Scotland, and of the Ducal Houses of Normandy and Brittany, forming a 'galaxy' of heraldic honours altogether unparalleled.

PERCIVALE.—Robert, Lord of Breherval, in Normandy, and his son Ascelin Gouel de Percival, both fought under the Norman banner at Hastings, and both obtained many extensive manors in the conquered country. Ascelin wedded Isabella, daughter of William Comte of Yvery, and was himself established in that Earldom, A.D. 1119. His second son, William Gouel de Percival, Earl of Yvery, was father of five sons, viz., I. Waleran, ancestor of the Barons of Yvery in Normandy, II. Ralph, Baron of Karvy, III. Henry, also a Baron, IV. William, ancestor of the Lord Lovel, and V. Richard Sir Knight, Lord of Hawell, Patriarch of the Lords Percival of Ireland, the Percivals of Tykenham, co. Somerset, and the Earls of Egmont, with the various derivative branches.

QUINCY.—In the reign of the Second Henry, Saier de Quincy had a grant from the crown of the Manor of Bushley, co. Northampton, previously the property of Anselme de Conchis. Of his two sons, the elder, Robert, became a Soldier of the Cross, and the younger, Saier, was created Earl of Winchester by King John. He subsequently obtained large grants and immunities from the same monarch, but, nevertheless, when the Baronial War broke out, his Lordship's pennant waved on the side of freedom, and he became so eminent amongst his

contemporaries that he was chosen one of the twenty-five Barons, appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta. His adventurous career was at length terminated in 1219, when he died on his way to Jerusalem, after participating at the Siege of Damietta. His granddaughter and eventual coheirs were Margaret, wife of William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, Elizabeth *m.* to Alexander Comyn, Earl of Buchan, and Elab, *m.* to Alan, Lord Zouch of Ashley.

ROS.—In the reign of Henry I., Peter, Lord of Ros, in Holderness, assumed the local surname, and founded the great Baronial family of Ros of Hamlake, which, by an intermarriage with the daughter and heiress of William de Albini, acquired Belvoir Castle in Leicestershire, an inheritance still enjoyed by the Duke of Rutland, a descendant of the tenth Baron Ros of Hamlake. The old Barony now vests in William-Lennox-Lascelles-Fitzgerald, Lord De Ros.

RIDEL.—Almost all the versions of the Battle Abbey Roll include the name of Ridel; and Thierry, in his "*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands*," further specifies that "Ridel" was among the Norman conquerors. By reference to the first volume of "*Pipe Rolls*," edited by Mr. Stapleton, it will be seen at p. 119, that Geoffrey Ridel rendered account for himself and for Geoffrey de St. Denis of forty shillings for two copes. It was by this tenure that the fief of Blosseville in the Pays de Caux, was held, which gave to the possessor in later times the title of *Vicomte héréditaire, Chatelain et Seigneur Haut Justicier de Blosseville*. This entry proves that the Ridels originally existed in Normandy. The first of the race, explicitly proved to have been settled in Scotland, is GERVASIUS DE RIDEL, the earliest High Sheriff of Rox-

burghshire. From him derives the present Sir WALTER BUCHANAN RIDDELL, Bart., of Riddell, co. Roxburgh. The Norman Ridel was ancestor also of the eminent Northumbrian House of Riddell of Fenham and Swinburne Castle, now represented by THOMAS RIDDELL, Esq., of Felton Park.

ROUS.—Radulphus le Rufus, 'a knight in the train of the Conqueror, was grandfather of William le Rufus, one of the Justices Itinerant of the Counties of Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, *temp.* Henry II. From this eminent person derived the Rous's of Edmerston and Halton, co. Devon, of whom was the famous Francis Rous, Speaker of the Short Parliament. The present male representative of the family is THOMAS BATES ROUS, Esq., of Courtyrala, co. Glamorgan.

ROCHFORD.—The family, descended from the Norman Rochford, styled in old deeds and writings, *De Rupe forti*, was established in Ireland at the time of, or soon after, the first invasion of the English, for so early as 27th HENRY III., we find Sir Richard de Rochfort, and John de Rochfort, lords of Crom and Adare. In 1302, Sir Maurice Rochfort was Lord Justice of Ireland; and in 1309, lived Sir Milo de Rochfort, who was direct ancestor of the ROCHFORDS of BELVEDERE, ROCHFORD, and CLOGRENANE.

SOUCH.—That the Zouches branched from the Earls of Brittany is admitted by all genealogists, but they do not coincide in the exact line of descent.

SENCLERE.—The family of Senclere or Sinclair, (*de Sancto clero*) migrated within less than a century after the arrival in England of its patriarch, the Norman Senclere, to North Britain, where it separated into two branches, the Sinclairs of Roslin, ancestors of the

Earls of Orkney and Caithness, and the Sinclairs of Herdmanstoun, from whom sprang the lords Sinclair.

SENT LEGERE.—**SIR ROBERT SENT LEGERE**, Knt., the companion in arms of the CONQUEROR; was, according to a tradition in the family, the person who supported that prince with his arm when he quitted the ship to land in Sussex. This Sir Robert, having overcome a pagan Dane who inhabited the manor of Ulcomb, in Kent, fixed his abode there; and in that place his posterity flourished for many generations. The lineal descendant of Sir Robert, **SIR ARTHUR ST. LEGER**, Knt., went first into Ireland in 1537, being appointed by **HENRY VIII.** one of the commissioners for letting the crown lands there, and returning into England, was constituted lord-deputy of Ireland, 7th July, 1540. In 1543, he was recalled to inform the king of his administration of affairs; which gave his highness such satisfaction that he created him a knight-companion of the Garter, and sent him back lord-deputy, in which high office he continued until 1556, serving three sovereigns, when, being recalled by **QUEEN MARY**, he retired to his estate in Kent, and *d.* there, 12th March, 1559. This eminent person has been characterized "as a wise and wary gentleman, a valiant servitor in war, and a good justice in peace, properly learned, and having gravity interlaced with pleasantness." He *m.* Agnes, dau. of Hugh Warham, Esq. of Warham, and was *s.* by his second but eldest surviving son, **SIR WARHAM ST. LEGER**, of Ulcomb, who was appointed chief governor of Munster, in 1565, under the lord-deputy Sidney. In 1579, he was constituted knight-mareschal of the same province; and in 1580, he caused James of Desmond, who was deno-

minated a notorious rebel, to be hanged under martial law at Cork. He was killed, eventually, in battle (in single combat), by Hugh Maguire, Lord of Fermanagh, who fell himself at the same time. Sir Warham *m.* Ursula, youngest dau. of George Nevil, Lord Abergavenny, and was *s.* by his son, **SIR WILLIAM ST. LEGER**, a privy-councillor, and lord-president of Munster in 1627. Sir William represented the city of Cork in parliament in 1639, and was appointed in that year sergeant-major-general in the army; he was subsequently employed against the rebels in Ireland; and dying about the year 1642, left, with other issue, from which descended the St. Legers of Yorkshire and Gen. St. Leger,

WILLIAM, his heir, slain at Newberry, 1644.

JOHN, successor to his brother, and ancestor of the Lords Doneraile.

Heyward, of Castlemore and Heyward's Hill; lieut.-col. in the army, and M.P.; ancestor of the present **ANTHONY BUTLER ST. LEGER**, Esq. of Heyward's Hill, co. Cork.

SENT QUINTIN.—Sir Herbert de St. Quintin, whose name appears on the Roll, came from Lower Picardy, where the chief town is called St. Quintin. His descendant, Herbert St. Quintin, summoned to parliament as a Baron, left a dau. and heiress, Lora, mother, by her third husband, Sir Robert Grey of Rotherfield, of Elizabeth Grey, who *m.* Henry Lord Fitzhugh, and was direct progenitrix of Queen Catharine Parr.

SOMERVILLE.—The name of the Norman was Sir Gualter de Somerville. He became Lord of Whichnour, county Stafford, and his descendants possessed considerable property, about the close of the 12th century, in the co. Lanark, and in other parts of Scotland; of whom

WILLIAM DE SOMERVILLE was one of the barons appointed at the marriage of **ALEXANDER II.** (whose reign commenced in 1214) to exercise in a tournament at the castle of Roxburgh. This William's descendant, James, thirteenth Lord Somerville, augmented his fortune considerably by an arrangement with his kinsman, William Somerville, Esq., of Eadstone, co. Warwick, and of Somerville-Aston, co. Gloucester, the celebrated poet, and author of the "Chase," representative of the English and elder branch of his lordship's family; by which, in consideration of certain sums applied to the relief of burdens, the poet, who was unmarried, settled the reversions of his estates upon Lord Somerville; and died in 1742, when the baron inherited accordingly.

The present head of the family is **Kenelm, LORD SOMERVILLE**; a younger branch is represented by **JAMES SOMERVILLE SOMERVILLE, Esq.,** of Dinder House, co. Somerset.

SANFORD.—The family pedigree of the Sandfords, of Sandford, co. Salop, commences with Thomas de Sandford, the Soldier of the Conquest, who obtained as his part of the Spoliation, the lands of Sanford. Fuller, in the *Worthies of England*, observes—"This ancient name is still extant, at the same place in this county (Salop) in a worshipful equipage, for on the list of such as compounded for their reputed delinquency in our late civil wars, I find Francis Sandford, Esq., of Sandford, paying four hundred and fifty-nine pounds for his composition, yet I believe the gentleman begrudged not his money, in preservation of his own integrity, acting according to the information of his conscience and the practice of his ancestors. I understand that the said Francis Sandford was very well skilled in making warlike fortifications. The present chief of this ancient race is **THOMAS**

HUGH SANDFORD, Esq., of Sandford, grandnephew of the late Daniel Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh. A younger branch, that seated at the Isle of Up-Rossall, Shrewsbury, is represented by the Rev. **HUMPHREY SANDFORD, M.A.**

SOMERY—In the reign of **HENRY II.** John de Somerie acquired the Barony of Dudley, in Staffordshire, by marrying Hawyse, sister and heir of Gervase Paganell. Their great grandson, Sir John de Somerie, who had summons to Parliament from 10th March, 1308, to the 14th March, 1322, died in the latter year, when his castles and lands devolved upon his sisters as coheirs. Margaret, the elder, married to John de Sutton, had the castles of Dudley and Joane, the younger, wife of Thomas Botetourt, had Rowley Somery, county Stafford.

SENT JOHN.—**WILLIAM DE ST. JOHN**, whose name was derived from the Senitors of St. John, near Rouen, came into England with the **CONQUEROR**, as grand master of the artillery, and supervisor of the waggons and carriages, whence the horses' hames, or collar, was borne for his cognizance. He *m.* Oliva, dau. of Ralph de Filgiers, of Normandy, and had by her, Thomas, who *d.* without issue, and **JOHN DE ST. JOHN**, who inherited, on the demise of his brother, all the lands in England, and principally the lordship of **STANTON**, co. Oxon, (for distinction from the other towns of the same name, called **STANTON ST. JOHN.**) This John was a person of great eminence in the reign of **WILLIAM RUFUS**, being one of the twelve knights that accompanied Robert Fitz-Hamon, Earl of Gloucester, in a warlike expedition against the Welsh, and received, "in reward for his great services, and helps in many victories," the castle of Faumont, co. Glamorgan. He had issue, a dau., *Avoris, m.* to Sir Bernard de St. Valery, and two

sons, I. ROGER, ancestor of the noble House of ST. JOHN, and Thomas, Lord of Stanton, St. John, living 13 HEN. II., whose son, ROGER, was assessed £133 6s. 8d. for trespassing in the King's forests, 22 HENRY II. The grandson of this Roger, JOHN ST. JOHN, was killed at the battle of Evesham, 43 EDWARD III. He was in the holy wars with RICHARD I., who, at the siege of Acon, in Palestine, adopted the device of tying a leathern thong, or garter, round the left leg of a certain number of knights, (one of whom was this John St. John,) that they might be impelled to higher deeds of valour. This is supposed by some to have given the idea of the Order of the Garter.

SENT LES.—After the execution of Waltheof, the Conqueror offered Judith, his niece, the deceased Earl's widow, in marriage to SIMON ST. LIZ, a noble Norman, but the lady peremptorily rejected the alliance, "owing," Dugdale says, "to St. Liz's halting in one leg;" which refusal so displeased the King, that he immediately seized upon the Castle and honour of Huntingdon, which the Countess held in dower, exposing herself and her daughters to a state of privation and obscurity in the Isle of Ely, and other places; while he bestowed upon the said Simon St. Liz, the town of Northampton, and the whole hundred of Falkeley, then valued at £40 per annum, *to provide shoes for his horses*. St. Liz, thus disappointed in gaining the hand of the Countess of Huntingdon, made his addresses, with greater success, to her elder daughter, the Lady Maud, who became his wife, when William conferred upon the husband, the Earldom of Huntingdon and Northampton.

SENT GEORGE.—The descendants of Baldwin St. George, the Norman, flourished in England for several centuries, and frequently

represented the County of Cambridge in parliament. They were seated at Hartley St. George, in that shire, full 500 years. SIR RICHARD ST. GEORGE, Clarenceux, king-of-arms, eighteenth in a direct line from Baldwin the Norman, *m.* Elizabeth, dau. of Nicholas St. John, Esq., of Liliard Tregoze, co. Wilts, and had three sons,

I. Henry (Sir), Garter king-of-arms, who left four sons.

Sir Thomas St. George, Garter king-of-arms.

Colonel William St. George, slain *ex parte regis*

Sir Henry St. George, Clarenceux king-of-arms.

Sir Richard St. George, Ulster king-of-arms of Ireland.

II. George (Sir), of Carrickdrumrusk, co. Leitrim, whose grandson, SIR GEORGE ST. GEORGE, Bart., elevated to the peerage of Ireland, as LORD ST. GEORGE, in 1715, left at his decease a dau., the Hon. Mary St. George, *m.* John Usher, Esq., M.P., by whom she had a dau., Judith, wife of George Lowther, Esq., of Kilrue, co. Meath, and a son, St. George Usher, who was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, in 1763, as LORD ST. GEORGE, of Hartley St. George, co. Leitrim, which dignity expired at his lordship's decease, without male issue, in 1775. His only dau., Emilia-Olivia, *m.* William-Robert, second Duke of Leinster.

III. Richard, who went over to Ireland, in the beginning of the 17th century, in the royal army, and was appointed governor of the town and Castle of Athlone, from him descend the four brothers, THOMAS BALDWIN ST. GEORGE, of Parsonstown, Acheson St. George, Esq., of Wood Park, co. Armagh, John St. George, Esq., of Woodside, Cheshire, and Archibald, of Camma Lodge, co. Roscommon, as well as the Baronet

of Woodsgift, the present SIR RICHARD BLIGH ST. GEORGE.

SAY.—Picot de Say was, in the time of the Conqueror, one of the principal persons in the County of Salop, under Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, and founded the distinguished Baronial house of Say, from which derives, through female descent, the lord Saye and Sele. Frederic Richard Say, Esq., of Harley Street, appears to be the male representative.

SENT BARBE.—Robert de St. Barbe, who came with the Conqueror from Normandy (in which province a town and two villages bearing the name are still to be found) was, according to an ancient charter of the Abbey of Glastonbury, progenitor of Robert St. Barbe of South Brent, co.

Somerset, to whom the families of St. Barbe of Ashington, Whiteparish, and Ridgeway traced their pedigree. The only surviving branch is that settled at Lymington, Hants.

SENT MORE.—The baronial family of St. Maur, founded by the warrior of Hastings, became extinct in the chief male line at the decease in 1499 of Richard, 6th Lord St. Maur, whose only dau. and heiress, Alice, wedded William, 5th Lord Zouche of Haryngworth. The Seymours, Dukes of Somerset, whose historic greatness needs little of ancestral aid to augment its glory, claim to be a scion of the baronial house, and their pretensions may be sustained by the valuable authority of Camden.

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

THE *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Leipsic, publishes, in its number of New Year's-day, the following interesting statistical and chronological details respecting the sovereign houses of Europe:—

“The number of the sovereigns or reigning princes of Europe has been lessened by two, owing to the death of the Duke of Anhalt-Köthen, in which his line has become extinct, and the abdication of the Duke of Lucca and the renunciation of his son, who have transferred that duchy to Tuscany—an event which would have been brought about, independently of this circumstance, by the death of the Duchess of Parma; so that on the 1st of January, 1848, there were only 49 sovereigns in Europe, or 50, if we include the Emperor of Brazil. The abdication of Louis Philippe has since decreased the number by one.

“Amongst these sovereigns there is only one above 70 years of age, viz., the venerable King of Hanover, the Nester of the princes of Europe, who is just 77.

“Amongst the others, 11 are between 60 and 70 years of age, 16 between 50 and 60, nine between 40 and 50, three between 30 and 40, and seven between 20 and 30; finally, there are two still under 20 years of age—the Queen of Spain, who is not quite 18, and the Prince of Waldeck, a year younger.

“The sovereign who, of all the rest, has reigned the longest period, is the Prince of Schumburg-Lippe, who is in the 61st year of his reign, including the years of his minority. Of the others, three have reigned upwards of 40 years, including the period of their minority: these are, the Princes of Lippe-Detmold and Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Two have reigned between 30 and 40 years, six between 20 and 30, 22 between 10 and 20, and 14 have not yet reigned 10 years.

“Six sovereigns are unmarried, or have never been married. These are independently of the Pope, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duke of Brunswick, and the Princes of Reuss-Schleitz, Reuss-Lobenstein-Eberdorff, and Waldeck.

“Six are widowers viz., the King of Hanover, the Grand Dukes of Darmstadt and Oldenburg, the Duke of Nassau, and the Princes of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and Hohenzollern-Héchingen.

“One sovereign lives in a state of polygamy; another (the Elector of Hesse) married according to the morganatic mode, or with the left hand; 36 have espoused princesses of reigning houses; and amongst them one has married a third time, and eight a second time.

“The longest named Royal Consort is the Grand Duchess of Weimar, who has been a wife 44 years. Of 44 sovereigns, married or widowers,

12 have no issue, or only by morganatic marriages. Of the other 32, those who have the largest number of children, after the Sultan, are the Prince of Litchtenstein, who has nine; the Prince of Lippe, who has eight; the Queen of Portugal and the Grand Duke of Baden, each of whom has seven.

"The Dukes of Saxe-Altenburg having only daughters, it follows that only 30 sovereigns possess presumptive heirs qualified to succeed them.

"Fourteen sovereigns have only collateral relatives as their successors; 12 have brothers; the Queen of Spain, her sister; and the Elector of Hesse, a cousin.

"Five sovereigns are without any certain successors in their line, viz. (besides the Pope), the Duke of Brunswick (whose brother has been declared incapable of reigning), the Duke of Anhalt-Bernburg, and the Princes of Hohenzollern-Héchingen and Reuss-Lobenstein-Ebersdorff.

"Amongst the 45 princes who are either hereditary or presumptive heirs (of whom the prince of Electoral Hesse, 60 years of age, is the oldest, and the Imperial Princess of Brazil, only 2 years old, is the youngest), 23 are married to princesses of equal birth; one of them has already been divorced a second time; 18 of these princes have children, amongst them the Prince John of Saxony, who has eight, is the possessor of the largest number.

"The following changes took place in 1847, amongst the members of the sovereign families:—

"The number of deaths was 14, including, as in 1846, three reigning princes, viz., the Elector of Hesse, the Duke of Anhalt-Köthen, and the Duchess of Parma; besides these, the wives of two sovereigns, viz., the Princesses of Hohenzollern-Héchingen and Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; two presumptive heirs, the Imperial Prince of Brazil and the Prince Frederick Francis Anthony of Hohenzollern-Héchingen, aged, the first two years and three months, and the second 57 years; three Archdukes of Austria, viz., Joseph, aged 71; Charles, aged 76 (both uncles of the Emperor); and Frederick, son of the Archduke Charles, aged 26. So that the Imperial family of Austria lost, in the course of last year, four of its members; and the Emperor two uncles, one sister, (the ex-Empress of France), and one cousin. Finally there are included in this list of deceased one French Prince, the Duke of Guise, son of the Duke d'Aumale, a month old; Prince Ernest of Saxony, son of Prince John, aged 16; the Duke Adam of Wurtemberg, brother of the Queen, aged 55; and Lady Charlotte of Wurtemberg, wife of Duke Paul (brother of the King regnant and sister of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg), aged 60; to whom must be added Madame Adelaide of Orleans, the old King's sister, who expired on the 31st ult.

"In the family of the Bonapartes, three died, besides his widow, the Duchess of Parma, viz., Jerome, the eldest son of his brother Jerome, Count de Montford, aged 42; the eldest daughter of his brother Lucien, Donna Christina, Egypta, afterwards Lady Dudley Stuart, aged 49; the eldest son of his sister Caroline, Louis Napoleon Achille Murat, formerly Duke of Clèves and Crown Prince of Naples, aged 46.

"The births were 13 in number, including eight princes, the sons of the Queen of Portugal, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, the Archduke Albert of Austria, the Duke d'Aumale of France (since dead), the Neapolitan Prince Count Louis d'Aquila, the Duke Max of Leuchtenberg, and the Count Henry II. of Reuss-Koesteritz; and five Princesses, daughters of the Emperor of Brazil, the Crown

Prince of Sardinia, the Hereditary Prince of Lucca (now Parma), the Duke Max of Bavaria, and the Prince Christian of Holstein-Glucksberg.

"The number of marriages was four, viz., that of the Infante John Charles of Spain (son of Don Carlos), to Mary of Modena; that of the Infante Henry of Spain (son of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula), to Dona Elena of Castella y Skelly Fernanda de Cordova; that of the Infanta Louisa Theresa of Spain (daughter of Don Francisco), to Don Jose Osorio de Moscwo y Carbajal, Count of Trastamara, Duke of Sessa; and that of Prince Ferdinand of Modena to the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria."

JADIS on nous dit qu'un mortel heureux,
 En chantant fit descendre un ange des cieux
 Nous vivons a present, en d'autres temps,
 N'est ce pas qu'un ange par son chant melodieux,
 Y fait monter chaque soir des mortels aux cieux ;
 Lorsque son chant si pur et si enchanteur,
 Imite le ramage des oiseaux des bois
 Nous restons en extase, pleins d'un bonheur
 Dont un moment seul ferait le bonheur des rois.

SARAH JANE ST. LEGER.

LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY,
BY HORACE WALPOLE, LORD ORFORD.*

ANNE, Countess of Ossory, to whom these amusing letters were addressed by the prince of correspondents, Horace Walpole, was the daughter of Henry Liddell, Lord Ravensworth, and the divorced wife of the third Duke of Grafton. By those who knew her best, her Ladyship is said to have been "gifted with high endowments of mind and person, high spirited and noble in her ways of thinking, and generous in her disposition. She possessed besides a lively imagination, quick discernment, ready wit, and great vivacity both in conversation and correspondence." Pity it is that Lord Orford preserved none of her Ladyship's letters. They must have been of no common order to interest so much the critical *litterateur* of Strawberry Hill, and to elicit the admirable answers the volumes before us contain. The correspondence ranged over a period of nearly thirty years, a period of surpassing historic importance, including, as it did, the American War, the great party strifes of the reign of George III., and the outbreak of the French Revolution. These mighty events afford ample subject for the pen of the philosophic wit, but the personal anecdotes, the episodes of private society, and the amusing gossip of the day with which the collection abounds, are the charms that captivate the reader. Almost every epistle affords an insight into the arcana of that coterie of fashion and genius, which counted among its members such men as Selwyn, Conway, Fox, Burke, and Fitzpatrick, and the whole forms, as it were, a domestic history of the period.

Mr. Vernon Smith has performed his duties as Editor with care and discrimination, and is fully justified in his opinion, that the publication of these Letters will "place Lord Orford in a more amiable attitude, as to feelings and friendships, than he has hitherto stood."

We will extract a few specimens of this epistolary treasure, and conclude by strongly recommending our readers to possess themselves of the whole. The first is a good sample of the writer's peculiar style:—

"Arlington Street, July 14, 1779.

"To shew your ladyship that I do not always wait for provocatives, I begin a letter to-night, without well knowing what it is to contain. I came to town this morning about my house in Berkeley Square, of which at last I begin to have hopes, though I am in Chancery for it; but it is by a mode of my own. I have persisted in complimenting and flattering my parties, till by dint of complaisance and respect I have brought them to pique themselves on equal attentions; so that instead of a law-suit it

* Now first printed from original MSS., edited with notes, by the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. London, Bentley.

has more the air of a treaty between two little German princes who are mimicking their betters only to display their titular dignities. His Serene Highness, Colonel Bishopp is the most obsequious and devoted servant of my serenity the Landgrave of Strawberry.

"His Royal Highness of Sion, who is Lord Paramount of Strawberry, has acquainted the College of Electors of Westminster that they are to be invaded by the French forthwith, and has subscribed 2000*l.* for the defence of his Palatinate. Governor Johnstone is said to be gone to destroy the embarkation: I hope he will do it as completely as he has demolished his own character. The town does not seem to be much alarmed, and the courageous stocks don't value it a fraction; so it does not become us poor little princes to be more frightened than our superiors.

"I met Miss Wrottesley this evening at my niece Cholmondeley's, and she told me Mr. Dunning has found a flaw in the settlements, and that they must be drawn again.

"Are not you sorry, madam, for the poor Duke of Ancaster, especially since he made so noble and sensible a will? I think his attention to his mother must half kill her. I hear he has left a legacy to a very small man that was always his companion, and whom, when he was drunk, he used to fling at the heads of the company, as others fling a bottle. Lord Boilingbroke, I suppose, you know, is not dead.

"Lady Jane Scott, to whom I made your Ladyship's compliments, has found in a cabinet at Ham a most enchanting picture in enamel by Zincke, of the Duchess of Queensberry, which the Duke always carried in his pocket. It is as simple as my Cowley, in white with the hair all flowing, and beautiful as the Hours in Guido's Aurora, and very like her to the last moment.

"I dined on Saturday with my cousin, T. Walpole, at Carshalton, where, though so near London, I never was in my life. It is as rural a village as if in Northumberland, much watered with the clearest streams, and buried in ancient trees of Seawen's Park, and the neighbouring Beddington.

"I had long wished to see the latter, the seat of one of my ancestors, Sir Nicholas Carew, whose head, as he was Master of the Horse and Knight of the Garter, flew off in one of the moods of Henry VIII. Madam Bess, I think, often visited his son there. It is an ugly place, with no prospect, a large very bad house, but it was burnt, rebuilt wretchedly after the Restoration, and never finished. Nothing remains of the ancient fabric, but a brave old hall, with a pendent roof, copied by Wolsey at Hampton Court, a vast shield of arms and quarterings over the chimney, and two clumsy brazen andirons, which they told us had served Queen Elizabeth in the Tower, but look more as if they had served her for cannon to defend it. There is an almost effaced picture of Sir Nicholas, that seems to have been painted by Holbein, and for which, perished as it is, I longed.

"I shall terminate this letter of scraps and nothings with a good epigram, which Mr. Jerningham gave me t'other day:—

"Ce Marmontel si lent, si long, si lourd,
 Qui ne parle pas, mais qui beugle,
 Juge la peinture en aveugle,
 Et la musique comme un sourd.

Ce pedant a si sottie mine,
 Et de ridicules barde,
 Dit qu'il a le secret des beaux vers de Racine—
 Jamais secret ne fut si bien garde.

“The first line put me in mind of an excellent satiric epitaph on the General Lord Cadogan, of which I have forgotten all but the last couplet,—

“Ungrateful to th' ungrateful man he grew by,
 A bad, bold, blustering, bloody, blundering booby.

“They were Bishop Atterbury's, who was glad to kill the Duke of Marlborough with the same stone.”

The following letters, referential to the celebrated Gordon Riots of 1780, will be read with interest at the present moment of universal insurrection and turmoil:—

“*Wednesday, five o'clock, June 7, 1780.*

“I am heartily glad I am come to town, though never was a less delicious place; but there was no bearing to remain philosophically in the country, and hear the thousand rumours of every hour, and not know whether one's friends and relations were not destroyed. Yesterday Newgate was burnt, and other houses, and Lord Sandwich near massacred. At Hyde Park Corner I saw guards at the Lord President's door, and in Piccadilly met George and the Signorina, whom I wondered he ventured there. He came into my chaise in a fury, and told me Lord Mansfield's house is in ashes, and that 5000 men were marched to Kane Wood—it is true, and that 1000 of the guards are gone after them. A camp of 10,000 is forming in Hyde Park as fast as possible, and the Berkshire Militia is just arrived. Wedderburne and Lord Stormont are threatened, and I do not know whom. The Duchess of Beaufort sent an hour ago to tell me Lord Ashburnham had just advertised her that he is threatened, and was sending away his poor bed-ridden countess and children, and the duchess begged to know what I proposed to do. I immediately went to her, and quieted her, and assured her we are as safe as we can be anywhere, and as little obnoxious; but if she was alarmed, I advised her to remove to Notting Hill, where Lady Mary is absent. The Duchess said the mob were now in Saville Row; we sent thither, and so they are, round Colonel Woodford's who gave the Guards orders to fire at Lord Mansfield's, where six at least of the rioters were killed.

“The mob are now armed, having seized the stores in the Artillery Ground.

“If anything can surprise your ladyship, it will be what I am going to tell you. Lord George Gordon went to Buckingham House this morning, and asked an audience of the King. Can you be more surprised still?—he was refused.

“I must finish, for I am going about the town to learn, and see, and hear. Kane Wood is saved; a regiment on march met the rioters.

“It will probably be a black night: I am decking myself with blue ribands like a May-day garland. Horsemen are riding by with muskets.

I am sorry I did not bring the armour of Francis I. to town, as I am to guard a duchess-dowager and an heiress. Will it not be romantically generous if I yield the latter to my nephew?

"From my garrison in Berkeley Square.

"PS. The pious insurgents will soon have a military chest. They took forty-five guineas from Charles Turner yesterday."

"Wednesday night, past two in the morning, June 7, 1780.

"As it is impossible to go to bed (for Lady Betty Compton has hoped I would not this very minute, which, next to her asking the contrary, is the thing not to be refused), I cannot be better employed than in proving how much I think of your ladyship at the most horrible moment I ever saw. You shall judge. I was at Gloucester House between nine and ten. The servant announced a great fire; the duchess, her daughters, and I went to the top of the house, and beheld not only one, but two vast fires, which we took for the King's Bench and Lambeth; but the latter was the new prison, and the former at least was burning at midnight. Col. Heywood came in and acquainted his royal highness that nine houses in Great Queen Street had been gutted, and the furniture burnt; and he had *seen* a great Catholic distiller's at Holborn Bridge broken open and all the casks staved; and since the house has been set on fire. At ten I went to Lord Hertford's, and found him and his sons charging muskets. Lord Rockingham has 200 soldiers in his house, and is determined to defend it. Thence I went to General Conway's, and in a moment a servant came in and said there was a great fire just by. We went to the street door and thought it was St. Martin's Lane in flames, but it is either the Fleet prison or the distiller's. I forgot that in the court of Gloucester House I met Colonel Jennings, who told me there had been an engagement at the Royal Exchange to defend the Bank, and that the Guards had shot sixty of the mob; I have since heard seventy, for I forgot to tell your ladyship that at a *great* council, held this evening at the Queen's house, at which Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Portland were present, military execution was ordered, for, in truth, the justices dare not act. After supper I returned to Lady Hertford, finding Charing Cross, and the Haymarket, and Piccadilly, illuminated through fear, though all this end of the town is hitherto perfectly quiet, lines being drawn across the Strand and Holborn, to prevent the mob coming westward. Henry and William Conway arrived, and had seen the populace break open the toll-houses on Blackfriars Bridge, and carry off bushels of halfpence, which fell about the streets, and then they set fire to the toll-houses. General Conway's porter had seen five distinct conflagrations.

Lady Hertford's cook came in, white as this paper. *He is a German Catholic*: he said his house had been attacked, his furniture burnt: that he had saved one child, and left another with his wife, whom he could not get out; and that not above ten or twelve persons had assaulted his house. I could not credit this, at least was sure that it was an episode that had no connection with the general insurrection, and was at most some pique of his neighbours. I sent my own footman to the spot in Woodstock

Street; he brought me word there had been eight or ten apprentices who made the riot, that two life-guardsmen had arrived and secured four of the enemies. It seems the cook had refused to illuminate like the rest of the street. To-morrow I suppose his Majesty King George Gordon will order their release; they will be inflated with having been confessors, and turn heroes.

"On coming home I visited the Duchess Dowager and my fair ward; and am heartily tired with so many expeditions, for which I little imagined I had youth enough left.

"We expect three or four more regiments to-morrow, besides some troops of horse and militia already arrived. We are menaced with counter-squadrons from the country. There will, I fear, be much blood spilt before peace is restored. The Gordon has already surpassed Masaniello, who I do not remember set his own capital on fire. Yet I assure your ladyship there is no panic. Lady Ailesbury has been at the play in the Haymarket, and the Duke and my four nieces at Ranelagh, this evening. For my part, I think the *common* diversions of these last four-and-twenty hours are sufficient to content any moderate appetite; and as it is now three in the morning, I shall wish you good night, and try to get a little sleep myself, if Lord George Macbeth has not murdered it all. I own I shall not soon forget the sight I saw from the top of Gloucester-house."

"Thursday morning after breakfast.

"I do not know whether to call the horrors of the night greater or less than I thought. My printer, who has been out all night, and on the spots of action, says not above a dozen were killed at the Royal Exchange, some few elsewhere; at the King's Bench, he does not know how many; but in other respects the calamities are dreadful. He saw many houses set on fire, women and children screaming, running out of doors with what they could save, and knocking one another down with their loads in the confusion. Barnard's Inn is burnt, and some houses, mistaken for Catholic. Kirkgate says most of the rioters are apprentices, and plunder and drink have been their chief objects, and both women and men are still lying dead drunk about the streets: brandy is preferable to enthusiasm. I trust many more troops will arrive to day. What families ruined! What wretched wives and mothers! What public disgrace!—ay! and where, and when, and how will all this confusion end! and what shall we be when it is concluded? I remember the excise, and the gin act, and the rebels at Derby, and Wilkes's interlude, and the French at Plymouth; or, I should have a very bad memory; but I never till last night saw London and Southwark in flames!"

"After dinner.

"It is a moment, madam, when to be surprised is not surprising. But what will you say to the House of Commons meeting by twelve o'clock to-day, and adjourning, ere fifty members were arrived, to Monday se'nnight! so adieu all government but the sword!

“Will your ladyship give me credit when I heap contradictions on absurdities—will you believe such confusion and calamities, and yet think there is no consternation?—Well, only hear.—My niece, Mrs. Keppell, with her three daughters, drove since noon over Westminster-bridge, through St. George’s Fields, where the King’s Bench is smoking, over London Bridge, passed the Bank, and came the whole length of the city! They have been here, and say the people *look* very unquiet; but can one imagine that they would be smiling? Old Lady Albemarle, who followed me in few minutes from Gloucester House, was robbed at Mrs. Keppell’s door in Pall Mall, between ten and eleven, by a horseman. Sparrow, one of the delivered convicts, who was to have been hanged this morning, is said to have been shot yesterday as he was spiriting up the rioters. Kirkgate has just heard in the Park, that the Protestant Association disavows the seditious, and will take up arms against them. If we are saved, it will be so as by fire.

“I shall return to my own castle to-morrow: I had not above four hours’ sleep last night, and must get some rest. General Conway is enraged at the adjournment, and will go away too. Many coaches and chaises did leave London yesterday. My intelligence will not be so good nor so immediate; but you will not want correspondents. Disturbances are threatened again for to-night; and some probably will happen, but there are more troops and less alacrity in the outlaws.”

“Berkeley Square, June 9, at noon, 1780.

“All has been quiet to-night as far as we know in this region; but not without blood being spilt yesterday. The rioters attacked the horseguards about six in Fleet-street, and, not giving them time to load, were repelled by the bayonet. Twenty fell, thirty-five were wounded, and sent to the hospital, where two died directly. Three of the guards were wounded and a young officer named Majoribank. Mr. Conway’s footman told me he was on a message at Lord Amherst’s when the guards returned, and that their bayonets were steeped in blood.

“I heard, too, at my neighbour duchess’s, whither I went at one in the morning, that, the Protestant Associators, disguised with blue cockades as friends, had fallen on the rioters in St. George’s fields and killed many. I do not warrant the truth, but I did hear often in the evening that there had been slaughter in the Borough, where a great public-house had been destroyed, and a house at Redriffe, and another at Islington. Zeal has entirely thrown off the mask and owned its name, plunder. Its offspring have extorted money from several houses with threats of firing them as Catholics. Apprentices and Irish chairmen, and all kinds of outlaws, have been the most active. Some hundreds are actually dead about the streets, with the spirits they plundered at the distiller’s; the low women knelt and sucked them as they ran from the staved casks.

“It was reported last night that the primate, George Gordon, is fled to Scotland; for aught I know he may not be so far off as Grosvenor-place. All is rumour and exaggeration; and yet it would be difficult to exaggerate the horrors of Wednesday night; a town taken by storm could alone exceed them.

I am going to Strawberry this instant, exhausted with fatigue, for I have certainly been on my feet longer these last eight-and-forty hours, than in forty days before. I forgot to tell your ladyship that as I came to town I saw in chalk on a hack at Hammersmith, ‘*God blast the Pope,*’—now the soldiers tear away blue cockades—and, when I return next, I expect to read on the walls, ‘*De par le Roi, Regiment de Picardie.*’

“Adieu! madam; allow my pen a few holidays, unless the storm recommences.”

To turn to a more peaceful subject, the glories of Warwick Castle, we have the following:—

“*Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1777.*

“I direct this to Amptill, concluding from your unwillingness to leave it, madam, that your stay at Warwick Castle will be short. You must be charmed with it; I think awed; at least, my Gothic superstition sees every tower haunted with Beauchamps, and I could not sleep there without dreaming of Queen Elizabeth in all her pomps and pageantries. Then the chapel in the church! I beg the possessor’s pardon, but I set very little store by Sir Fulke Greville, Oh! but in the Castle is a portrait of my hero, Lord Brook of the Civil War; and another of Lady Catherine Grey and her son, and of Lady Sandwich, who was no great hero of mine, no more than Lord Rochester and his monkey. Did you go to Guy’s Cliff, and see how Lady Mary Greathead has painted it straw colour, and stuck cockle-shells in its hair? There was a wise Mr. Wise too, who lived at the Priory, who was very angry with me for asking if he had *planted* much, not knowing that he was the son of London and Wise the gardeners. Does not Miss Vernon* think it would have been more historic to have drawn her accompanying Earl Guy when he slew the dun cow, than St. George killing the dragon, which is not a quarter so true?

Your ladyship’s panegyric on the fine weather, if you will allow me to pun, came a day after the *fair*. June has relapsed into winter, if not to its usual rains. I found every soul in London sitting by the fire, and talking over fifteen matches, and as many promotions. Mrs. Howe was the only person that wanted no extraneous heat. Two nights ago, she said, if Lord North had *promised* the Treasury to Lord Westcote, he certainly would not have it. Entered Mr. Keene. She asked him if it was the way of the Administration to affront those they employed! He was mute. You may think what you please, sir, continued she, but I tell you, this is irreconcilable. Governor Tryon has burnt a magazine, but had great difficulty to retreat without losing all his men. Washington, they say, has laid the whole country waste. I am an old piece of wisdom, and you must bear with me. I doubt your ladyship’s dislike of quitting Amptill proceeds a little from your aversion to appearing in public; but do you know you must surmount this, nay entirely. Will you like, when your daughters are to go about, to trust them to chaperons? The longer you are a recluse, the more uneasy it will be to break

* The subject of Sir Joshua Reynolds’s picture, before referred to—Ed.

through a habit. You feel Lady Georgiana's want of you, and therefore must be educating yourself to produce Lady Anne. There is no pleasure in being anybody's friend, if one is not to tell them disagreeable truths; nor any comfort in growing old, if one may not be cross and preach. Our two resources, both charmingly ill-natured, are to foretell, and to blame. I make use of the first privilege, for fear of not living to enjoy the second. I have a little revenge in it too, for you *will* commend me, though I have no merit but having lived till I am fit for nothing but doing right.

"The kingdom of France does not dine with me till *next* Saturday: it will ruin me, but I try to make friends amongst them, that they may not burn poor Strawberry when they invade us. In the mean time I am a great prince. As regent to my nephew, I issued my writ to his falconer this morning, to deliver his thanks to — Thornton, Esq., during the interregnum. I have declined the superintendence of the finances, and have only taken charge of the *menus plaisirs*. Alas! I try to smile, but my gaiety is forced. I have no time to do anything I like, and must now go and write to Charles Boone about a gentleman that is to reside with and have the care of my nephew, who is calm and does not alarm me, but they say the more likely to continue as he is."

"Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1777.

"I return your ladyship the general's letter, and you may be assured will never name it. The applying to him, I am satisfied, was a better method than what I suggested; and I should hope, though he does not say so, that he will take some way of apprising his friends, as he must be sensible that it will be a kind office to all concerned for the young lady; if, as I should think by Lady Louisa's account they are, they should not yet be aware that the affair is not at an end.

"I am glad, madam, you was contented with your Progress, and saw so much. Kenilworth is very awful; yet what want of taste in the choice of the situation! The chimney-piece in the gate-house I perfectly remember; it has the Earl of Leicester's crest and devices, and I have often begged Lord Hyde to take care of it. It has too much of the degenerate Gothic, or I should have tried to purchase it, as the possessor loves money a little better than a chimney-piece he neglects. Althorp is a favourite of mine, from the number of portraits, its old simplicity, and being so connected with our story. I gave Miss Loyd several corrections to the catalogue of pictures, for they had mistaken several.

"Lord Warwick, I think, may forgive me for condemning a modern steeple that only lives near him, when I have such reverence for his own castle.

"My French dinner went off tolerably well, except that five or six of the invited disappointed me, and the table was not full. The Abbé Raynal not only looked at nothing himself, but kept talking to the ambassador the whole time, and would not let him see anything neither. There never was such an impertinent and tiresome old gossip. He said to one of the Frenchmen, we ought to come abroad to make us love our own country. This was before Mr. Churchill, who replied very properly, "Yes, we had some

Esquimaux here lately, and they liked nothing, because they could get no train-oil for breakfast." Madame de Jarnac had a *migraine*, and Monsieur chose to keep her company.

"I am glad you have heard of Mr. Fitzpatrick. You know there is another war in that part of the world: the Spaniards have taken an island on the coast of Brazil: I do not believe we shall dare to frown.

"My hexagon closet will be finished in a fortnight, and then I shall be at liberty to pay my duty at Amptill. The Churchills tell me the town says Lady Elizabeth Conway is to be married to Sir Matthew Fetherstone.

"Have you got through Dr. Robertson, madam? I am not enchanted. There is a great affectation of philosophizing without much success. But there is one character that charms me, besides Las Casas, at whom the good doctor rather sneers; it is that of Pedro di Gasca, who was disinterested enough to make ten parliaments blush. Do but imagine the satisfaction with which he must have retired with his poverty, after the great things he had done, when every other of his countrymen were cutting the throats of Americans for gold! He did not want to be treasurer of the navy, as well as general and pacificator. I am delighted too with the ingratitude of the Spanish monarchs to all their heroic assassins. How fortunate the Otaheitans, to have no gold mines in their country!

We will conclude with one more extract, and an amusing poem, probably written in imitation of the Madame Blaize of Oliver Goldsmith, or in contempt of the author of the "*Deserted Village*," for whom Walpole expresses on more than one occasion very unjust feeling:—

*"Arlington Street, Saturday, 8 in the
evening of your public day.*

"*SOLITUDE* of solitudes! all is solitude. I am justly punished, madam, for leaving the most agreeable place in the world, and two and a half persons for whom I have the greatest regard, to come to a place where grass would grow in the streets, if this summer it would grow anywhere. Even Lady Hertford is gone, and I suppose my Lady Townsend is on the wing. The former, I conclude, is at Wakefield races, for she does not return till Monday. In short, I have re-packed up my night-cap, and am hurrying to Strawberry, only staying to do you justice on myself, and sign my confession. I was as unlucky at Luton; I sent in a memorial, begging only to see the chapel—the lord was not at home, and admittance was denied.

"As I do not take the St. James's Evening Post, nor think my own works worth twopence, pray send me, if there appears, any answer to Jocasta.

"On my table I found a deprecation from the Secretary of the Antiquaries, but I intend to be obdurate. Having antiquarian follies enough of my own, I cannot participate of Whittington and his Cat.

"You may believe, madam, that I cannot have heard any news, having seen no soul but my maid Mary. A million of thanks for all your goodness to me; I do not deserve it, and I would blush at it, if that was not too common a sacrifice with me to merit being laid on your altar.

NOBLE JEFFERY,*

A POEM IN THE PRIMITIVE STYLE,
HUMBLY INSCRIBED.

TO

THE MOST HONOURABLE LADY ANNE
COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY,
BY THOMAS TRUEMAN, GENT.

Jeffery was a noble wight,
 I will tell you all his story ;
 It may chance to please you much,
 If it happens not to bore ye.
 He was not extremely rich,
 Tho' his birth was very great ;
 Yet he did for nothing want,
 When he got a good estate.
 Of good manners he the pink was,
 And so humble with the great,
 That he always stood uncover'd,
 But when he put on his hat.
 To his servants he was gentle,
 After his good father's fashion,
 And was never known to scold,
 But when he was in a passion.
 Bacchus was our hero's idol ;
 And, my lady, would you think it ?
 He, to shew his taste in wine,
 Thought the best way was to drink it.
 Galen's sons he seldom dealt with,
 Having neither gout nor phthisic,
 Nor evacuations used,
 But when he had taken physic.
 More for pastime than for lucre
 Cards and dice would Jeffery use ;
 Nor at either was unlucky,
 Unless it was his chance to lose.
 A beautiful and virtuous lady
 Crown'd the bliss of Jeffery's life ;
 And when he became her spouse,
 She also became his wife.
 Five short years with her he passed :
 Had it been as much again,
 As she brought him children five,
 Perhaps she might have brought him ten.
 Jeffery was extremely comely,
 Made exactly to a T ;
 And no doubt had had no equal,
 Had there been no men but he.

* There is no date to this poem; it may probably have been written in imitation of Goldsmith's *Madam Blaize*, or in contempt of him, for whom he elsewhere expresses such an unjust feeling.—Ed.

Great and various were his talents ;
He could speak and could compose ;
And in verse had often written,
But that he always wrote in prose.
In music few excelled our Jeffery ;
No man had a lighter finger,
And if he had but had a voice,
He would have made a charming singer.
In optics Jeffery had great knowledge,
And could prove as clear as light,
That all diseases of the eyes
Are very hurtful to the sight.
Jeffery's nurse had told his fortune ;
And it happen'd, as said she,
That he would expire at land,
If he did not die at sea.
At land he died the very day
On which deceas'd his loving wife ;
And more I know, the day he died
Was the last day of all his life.

JEFFERY'S EPITAPH.

Here Jeffery lies, who all the dead survived,
And ne'er had died, if he had never lived.

THE OPERA.

No further record of Her Majesty's Theatre need be given for the past month, than the statement that it is at a height of popularity and success, which at no era has been surpassed. Even last year, the continental fame of Jenny Lind, was regarded by some as in some measure causing the extraordinary sensation she created: but this season she has rested on her merit alone, and yet, if possible, the enthusiasm about her is now greater than ever. Every performance is an ovation, every new attempt a wonder. Her singing has indeed become the "*Regum decus atque voluptas*," ay! and the delight of the people too, for not alone monarchs and princes, but almost all classes crowd the arena of the Opera, making it frequently, also, a reunion for the ebullition of that loyalty of the heart, which, thank God! in this age of revolt and revolution, still animates every right mind in England. To therefore now enter into the merits or marvels of Jenny Lind, would be indeed "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet," or, "with taper-light, to seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish." Like our own Shakespeare's, Jenny Lind's is a talent to witness and enjoy, a talent beyond laudation.

Much to the credit of Signora Tadolini, she has been able, notwithstanding this immense Jenny Lind excitement, to make her performances more than commonly attractive. Her latest impersonation was that of the heroine in *Don Pasquale*, the Don himself being as usual played (for who else could play it?) by Lablache, in this character truly inimitable. Signora Tadolini surprised the public by her interpretation of the music of the part. Her beautiful argentine tones, her remarkable agility and peculiar style of embellishment, told with the utmost effect. She elicited rapturous encores in her two *bravuras*, and finished triumphantly with one of her ordinary *tours de force* of vocalization. That Tadolini, and that the ballet of "*Les Quatre Saisons*," with Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Rosati, should continue to enchant, even amid an all-dominant enchantment, only proves that one perfection can never be entirely absorbed by another. Real excellence, as it does not envy, so it does not exclude sister excellence also.

LITERATURE.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS ELUCIDATED: INCLUDING A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ISAAC BARRÉ, M.P. BY JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A., Author of the "Cathedral and the Architectural Antiquities;" "A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages," &c. J. R. Smith, Old Compton Street, 1848.

THIS is another of the many, many essays that have been written on the subject of the Authorship of Junius; it goes to prove that Colonel Barré was the writer of them, and it grounds its supposition on energetic and elaborate argument. The train of reasoning, however, can be only understood by reference to the book itself, and therefore we will not touch upon it. The work, beside its main question, contains a mass of interesting matter. The author thus speaks in his preface of his arduous undertaking:—

"When I resolved to publish a new and distinct Essay, to elucidate the authorship of Junius's Letters, little did I anticipate the extent of labour and time which would be requisite to accomplish the task I had undertaken. Since I was first apprised of the source whence they were believed by my informant to derive their origin, more than half a century has elapsed; and though I have since read many treatises, and heard various opinions respecting their authorship, I cannot find, in any of the parties hitherto named, the qualifications and traits of character peculiar to Junius: those characteristics are, however, combined in a pre-eminent degree in three eminent politicians who, for many successive years, spent their summer months at Bowood, in Wiltshire. At different times and in different publications, I have incidentally alluded to the place and parties; but I have forborne to name the author or to specify particulars, until I had an opportunity of investigating the case in all its bearings and relations. For the last twelve months I have sought by extensive reading, inquiry, and correspondence, to obtain authentic, satisfactory evidence; and the result is, that the materials which I have accumulated, whilst they serve to elucidate the political and private character and talents of the anonymous AUTHOR of the LETTERS—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BARRÉ—also point out and implicate his intimate associates, LORD SHELburne and MR. DUNNING. There are likewise some extraordinary revelations respecting WILLIAM GREATBRAKES, whose career in life, and the circumstances attending his death, with the disposal of his property, abound in mystery, and are pregnant with suspicion. The story of this gentleman is a romance of real life, and, like that of the concealed Author, is enveloped in a cloak of ambiguity and darkness; yet it is confidently believed that he was the Amanuensis to Colonel Barré, and also his confidential agent and messenger. To identify these persons and explain their connection with the public correspondence referred to—to bring out facts of dates and deeds from the dark and intricate recesses in which they were studiously and

cunningly concealed—to reconcile and account for contradictions and inconsistencies, have occasioned more anxiety, toil, and scrupulous analysis, than can possibly be imagined by any person who has never attempted a similar task. The issue and effects, however, are now submitted to that public tribunal, which invariably awards a proper and just decision, and which I feel assured will ultimately pronounce an impartial verdict, whether favourable or adverse to the author's hopes and opinions."

The account of Colonel Barré himself has, of course, peculiar interest :—

"We must now direct attention to LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ISAAC BARRE, who was born at Dublin in 1726, was a student in the University of that city, and afterwards placed in one of the London Inns of Court to study the law. He subsequently entered the army, and experienced much hard service in America. Becoming a political associate of Lord Shelburne, he was placed in Parliament by the latter, and with extraordinary boldness commenced his legislative career by a fierce attack upon Mr. Pitt. Through the influence of General Wolfe he obtained promotion in the Army, whilst from his political patron he obtained some lucrative offices under Government; but was deprived of nearly the whole by the King and the Duke of Bedford, in consequence of his vote in favour of Wilkes. He was on terms of friendship with those whom the pen of Junius spared, and opposed to those whom it castigated. He took an active share in the debates in Parliament, whilst the '*Letters of Junius*' were in course of publication; espousing the same views as those enforced by the anonymous satirist. He continued to be an intrepid and eloquent debater throughout the American War, being in fact the chief and most formidable antagonist of Lord North, under whose ministry that contest was so long maintained. He ultimately retired from political life under the infliction of total blindness,—the consequence of a wound at the battle of Quebec, and died in Stanhope Street, London, in the year 1802. The peculiar character of Colonel Barré's eloquence and personal temperament, especially indicate him as qualified to produce the *Letters of Junius*, and his situation and political connections strongly corroborate the inference. This will be made apparent in the ensuing narrative, in which I am enabled to develop and explain many events in his life, and many facts and incidents tending to shew his natural disposition to mystify his own actions, and to castigate those who opposed, or in any way injured him."

One curious circumstance relative to Junius, is thus narrated :—

"It was about the same time that my attention was directed to a tombstone in Hungerford Churchyard, to the memory of WILLIAM GREATRAKES, which I well remember seeing, and which bore the following inscription :—

'HERE ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF WILLIAM GREATRAKES, ESQ., A NATIVE OF IRELAND; WHO, ON HIS WAY FROM BRISTOL TO LONDON, DIED IN THIS TOWN, IN THE 52ND YEAR OF HIS AGE, ON THE 2ND DAY OF AUGUST, 1781.

Stat Nominis Umbra.'

"The motto of Junius, thus remarkably affixed to the epitaph of a comparatively obscure individual, was certainly calculated to excite curiosity; but there were other circumstances attending the death of Greatrakes at the Bear Inn, Hungerford, which tended greatly to encourage the opinion that he was intimately concerned in the *Letters of Junius*. These circumstances have been

occasionally noticed by writers on Junius, but never with the attention they deserve. Without anticipating the facts and arguments which will be hereafter adduced respecting William Greatrakes, it will be sufficient, in this place, to observe that he was personally connected with both Colonel Barré and Lord Shelburne, and that the persevering inquiries which I have lately made respecting him, have convinced me that he was the amanuensis employed by Junius to copy his Letters for the Public Advertiser."

The following is a brilliant specimen of Colonel Barré's powers of eloquence:—

"The name of Colonel Barré has been so little noticed in connexion with Junius, that it may be desirable in the first place, to secure the attention of the reader by testimonies of his mental powers, and consequent qualifications to write the memorable letters in question. He is best known as an able and sarcastic debater in Parliament, where he first appeared in 1761; but few persons are aware of the extent of his accomplishments even as an orator. Two short extracts from his speeches may therefore be usefully quoted as evidence of his qualifications.

"In 1765 the American Stamp Act was introduced into Parliament by Mr. Grenville; and Mr. Charles Townshend concluded an able speech in its support by exclaiming, 'And now will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence until they are grown to a degree of strength and opulence; and protected by our arms; will they grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the heavy weight of that burthen which we lie under?' Colonel Barré, in reply to this, took up the words of Townshend in a most spirited and inimitable manner. '*They* planted by *your* care! No, your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe, the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say, the most formidable of any people upon the face of God's earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their own country from the hands of those that should have been their friends. *They* nourished by *your* indulgence! They grew by your neglect of them. As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them; men whose behaviour on many occasions has caused the blood of these Sons of Liberty to recoil within them;—men promoted to the highest seats of justice; some who to my knowledge were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a Court of Justice in their own. *They* protected by *your* arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence; have exerted a valour amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country, whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And believe me,—remember I this day told you so,—the same spirit of freedom which actuated that people at first will accompany them still,—but prudence forbids me to explain myself further. God knows I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat; what I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me in general knowledge and experience the respectable body of this house may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has; but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate. I will say no more.' This speech, which is reported in Gordon's *History of the American Revolution* (vol. i. p. 160), is described as having been very effective in the house: and the Americans who favoured the claims of

the colonists afterwards assumed the title which Barré had applied to them, of 'Sons of Liberty.' "

This book is altogether a most valuable and able production. Those even whom it may not convince, must allow the author the credit of a mighty effort to remove the shade that hangs over so great a name.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS ; AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

By the Author of "Rienzi," "The Last of the Barons," &c. 3 vols.
Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

THIS romance by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is a beautiful combination of history and fiction. The characters, the events, the customs and the manners of the momentous period described are brought out by a masterly hand : they appear as they no doubt were. The imaginative portion of the story adds delicacy, grace, and interest to the rest. Of course we need not detail the plot, for it consists mainly of the conquest of England and the loves of Harold and Edith, subjects known indeed, yet having here much novelty still. Sir Edward somewhat varies the accepted account of the amour of the Saxon King with Edith the Fair, and he thus alludes to so doing :—

"The love story of Harold and Edith is told differently from the well-known legend, which implies a less pure connexion. But the whole legend respecting the *Edeya faira* (Edith the fair) whose name meets us in the Doomsday Roll, rests upon very slight authority considering its popular acceptance ; and the reasons for my alterations will be sufficiently obvious in a work intended not only for general perusal, but which, on many accounts, I hope, may be intrusted fearlessly to the young."

From the historical comments throughout the work, we extract the following spirited mention of the Danes, once rulers of England :—

"A magnificent race of men were those war-sons of the North, whom our popular histories, so superficial in their accounts of this age, include in the common name of the 'Danes.' They replunged the nations over which they swept into barbarism ; but from the barbarism they reproduced the noblest elements of civilization. Swede, Norwegian, and Dane, differing in some minor points, when closely examined had yet one common character viewed at a distance. They had the same prodigious energy, the same passion for freedom, individual and civil, the same splendid errors in the thirst for fame and the 'point of honour ;' and above all, as a main cause of civilization, they were wonderfully pliant and malleable in their admixtures with the peoples they overran. This is their true distinction from the stubborn Celt, who refuses to mingle, and disdains to improve.

'Franks li Archeveske li Dus Rou baptiza.'

"Franks, the archbishop, baptized Rolf-ganger ; and within a little more than a century afterwards, the descendants of those terrible heathens, who had spared neither priest nor altar, were the most redoubtable defenders of the Christian Church ! their old language forgotten, (save by a few in the town of Bayeux,) their ancestral names, (save among a few of the noblest) changed into French titles, and little else but the indomitable valour of the Scandinavian remained unaltered among the arts and manners of the Frankish-Norman.

"In like manner their kindred tribes, who had poured into Saxon England to ravage and lay desolate, had no sooner obtained from Alfred the Great permanent homes, than they became perhaps the most powerful, and in a short time, not the least patriotic part of the Anglo-Saxon population."

The death of Edward the Confessor is, perhaps, one of the very best portions of the tale.

"It was the eve of the 5th of January—the eve of the day announced to King Edward as that of his deliverance from earth; and whether or not the prediction had wrought its own fulfilment on the fragile frame and susceptible nerves of the King, the last of the line of Cerdic was fast passing into the solemn shades of eternity.

"Without the walls of the palace, through the whole city of London, the excitement was indescribable. All the river before the palace was crowded with boats; all the broad space on the Isle of Thorney itself thronged with anxious groups. But a few days before, the new-built Abbey had been solemnly consecrated; with the completion of that holy edifice, Edward's life itself seemed done. Like the kings of Egypt, he had built his tomb.

"Within the palace, if possible, still greater was the agitation, more dread the suspense. Lobbies, halls, corridors, stairs, ante-rooms, were filled with churchmen and thegns. Nor was it alone for news of the King's state that their brows were so knit, that their breath came and went so short. It is not when a great chief is dying that men compose their minds to deplore a loss. That comes long after, when the worm is at its work, and comparison between the dead and the living oft rights the one to wrong the other. But while the breath is struggling, and the eye glazing, life, busy in the bystanders, murmurs, 'Who shall be the heir?' And, in this instance, never had suspense been so keenly wrought up into hope and terror. For the news of Duke William's designs had now spread far and near; and awful was the doubt, whether the abhorred Norman should receive his sole sanction to so arrogant a claim from the parting assent of Edward. Although, as we have seen, the crown was not absolutely within the bequests of a dying king, but at the will of the Witan, still, in circumstances so unparalleled, the utter failure of all natural heirs, save a boy feeble in mind as body, and half foreign by birth and rearing; the love borne by Edward to the Church; and the sentiments, half of pity half of reverence, with which he was regarded throughout the land;—his dying word would go far to influence the council and select the successor. Some whispering to each other, with pale lips, all the dire predictions then current in men's mouths and breasts; some in moody silence; all lifted eager eyes, as, from time to time, a gloomy Benedictine passed in the direction to or fro the king's chamber.

"In that chamber, traversing the past of eight centuries, enter we with noiseless feet—a room known to us in many a later scene and legend of England's troubled history, as 'THE PAINTED CHAMBER,' long called 'THE CONFESSOR'S.' At the farthest end of that long and lofty space, raised upon a regal platform, and roofed with regal canopy, was the bed of death.

"At the foot stood Harold; on one side knelt Edith, the King's lady; at the other Alred; while Stigand stood near—the holy rood in his hand—and the abbot of the new monastery of Westminster by Stigand's side; and all the greatest thegns, including Morcar and Edwin, Gurth and Leofwine; all the more illustrious prelates and abbots stood also on the dais.

"In the lower end of the hall, the King's physician was warming a cordial over the brazier, and some of the subordinate officers of the household were standing in the niches of the deep set windows; and they—not great enow for emotion save that of human love for their kindly lord—they wept.

"The King, who had already undergone the last holy offices of the Church, was lying quite quiet, his eyes half closed, breathing low but regularly. He had

been speechless the two preceding days ; on this he had uttered a few words, which shewed returning consciousness. His hand, reclined on the coverlid, was clasped in his wife's, who was praying fervently. Something in the touch of her hand, or the sound of her murmur, stirred the King from the growing lethargy, and his eyes opening, fixed on the kneeling lady.

"Ah !" said he faintly, 'ever good, ever meek ! Think not I did not love thee ; hearts will be read yonder ; we shall have our guerdon.'

"The lady looked up through her streaming tears. Edward released his hand, and laid it on her head as in benediction. Then motioning to the abbot of Westminster, he drew from his finger the ring which the palmers had brought to him, and murmured scarce audibly—

"Be this kept in the House of St. Peter in memory of me.'

"He is alive now to us—speak'—whispered more than one thegn, one abbot, to Alred and to Stigand. And Stigand, as the harder and more worldly man of the two, moved up, and bending over the pillow, between Alred and the King, said—

"O royal son, about to win the crown to which that of earth is but an idiot's wreath of withered leaves, not yet may thy soul forsake us. Whom commendest thou to us as shepherd to thy bereaven flock ? whom shall we admonish to tread in those traces thy footsteps leave below ?'

"The King made a slight gesture of impatience ; and the Queen, forgetful of all but her womanly sorrow, raised her eye and finger in reproof that the dying was thus disturbed. But the stake was too weighty, the suspense too keen, for that reverent delicacy in those around ; and the thegns pressed on each other, and a murmur rose, which murmured the name of Harold.

"Bethink thee, my son,' said Alred, in a tender voice, tremulous with emotion ; 'the young Atheling is too much an infant yet for these anxious times.'

"Edward signed his head in assent.

"Then,' said the Norman bishop of London, who till that moment had stood in the rear, almost forgotten among the crowd of Saxon prelates, but who himself had been all eyes and ears. 'Then,' said Bishop William, advancing, 'if thine own royal line so fail, who so near to thy love, who so worthy to succeed as William thy cousin, the Count of the Normans ?'

"Dark was the scowl on the brow of every thegn, and a muttered 'No, no : never the Norman !' was heard distinctly. Harold's face flushed, and his hand was on the hilt of his athegar. But no other sign gave he of his interest in the question.

"The King lay for some moments silent, but evidently striving to re-collect his thoughts. Meanwhile the two arch-prelates bent over him—Stigand eagerly, Alred fondly.

"Then raising himself on one arm, while with the other he pointed to Harold at the foot of the bed, the King said—

"Your hearts, I see, are with Harold the Earl : so be it, *je l'octroi*.'

"At those words he fell back on his pillow ; a loud shriek burst from his wife's lips ; all crowded around ; he lay as the dead."

He, however, recovered for a short space, and—

"There sate the King upright on the bed, his face seen above the kneeling prelates, and his eyes bright and shining down the Hall.

"Yea,' he said deliberately, 'yea, as this shall be a real vision or a false illusion, grant me, Almighty One, the power of speech to tell it.'

"He paused a moment, and thus resumed :—

"It was on the banks of the frozen Seine, this day thirty-and-one winters ago, that two holy monks, to whom the gift of prophecy was vouchsafed, told me of direful woes that should fall on England ; 'For God,' said they, 'after thy death, has delivered England into the hand of the enemy, and fiends shall wander over the land.' Then I asked in my sorrow, 'Can nought avert the doom ? and may not my people free themselves by repentance, like the Nine-

vites of old?' And the Prophets answered, 'Nay, nor shall the calamity cease, and the curse be completed, till a green tree be sundered in twain, and the part cut off be carried away; yet move, of itself, to the ancient trunk, unite to the stem, bud out with the blossom, and stretch forth its fruit.' So said the monks, and even now, ere I spoke, I saw them again, there, standing mute, and, with the paleness of dead men, by the side of my bed!'

"These words were said so calmly, and as it were so rationally, that their import became doubly awful from the cold precision of the tone, A shudder passed through the assembly, and each man shrunk from the King's eye, which seemed to each man to dwell on himself. Suddenly that eye altered in its cold beam; suddenly the voice changed its deliberate accent; the grey hairs seemed to bristle erect, the whole face to work with horror; the arms stretched forth, the form writhed on the couch, distorted fragments from the older Testament rushed from the lips: '*Sanguelac! Sanguelac!*—the Lake of Blood,' shrieked forth the dying King, 'the Lord hath bent his bow, the Lord hath bared his sword. He comes down as a warrior to war, and his wrath is in the steel and the flame. He boweth the mountains and comes down, and darkness is under his feet!'

"As if revived but for these tremendous denunciations, as the last word left his lips the frame collapsed, the eyes set, and the King fell a corpse in the arms of Harold."

This fine Romance entwines another and not the least verdant laurel in Sir Edward's wreath of fame.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

- Ansell, Benjamin, Esq., of Montreal, 9th May.
- Astle. On the 26th May, suddenly, of paralysis, at his residence, Bloomsbury, Monkstown, near Dublin, John Astle, Esq., in his 54th year, only son of the late William Astle, Esq., St. John-street-road, Clerkenwell.
- Atty, Mary Ellen, and George Robert, children of James Atty, Esq., 5th and 13th June.
- Aufriere, the Rev. Philip Du Val, rector of Scaring and Bawdeswell, Norfolk, 4th June, aged 73
- Bacon, Louisa Eleanor, youngest dau. of Thomas Bacon, Esq., of Redlands, Berks, 7th June.
- Balchin, Sarah, wife of Richard Balehin, Esq., 5th June, aged 72.
- Baldwin. On the 6th June, at his chambers in the Temple, Robert Baldwin, Esq., barrister-at-law. This gentleman was the son of Mr. Baldwin, of Pater-noster-row, and nephew of Mr. Charles Baldwin, of the *Standard* newspaper. Mr. Robert Baldwin, having adopted the profession of the law, practised for some time as a special pleader, and was called to the bar the 20th Nov., 1840, by the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, where he attached himself to the Home Circuit. Mr. Baldwin was latterly getting into business, and was much esteemed. His agreeable, unob-trusive, and amiable manners rendered him a general favorite. The learned gentleman died almost suddenly, of an affection of the heart, in his 39th year.
- Barnett, Thomas, Esq., of West House, Warnham, Sussex, 9th June, aged 66.
- Barton, Harry Fitzgerald, second son of Nathaniel Barton, Esq., 17th May, aged 22.
- Bedwell, Philip, Esq., of Clapham Com-mon, 2nd June, aged 81.
- Bellinger, Miss Mary Anne, 3rd June, at Brighton.
- Benham, William, second son of E. Benham, Esq., of Great Coram-street, 24th May, aged 24.
- Berry, John, Esq., late of Jamaica, at Liverpool, 6th June, aged 79.
- Bird. On the 1st June, at Islington, Lieutenant John Bird, I.N., aged 36, third son of the late Thomas Bird, Esq., of Kentish-town, deeply regretted by all who knew him.
- Bishop. On the 29th May, at No. 7, Newton-road, Bayswater, in the 20th year of her age, Teresa Ann, eldest daughter of James Chapman Bishop, Esq.
- Bittlestone, John William, Esq., of the Middle Temple, 30th May, aged 27.
- Blackwall, Mr. John, of Cottage Road, Pimlico, 10th June.
- Blakeney, Sarah, of Suffolk-square, Chel-tenham, 9th June.
- Bonham, Margaret, relict of John Bonham, Esq., of Ballintaggart, Kildare, 26th May, aged 82.
- Bowley, Mrs. Elizabeth, of Kennington, 24th May, aged 64.
- Bradshaw, Grigell Maria, third daughter of the late Thomas Bradshaw, Esq., of Milecross Lodge, co. Down, 10th June.
- Brittain. On the 31st May, at sea, on board the Countess of Lonsdale steamer, of acute rheumatic fever, Mr. F. W. Brittain, the youngest son of Captain John Brittain, R.N., aged 35, leaving a wife and four children.
- Browne, Mary Anne, wife of Captain Browne, 66th Bengal N.I., at sea, 10th Feb., aged 27.
- Brunt, Mrs., 29th May, at Plough Bridge, Rotherhithe, aged 84.
- Bryant, Edwin, Esq., 9th June, at Har-leston, Norfolk, aged 48.
- Burges. On the 12th June, at his resi-dence, Thenwood-cottage, Norwood, of a lingering illness, Richard Burges,

Esq., late of the 53rd Regiment, second son of the late John Henry Burges, Esq., of Parkanour, county of Tyrone, and nephew of the late Sir William Johnston, Bart.

Burghersh. George Augustus Frederiek John Lord Burghersh was eldest son of the present Earl of Westmoreland, and grand nephew, through his mother, of the Duke of Wellington. His Lordship had not quite completed his 29th year. By his decease, his next brother, Ernest Fitzroy Neville, an officer in the Rifle Brigade, becomes heir apparent of the family honours.

Burgoyne. On the 3rd June, at his residence, Plumstead, Captain Frederiek William Burgoyne, R.N. This gallant officer, who died at his residence, Plumstead, obtained his commission as Lieutenant, 7th March, 1797, was made Commander 22nd October, 1810, and became Post-Captain 20th September, 1815. He was second son of General Sir John Burgoyne, seventh Baronet, of Sutton Park, Bedfordshire, by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of General Johnstone, of Overston, and grandson of Sir Roger Burgoyne, Bart., M.P., by the Lady Frances Montague, his wife, daughter of George Earl of Halifax. The last-named Sir Roger was first cousin of the celebrated General Burgoyne, who commanded the British army in America in 1777, and gained, subsequently, no slight reputation as a dramatic author. According to ancient records, the family of Burgoyne was settled in Cambridgeshire and Bedfordshire at a very early period. There is an old tradition that they held Sutton and Potton under a rhyming grant from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster:—

“I, John of Gaunt,
Do give and do graunt
To Johnny Burgoyne,
And the heirs of his loyn,
Sutton and Potton,
Until the world's rotten.”

Captain Burgoyne, whose death we record, married Miss Wallis, and had issue. His eldest daughter is the wife of Michael Maxwell, Esq., son of Sir John Maxwell, Bart.

Burmister. On the 29th April, at Malta, aged 31, Arnold John Burmister, Esq., M.D., only son of J. J. Burmister, Esq., of Camden-town.

Burton, Clerke, Esq., Registrar of the Supreme Court, Cape of Good Hope, third son of the late Edmund Burton, Esq., of Daventry, 9th April.

Butler, Eliza, wife of Thomas Butler, Esq., 9th June, at Witham, Essex, aged 70.
Byam, Anna Maria S., of Antigua, 2nd June, at Leamington.

Candler. On the 1st June, in his 17th year, Thomas Wagstaffe, third son of Mr. Thomas Wagstaffe Candler, of Billiter-street, City, and Montague-place, Islington.

Capes, George, Esq., at Enfield, Middlesex, 26th May, aged 62.

Carruthers. On the 17th June, at his residence, Stepney, aged 65, deeply lamented by his family and friends, George Edwards Carruthers, Esq. This gentleman, of high medical standing, was Surgeon to the Queen's Own Light Infantry Militia, and was for many years a much respected inhabitant of Stepney. Mr. Carruthers was twice married, and leaves, by his first marriage, four daughters, his co-heirs. His second wife, who survives him, is the youngest daughter of that late distinguished baronet, Sir David William Smith, of Alnwick, in Northumberland. Mr. Carruthers was related to the French Marshal, James Bernard Law, Marquis of Lauriston.

Carviak, Thomas, Esq., of Moat Mount, Middlesex, and Wyke, co. York. The decease of Mr. Carviak occurred at Worthing, on the 30th May. He was born the 7th November, 1786, the eldest son of John Carviak, Esq., by Mary, his wife, fourth daughter of John Johnson, Esq., of Middlesex; and succeeded, in right of his wife, Marianne Barbarina, only daughter of Thomas Mayer, Esq., of York, to the estate of Wyke. He was a Justice of the Peace for the counties of York, Hertford, and Middlesex, and Deputy-Lieutenant for the last. He has left one surviving son, Thomas Mayer, an officer in the army, and three daughters, of whom the eldest, Georgianna-Marianne-Catherine, is wife of Richard Mayne, Esq., the Police Commissioner.

Carter. On the 14th May, in Manchester, at the residence of her brother, John Carter, Esq., Anne Carter, youngest daughter of John Carter, Esq., M.D., surgeon, half-pay of the 60th Regiment, in the 27th year of her age.

Catlett, William Todkill, Esq., J.P. for Grantham, father of Dr. Catlett, of Leadenhall-street, 11th May, aged 80.

Cawston, Louisa, daughter of the late A. Cawston, Esq., of Shimpling Hall, Suffolk, 25th May.

Chambers, Anne, wife of Ennis Chambers, Esq., 9th June, aged 47.

Chambers. On the 24th April, at Bellary, East Indies, Major Philip Chambers, 1st Madras Fusiliers, youngest son of the late Sir Samuel Chambers, of Bredgar, Kent, aged 43.

Chapeau. On the 22nd May, in St. Anne's-street, Salisbury, Louisa Haydon Chicheley, relict of William P. Chapeau, Esq., and daughter of the late Rev. John Chapeau, Chaplain to His late Majesty George III.

Chippendale, Jane, wife of John Chippendale, Esq., at Sloane-street, 8th June.

Church, Robert Henry, Esq., late of Granada, 1st June, at Falmonth.

Clayton, William Capel, Esq., late of the Coldstream Guards, 9th June, aged 30. This gentleman was eldest son and heir apparent of Sir William Robert Clayton, Bart., of Maiden Park. He was married to Georgiana, daughter of C. Wood, Esq.

Colville, Helen, youngest daughter of William Colville, Esq., 20th May, at North Bank, aged 21.

Compton, Martha, daughter of the late William Compton, Esq., of Camberwell, 25th May.

Conway, Sarah, wife of Thomas Conway, Esq., of Tulse Hill, 2nd June.

Coope, Maria, eldest daughter of the late John Coope, Esq., of Great Cumberland-place, 22nd May, at Bath.

Corseillis, Louisa, relict of Matthew Corseillis, Esq., of Sayer Marney Tower, Essex, 15th May.

Coventry, Brevet-Major Andrew, Madras N.I., 25th March.

Cork, Bishop of. This venerable prelate, the Right Rev. Samuel Kyle, D.D., was the son of Samuel Kyle, Esq., of Dunginen Castle, in the county of Londonderry, whose family came from Scotland in the settlement of Ulster by James I. He was born in 1770, and was scholar, fellow, and, for ten years, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. He was, in 1831, consecrated Bishop of Cork and Ross, to which the diocese of Cloyne was added, in 1835, under the provisions of the Irish Church Temporalities Act. Dr. Kyle married, in 1801, the eldest daughter of William Duke Moore, Esq., of Dublin. The right rev. prelate died on the 18th June, at his residence, Merrion-square, Dublin, in the 79th year of his age.

Critchell, Fanny, wife of Capt. Critchell, R.N., youngest daughter of the late

James Croft, Esq., and sister of Archer J. Croft, Esq., of Greenham Lodge, Berks, 7th June.

Cummins. On 30th May, at Brixton, aged 23, Ann Francis, wife of R. S. Cummins, Esq., and eldest daughter of the late Charles Cook, Esq., of Montpelier, South Lambeth.

Curling, Elizabeth, relict of Daniel Curling, Esq., Secretary of the Customs, 17th May.

Daintry, John Smith, Esq., of North Rode, co. Chester, 24th May, aged 82.

Daniel, Thomas Henry, Esq., of Great Tower Street, Old Kent Road, 11th June, aged 83.

Dauncey, John, Esq., at Winslow, Bucks, aged 46.

Davenport, Joseph Tongue, Esq., second son of the late Rev. E. S. Davenport, of Davenport-house, Salop, at Worfield, 23rd May, aged 34.

Davies, John, Esq., of Vronheuloq, co. Merioneth, 12th June, aged 67.

De Veuille, Sir John. This gentleman, who held for many years the office of Bailiff, or Chief Magistrate of Jersey, died on the 1st June, aged 49. The only son of the late John De Veuille, Esq., by his wife, the daughter of Nicholas Messervey, Esq., of Desaugrés Manor, he was admitted an advocate of the Royal Court of Jersey in 1819; elected Jurat in 1827; and appointed Chief Magistrate in 1831, when he received the honour of knighthood. Sir John was married to his cousin Miss Tindal, of Aylesbury, niece of the late Chief Justice Tindal.

Dick, Catherine, wife of Capt. Thomas Dick, R.N., 27th May, aged 58.

Dow, William Alex., Esq., of the Temple, 24th May, aged 42.

Drake, Mary Anne, youngest dau. of John Drake, Esq., 26th May, at Avenue Road, Regent's Park.

Dundas, Major-General Sir James Fullerton, Bart., of Richmond, in Surrey, and Llanely, in Carmarthenshire, descended from an ancient Scottish family, that of Dundas, of Manour, in the county of Clackmannan. His father, Sir David Dundas, was one of the medical attendants of George III., and was created a Baronet in 1815. Sir David Dundas was third son of Ralph Dundas, of Manour, and grandson of Ralph Dundas, of Manour, by Helen, his wife, sister of Bishop Burnett. The Manour family was a scion of the great northern house of Dundas of that ilk. Sir David married Isabella, daughter of William

- Robertson, Esq., of Richmond, by whom he had three sons and a daughter. The eldest of these (William) was his successor; and he was succeeded by the next brother (Sir James Fullerton) the subject of this notice, who inherited the title the 13th November, 1840. Sir James was for many years an officer in the East India Company's Service, and was a Major-General of the Bengal Artillery. Sir James, who never married, died at his seat, near Richmond, on the 16th inst., in the 63rd year of his age. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only surviving brother, now Sir John Burnett Dundas, a Captain R.N., who married, the 30th December, 1828, Caroline, third dau. of the Rev. John Jefferys, rector of Barnet, in Surrey.
- Ebers, Ann, sister of Mr. Ebers, Old Bond Street, 5th June.
- Elkins, Mrs., widow of the late W. Elkins, Esq., of Guildford, 28th May, aged 75.
- Elliott, Eliza, wife of Vice-Admiral the Hon. George Elliott, 23rd May.
- England, Mrs., of Bath, 25th May, aged 86.
- Evans, Frances, widow of John Evans, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, 4th June, aged 49.
- Ferris, Rev. Thomas, vicar of Dallington, in Sussex, last surviving son of the late Dean of Battle, at Leeds, 25th May, aged 66.
- Ffarington, James Nowell, Esq., 6th June, at Worden, co. Lancaster, aged 35. Mr. Ffarington was the representative of one of the oldest families in England, and the possessor of an extensive estate in Lancashire, of which county he acted as a magistrate and deputy lieutenant. He has died at an early age, and unmarried, leaving his sisters his coheirs. The family from which he descended—the Ffaringtons of Ffarington, Worden, and Shawe Hall—arose at the time of the Conquest. They resided at Ffarington so recently as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and continued subsequently at Worden. Of the old mansion there a portion still remains, and the ancient outbuildings are remarkable for retaining, in fine preservation, the family arms carved on the ends of their projecting beams of oak. Sir Henry Anthony Ffarington, Bart., of Blackheath, represents a younger branch of the Worden family.
- Fixsen, Mary Ann, daughter of the late Mr. William Hobday Bellenger, of Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and niece of J. F. Fixsen, Esq., of the Paragon, Blackheath, on the 3rd June.
- Fonnereau, Miss Isabella, of St. John's Wood, 23rd May, aged 83.
- Forbes, Charles, Esq., nephew of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., a partner in the house of Forbes & Co., of Bombay, at Malta, 16th April.
- Ford, Lieut.-Colonel Robert, R.M., 25th May, aged 59.
- Fosherry, Susanna Lyons, youngest dau. of Lieut. Fosherry, R.N., 27th May, aged 18.
- Foss, Captain Thomas Evance, late of the East India Company's Service, 27th May.
- Freeling, Ann, relict of Elias Freeling, Esq., 14th May, at the Fulham Road.
- Fuller, Robert Fitzherbert, youngest son of the Rev. R. F. Fuller, of East Grinstead, 2nd June, aged 16.
- Gambart, Mary, wife of E. Gambart, Esq., at St. John's Wood, 24th May, aged 27.
- Gason, Mary, widow of Major Gason, of 2nd Life Guards, 25th May.
- Gillisson, Eliza, wife of George Gillisson, Esq., 15th June, at Bradston Brook House, near Guildford.
- Giubilei, Madame Theodore, of Her Majesty's and other Theatres, 5th June.
- Goodall, Elizabeth Anne, wife of Charles Goodall, Esq., 15th June, aged 43.
- Gordon, Christian, relict of Alexander Gordon, Esq., 10th June, at Bishopsteignton, Devon, aged 76.
- Gould, Elizabeth, relict of John Gould, Esq., army agent, of Northumberland-street, Strand, 1st June.
- Grant, Sophia, widow of Col. John Grant, 26th May, at Chelsea.
- Gray, Ensign G. R., 3rd regt. (Bufs) 2nd June, aged 20.
- Green, John Harry, Esq., formerly of New Broad-street, 23rd May, aged 49.
- Grey. On Monday, the 29th May, at No. 10, Lowndes-square, after a few days' illness, Captain Charles Conrad Grey, R.N., aged 31, youngest son of the late Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel William Grey.
- Haig, David, Esq., of Lochrin and Glenogil, N. B., 2nd June.
- Hales. On the 25th May, at Clarence-lawn, Dover, aged 85, Barbara de Jonchere, sister of the late Sir Edward

Hales, Bart, of Hales-place, Canterbury.

Hardinge, Fanny, wife of the Rev. Henry Hardinge, rector of Theberton, Suffolk, 15th June.

Harman, Ann, relict of the late Samuel Harman, Esq., of Hadley, Middlesex, 13th June, aged 90.

Hastie. On the 21st April, on board the Haddington steam-ship, on her passage to Suez, James Hastie, Esq., of Calcutta, only surviving brother of Archibald Hastie, Esq., M.P., of Rutland-gate.

Hathorne, Dr. H. P., 3rd Bombay Cavalry, 20th April.

Hawkers, Philip, Esq., 3rd June, aged 68.

Hawkes, Miss, of Bath-place, Peckham, 29th May, aged 81.

Healey, Laura Finney, wife of Charles Frederick Healey, 28th May, at Walford, aged 26.

Heath, Sidney Edward, son of Dr. J. P. Heath, 11th June, aged 26.

Hemming. On the 25th May, at Bristol, in the 16th year of his age, George Henry, the third son of Samuel Hemming, Esq., of Campside, London-derry.

Henderson. On the 28th May, at the house of his brother, Walcot-square, London, Captain Henry Edward Henderson, Commander of the ship *Vigilant*, of the Cape of Good Hope.

Hickelton, John, Esq., of Islington, 6th June, aged 29.

Hiern. On the 28th May, Emma, the beloved wife of Charles Henry Hiern, Esq., of Barnstaple, widow of the late F. M. Van Heythuysen, Esq., and youngest daughter of the late Thomas Woollo-ton, Esq., of Elstree, Herts.

Hiron, Thomas, Esq., of Leamington, surgeon, 8th June, aged 64.

Hotham, Sir William, G.C.B., 21st May, aged 76. This gallant officer died at Windsor. He was the second son of General George Hotham, by Diana, his wife, the youngest daughter of Sir Warton Pennymann, Bart., and grandson of Sir Beaumont Hotham, Bart., whose third son, William, Lord Hotham, achieved a brilliant naval reputation. Emulating the example of his uncle, the subject of our present notice entered the sea service of his country at a very early age, and, after a long course of distinguished conduct, eventually attained its highest honours. At the siege of Bastia, and at the battle of Camperdown, he served with eminent gallantry, and received a medal for his

participation in the latter engagement. He was on the Cape station for three years, and assisted at the destruction of *La Preneuse*, a French frigate. Sir William married, first, Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Jeynes, Knight; and, secondly, in 1835, Jane Seymour, widow of Roger Petteward, Esq.; by the former of whom, who died in 1827, he had a daughter, Anne, wife of Robert Harvey, Esq., of Langley Park. Bucks, and four sons. The eldest, Augustus, is an officer in the army, and the second, Edwin, is Vicar of South Cave, Yorkshire.

Hotham. On Monday, the 5th June, Beaumont, third son of the Hon. Captain Hotham, R.N., and the Lady Susan Hotham, in the 15th year of his age.

Houghton, James Charles, son of Mr. Houghton, surgeon, of Earl-street, Blackfriars-road, 3rd June, aged 22.

Humphrys, Frances, wife of George Humphrys, Esq., of Lemore, near Hereford, and daughter of the late Dr. Henry, of Manchester.

Hyde, Margaret, widow of N. Hyde, Esq., of Ardwick, county of Lancaster, 25th May.

Ingram. On the 2nd June, at the residence of her son-in-law, Francis Webb, Esq., in Doughty-street, London, Mrs. Susanna Ingram, of Codford St. Peter, Wilts, relict of the late Christopher Ingram, Esq..

Jackson. On Friday, the 2nd June, at No. 2, Tichfield-terrace, Regent's-park, aged 36, Lieutenant Cyril Jackson, R.N., sixth son of the late William Ward Jackson, of Northmanby-hall, North Riding, Yorkshire, Esq.

Kinnis. On the 27th of April, on her passage home from Bombay, Charlotte Louisa, wife of John Kinnis, Esq., M.D., Deputy Inspector-General at Bombay, and daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon Wilkins.

Knight, Hester Taylor, wife of the Rev. W. Knight, of Bushel, 26th May.

Lamb, Lady Mary, wife of Sir Charles Lamb, Bart., 12th June.

Lambert, Mrs., at Hyde Park Gate West, 26th May.

Latham, Cecilia, daughter of Charles Latham, of Havre, 6th June, aged 18.

Lauder, Sir Thomas Dick, Bart. Accounts from Scotland announce the death of this respected and accom-

plished Baronet, who had gained some reputation in the literary world. He was the only son of the late Sir Andrew Lauder, 6th Baronet, of Fountain Hall, and represented the families of Lauder, of Lauder Tower and Bass, and Dick of Braid. He was born in 1784, and married in 1808 Charles-Anne, only child and heir of George Cumin, Esq., of Relugas, by whom he has left two sons and six daughters, the elder of the former being the present Sir John Lauder, Bart., of Fountain Hall.

Legge, Hon. Mrs. Heneage, at Hampton Court Palace, 4th June.

Leigh, the Rev. Thomas, rector of St. Magnus the Martyr, city, and of Wickham Bishops, county Essex, 10th June, aged 77.

Lewis, Jane, daughter of Samuel Lewis, Esq., of Highbury-place, 12th June.

Liddon, John, Esq., 7th June, at the Priory, Taunton, aged 63.

Linton, Mary, dau. of the Rev. James Linton, of Hemingford, county Lincoln, 31st May, aged 12.

Lloyd. On the 22nd May, at No. 11, Plumpton-street, Everton, Liverpool, in the 16th year of her age, Emma Margarete, only daughter and last surviving child of Richard Walmsley Lloyd, Esq., formerly of Gwerdas, in the county of Merioneth, and Bashall-hall, in the county of York; and on the 24th May, through excessive grief, Emma, his beloved wife, in her 43rd year.

Loder, Elizabeth, wife of Giles Loder, 7th June, aged 51.

Lucas, Robert, Esq., 15th May, at Lisbon, aged 69.

Mackenzie, Alexander, Esq., of Liverpool Street, 1st June.

Mackintosh, George, Esq., of Campsie and Dunchattan, eldest son of the late Charles Mackintosh, Esq., F.R.S., 9th June.

Maclean, Mrs. E. A., widow of the late Lieut. L. A. Maclean, 67th Regiment Bengal N. I., on the 19th of April last, on her passage to England, on board the Southampton.

Maddock, Ensign William Worthington, of her Majesty's 98th Regiment, only son of John D. Maddock, Esq., of Lis-card Manor, Cheshire, at sea, on the 11th May, on board the Haddington, mail steam-packet, on his return from Calcutta to England on furlough for health, aged 21.

Maitland, Emily Frances, sixth daugh-

ter of Maitland Maitland, Esq., 23rd May.

Marlow, Capt. John, *h. p.* R. Art., 2nd June, aged 64.

Marriott, Alfred Charles, of Worcester, son of Thos. Weatherly Marriott, Esq., of Sinbury, Middlesex, 6th June, aged 26.

Marsh, Jacob, Esq., of Bank Hall, near Burslem, co. Stafford, 31st May, aged 75.

Martin Francis, Esq., F.S.A., Clarenceux King of Arms, 3rd June, aged 82.—The office of Clarenceux King-of-Arms is second only to that of Garter. His province comprehends all England south of the Trent, and his duty consists in the regulation of arms and descents within his district. The name is derived from the Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. Before the institution of the Garter King, Clarenceux was the principal officer of arms, and, in the vacancy of the superior dignity, still exercises its authority. The venerable gentleman, whose death, a few days since, occasions these remarks, was son of Francis Martin, Esq., Secretary of the Bank of England. He entered the College of Arms as Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms, 17th June, 1796, became Windsor Herald, 24th April, 1819, was appointed Norroy King of Arms, 5th February, 1839, and succeeded Mr. Hawker as Clarenceux, 28th April, 1846.

Matthew, Charles Keene, Staff Surgeon, son of Thomas Polk Matthew, Esq., of Paddington, 10th May, at Canada.

Matthias, George, Esq., of Great Portland Street.

Mayow, Jane Elizabeth, wife of Major George Wynell Mayo, of Bray, county Cornwall, and third daughter of the late Bishop of Cork, 8th June.

Miller, Charlotte, wife of Joseph Miller, Esq., C.E., of Poplar, 30th May.

M'Nair, Eleanor, relict of Lieut.-Colonel James M'Nair, K H., of Greenfield, formerly of the 52nd and 73rd Regts., and daughter of the Right Rev. Dr. Stansen, D.D., Bishop of Nova Scotia, 8th June.

Monro, Mrs. Caroline, fifth daughter of the late Sir Mordaunt Martin, Bart., of Burnham, Norfolk, and widow of James Monro, Esq., of Hadley, Middlesex, 30th May, aged 74.

Moncrieffe, Lady Elizabeth, 17th May. Her Ladyship died in Chapel-street. Grosvenor-place, in consequence of severe burns accidentally received a fortnight before. She was the eldest dau.

- of George Ramsay, eighth Earl of Dalhousie, and widow of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, Bart., of Moncrieffe. Her marriage took place 13th April, 1786, and its issue was one son, the late Sir David Moncrieffe, Bart.; and one dau. Georgina, Countess of Bradford. Lady Elizabeth Moncrieffe was, at the period of her decease, in her seventy-ninth year.
- Montgomerie, the Right Hon. Mary, Lady Montgomerie, daughter of Archibald eleventh Earl of Eglintoun, and wife of Sir Charles Lamb, Bart., 12th June.
- Moseley, Mrs. Martha, only daughter of Dr. Moseley, Physician to Chelsea College, 8th June, aged 83.
- Nash. On the 2d of March, at Fort Wellington, British Kaffraria, Cape of Good Hope, aged 22, William Henry Nash, Lieutenant 73d Regiment, and third son of the late Rev. Thomas Nash, of Lancing, Sussex.
- Nason, William Samuel, second son of Edward Nason, Esq. of Nuneaton, co. Warwick, 27th May, aged 22.
- Neville, James, Esq., of Beardwood, co. Lancaster, 5th May, aged 61.
- O'Donnohue, Lydia, relict of the Rev. H. C. O'Donnohue, and only surviving daughter of the late Edward Spencer, Rector of Workfield, 6th June.
- Oliver, Thomas, Esq., of Charing Cross, 13th June.
- Ord, John Charles, Esq., of Cumberland-terrace, Regent's Park, 27th May, aged 38.
- Oxley, Henry, Esq., 15th June, at Tunbridge Wells.
- Park, Mary Anne, only daughter of the late Joseph Park, Esq., of Leghorn and Gibraltar, 4th June, aged 44.
- Parkhouse, Mrs. Sarah, 30th May.
- Parlby. On the 31st May, at Manadon, in her 76th year, Lætitia, the wife of J. A. Parlby, Esq., and daughter of the late Humphry and the Hon. Jane Hall, of Manadon, Devon.
- Parsons, Charlotte, wife of William Parsons, Esq., 26th May, at Milton-on-Thames, aged 54.
- Peirse. Lost, in August last, at the mouth of the Canton River, Captain James Peirse, of the ship Cursetjee Cowasjee; also Augustus Henry Peirse, Esq., first officer of the above-named ship; also, on the 31st May, at St. Omer, Douglas Hamilton Peirse, Esq., aged 25.
- Petit. In his 33rd year, Louis Peter Petit of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, and of Trinity College, Dublin, M.A., third and youngest son of the late Rev. John Hayes Petit.
- Petre, Hon. Edward Robert, son of Lord Petre, 8th June, aged 54.
- Plincke, Augustus, Esq., 1st May, at Bourne, county Lincoln, aged 47.
- Poole, Elizabeth, wife of Captain W. H. Poole, R.A., 25th May.
- Poole, Lucy, relict of the Rev. Henry Poole, of Weymouth, 20th May.
- Powell, Rev. David Thomas, LL.B., 9th June aged 76.
- Powell, Hester, widow of Baden Powell, Esq., 7th June, at Sheldhurst, aged 72.
- Powell, Joseph, Esq., of Dalston, 28th May, aged 76.
- Price. On Thursday, the 15th June, at Epping, Mrs. Price, relict of Dr. John Price, Physician to Her Majesty's Forces.
- Quantook, Sophia, wife of J. M. Quantook, Esq., at Norton House, Somerset, aged 36.
- Quickfall, Mrs. Anne, of Carne, co. Cambridge, 7th June, aged 90.
- Rashleigh, Mary Anne, widow of Jonathan Rashleigh, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn, 18th May, aged 72.
- Ratray. On the 17th May, at Springfield Glen, near Cork, aged 20, Caroline, sixth daughter of the late Charles Ratray, M.D., of Daventry, Northamptonshire.
- Rees, Mrs. Richard, only daughter of Thomas Powell, Esq., of the Tan House, 10th June.
- Ridley, Elizabeth, wife of William Ridley, Esq., 24th May, at Hastings.
- Robertson, Jane, wife of Divie Robertson, Esq., 9th June, at Bedford-sq.
- Robinson, William, Esq., LL.D., Barrister-at Law, of the Middle Temple, J.P. and D.L., 1st, June, aged 72.
- Rogers, Edward, Esq., 13th June, at Toxteth, Liverpool, aged 69.
- Roper, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Thomas Roper, of West Cowes, 30th May.
- Rosser, William Henry, Esq., F.S.A., 27th May, aged 57.
- Rowlandson, Captain Charles, Madras Army, at sea, 29th Feb.
- Russell, Anne, relict of the late, Rev. John Russell, Vicar of Sutton Courtney, 28th May.
- Salmon, Lieut.-Gen. George, R.A., of Park-st., Grosvenor-square, 1st June, aged 85.
- Saunders, Simon, Esq., of George-street,

Euston-square, 10th June, - aged 70.

Scott, Walter, Esq., of Langley, Bucks, 31st May, aged 23.

Sharp, Emma, youngest daughter of the late Cato Sharp, Esq., of Dean-st., Solio, 4th June.

Shirreff, Mrs., 6th June, at Sloane-street, aged 87.

Sophia, Her Royal Highness the Princess.

—Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia was the fifth daughter of King George the Third, the much-mourned Princess Amelia, who died in 1810, having been the youngest. The Princess Sophia was born on the 3d November, 1777. Her Royal Highness was baptized at St. James's Palace, on December 1. His Serene Highness the Prince Augustus of Saxe-Gotha, represented by the Earl of Hertford, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household; her Serene Highness the Duchess of Brunswick, represented by the Countess of Hertford; and her Serene Highness the Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, represented by the Dowager Countess of Effingham. Her Royal Highness, who was never married, led a life of dignified and calm retirement; by all of her august relatives, and indeed by all honoured with her friendship and acquaintance, the Princess was deeply and sincerely esteemed and beloved; and she fully shared in that affection which every right-feeling person in these realms is so ready to bestow on the legal issue of the illustrious House of Brunswick. Her Royal Highness became alarmingly ill on the morning of Saturday, the 27th May, at her residence at Kensington; she gradually grew worse, and expired the same afternoon. Her sole surviving sister, the Duchess of Gloucester, and also the Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess of Cambridge, were with the Princess when she died; the Duchess of Inverness was likewise present. The Duke of Cambridge arrived a few minutes after his sister had breathed her last. This death of one who had been the daughter of a King, the sister of three Kings, and the aunt of a Queen, happened during the celebration of her Majesty's birthday, and its announcement came mournfully over the festivity of the day.

Silvester, John, Esq., of Stoke, near Guildford, 7th June, aged 84.

Slack, Hugh, Esq., of Camberwell, 30th May, aged 95.

Smallpace, John, Esq., for thirty-six years Treasurer of Surrey, 31st May.

Sneyd, Maria, widow of Edward Sneyd, Esq., of Byrkley Lodge, co. Stafford, 25th May, aged 85.

Sneyd. Drowned, on the 20th March last, near Rajmahal, when endeavouring to reach the shore, to procure assistance for his suffering fellow passengers on board the Benares steamer when on fire, Captain Charles Metcalfe Sneyd, of the Bengal Army, aged 27, eldest surviving son of the late Major Ralph Henry Sneyd, of the Bengal Cavalry.

Sorell. On the 4th June, Colonel Wm. Sorell, formerly of the 43d Regiment, and late Lieutenant-Governor of Van Diemen's Land, aged 74.

Stavordale, Lord, 25th May. His lordship, the second and only surviving son of the present Earl of Ilchester, died unmarried, in his thirty-second year. His elder brother, Henry Thomas Leopold, Lord Stavordale, had predeceased him in 1837, at the early age of twenty-one. By the mournful loss of these, his only sons, Lord Ilchester is left without a direct male heir of his body. He has, however, two daughters, Theresa Anne Maria, wife of Edward St. Vincent Digby, Esq.; and Caroline Margaret, married to Edward C. Kerrison, Esq. The present heir presumptive to the family honours is the Hon. William Thomas Horner Fox-Strangways, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Germanic Confederation, half-brother of the Earl. The founder of the noble house of Ilchester, of which that of Holland is a scion, was Sir Stephen Fox, the faithful adherent to King Charles II., during the Prince's exile, and the munificent projector of the great Military Hospital at Chelsea, to which he contributed £13,000. His son Stephen, the first Earl of Ilchester, considerably augmented his patrimony, by marrying Elizabeth, only daughter and heir of Thomas Strangways Horner, Esq., of Mells Park, Somersetshire, whose name of Strangways he assumed. By her his lordship was father of Henry Thos. Fox-Strangways, second Earl of Ilchester, whose son is the present Peer.

Stebbing, Eliza, wife of Thomas Stebbing, Esq., at Lewisham, 3d June, aged 36.

Steele, Thomas, Esq. Poor Tom Steele! Well may be applied to him the words of Shakespeare's *Mark Antony* upon *Brutus*;

"This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ' This was a man ! ' "

In another portion of this month's "Patrician," under "Fragments of Family History," we have given some account of this pure and ill-fated patriot. A contemporary paper, the *Standard*, thus eloquently describes his ultimate fate:—"With a broken spirit and a broken heart, and a broken fortune, he died almost deserted at an inn in London—a pauper, alas! but not a beggar. He was a follower of O'Connell in everything but that. When, in consequence of the late deplorable attempt, his destitution was made known, many who differed from his opinions hastened to his relief; and in a few days contributions were poured in which would soon have swelled into a fortune. There could have been no doubt about it. But Steele was not of Ireland's 'mendicant patriots.' His gratitude shed tears at the offer which his noble nature would not permit him to accept. The country which he loved, and that from which he sought to separate, strangely contrasted in their conduct towards him. Ireland gave him words, England deeds. Ireland took his life, England gave him a grave. How bitter must have been the reflections of that death-bed! Poor fellow! what must have been his feelings when he found Lord Brougham, whom he so often denounced, hastening to his aid, and Colonel Perceval, chief among the Orangemen, watching by his death-bed! Fare thee well, noble, honest, victimized Tom Steele! A braver spirit, in a gentler heart, never left earth—let us humbly hope for that home where the weary find rest." Mr. Steele died at Peele's Coffee-house, in Fleet-street, from the host of which hotel he received every care and attention during his last illness.

Stewart, Susannah, youngest daughter of the late Edward Stewart, Esq., 8th June, at Winterbourne, co. Gloucester, aged 53.

Strachan, William, second son of the Rev. A. Strachan, of Louth, co. Lincoln, 11th June, aged 19.

Sturt, Humphrey Ashley, second son of Mr. and Lady Charlotte Sturt, 9th June, at Merton College, Oxford, aged 21.

Sudbury John Linley, Esq., of Cambridge, 15th June, aged 36.

Tanner, Thomas Edward, Esq., late of Bombay, 16th April, at Suez, aged 21.

Tasker, Harriet Susan, wife of John Tasker, Esq., 6th June, at Dartford.

Tatham. On Friday, the 2nd June, at the residence of his father-in-law, at Blackwall, Charles John Tatham, of Northfleet, Kent, only surviving son of the late Marmaduke Tatham, Esq., surgeon, of Poplar, aged 24.

Taylor, Charlotte, wife of Sir Charles Taylor, Bart., 1st June.

Thursby, Mary Maria, only daughter of Captain Thursby, 30th May, at Leamington, aged 17.

Tillman, Edward P., at Clapham, 3rd June, aged 24.

Tims, Mary, wife of John Tims, Esq., of Watton, Herts, 15th June, aged 76.

Tinson, Annette, third dan. of George Tinson, Esq., of Marle Hill, Cheltenham, 24th May, aged 29.

Troughton. On the 4th June, at her father's house, Fowkes-buildings, Tower-street, Ann Helen, eldest daughter of E. J. Troughton Esq., relict of the late Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, of Demerara.

Turner, Rev. John, rector of Luckington, Wilts. and J. P., 14th May, aged 76.

Twopenny, Susannah, widow of Edward S. Twopenny, Esq., 11th June, at Walmer, aged 78.

Urquhart, Capt. John, late of the E.I.C.S., 25th May, aged 82.

Vizer, Anne, relict of Robert Vizer, Esq., of Bristol, 10th June, aged 87.

Ward, William, Esq., of Gainsborough Hall, co. Northampton, 26th May.

Ward, Rev. Robert, 13th June, aged 50, at Thetford.

Warden, Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Warden, surgeon to H. M. Dockyard, Chatham, 28th May, aged 59.

Wassell, Lucy, wife of Joseph Wassell, Esq., of Maidenhead, 29th May.

Watt, James, Esq., 2nd June, at Aston Hall, co. Warwick, aged 80.

Watts, Mrs. Anna Maria, widow of Saml. Watts, Esq., 26th May, at Belgrave-square, New-road.

Way, Mary, relict of the late Lewis Way, Esq., of Stansted Park, Sussex, 1st May, aged 68.

Webb, Rev. Elias, perpetual curate of Sherburne, co. Warwick, 5th June, aged 75.

Webb, Mrs. Elizabeth, of London, 16th May, at Gislingham, Suffolk.

- Welstead, Capt. F., R.N., 14th May, aged 68.
- Were, Harriet, wife of Robert Berwick Were, Esq., 26th May, at Bath.
- West, William Jas., Esq., of Tunbridge, Kent, 24th May, aged 53.
- West, Mrs. Anne, 27th May, at Princesses Terrace, Regent's Park, aged 74.
- Whistler. Drowned, on the 20th March last, near Rajmahal, occasioned by the taking fire of the Benares steamer, Captain Gabriel Henry Whistler, of the Bengal Army, youngest son of the late Rev. Webster Whistler, rector of Hastings and Newtimber, Sussex.
- White, Richd. Esq., of Woolwich, 29th May, aged 79.
- Wilkinson, Thomas, Esq., of Old Elvet, formerly of Oswald House, Durham, J.P. and D.L., 28th May, aged 81.
- Willington, Anne, daughter of the late Thomas Willington, Esq., of Tamworth, 28th May.
- Wilson, Mrs. Thomas, 3rd June, at Hackney.
- Wilson, Margaret Clive, wife of Matthew Wilson, Esq., 29th May, at Eshton Hall, aged 86. This lady was only surviving daughter and heir of Matthew Wilson, Esq., of Eshton Hall, barrister-at-law, by Frances, his wife, daughter of Richard Clive, Esq., of Styche, co. Salop, M.P., and sister of the great

Lord Clive. She married first, 3rd Feb., 1783, the Rev. Henry Richardson, A.M., rector of Thornton, and by him had an only child, Frances Mary, the present Miss Richardson Currer of Kildwick and Bierly. She married secondly, in 1800, her first cousin, Matthew Wilson, Esq., by whom she had two sons and three daughters; the eldest, Matthew, is M.P. for Clitheroe.

Wood, John, Esq., of Brownhills, county of Stafford. This gentleman, an opulent landed proprietor in the counties of Stafford and Hereford, died on the 18th June, in his 70th year. He was son of the late John Wood, Esq., of Staffordshire, by Mary, his wife, dau. of Nicholas Price, Esq., of Pont-y-Pandy, county Glamorgan; was born 15th July, 1778, and married, 26th November, 1807, Mary, daughter and co-heir of John Baddeley, Esq., of Shelton, by whom he had issue: Nicholas Price, now of Brownhills, Richard Mountford, in holy orders, John Wedg, Clement Baddeley, Edmund Thomas Wedgwood, and Mari- anne, wife of William Davenport, Esq., of Longport. The arms were confirmed to Mr. Wood by the Earl Marshal, and appear on record in the Herald's Office.

THE PATRICIAN.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO BRAMSHILL.

FEW places afford such an unmixed treat to visitors and lovers of old halls as the fine old house of Bramshill. It is not the largest, nor the finest, nor the shewiest, nor the best plenished of our ancient mansions, but it is as it was, and as it was intended to be. It has no new wing built "in a modern style of convenience" in the middle of last century, nor has it any *restorations* (!) by Wyatt or his followers, nor improvements by Kent or Brown—no! there it stands, as it stood two hundred years ago, a little more weather-dyed perhaps, but still the same; and its wild and picturesque park, in all its main features, as it was half a century after it was reclaimed from the heath around it. This then is the great charm that Bramshill possesses for those who love to let their thoughts run back to former days, and converse in books, or meet in pictures, with the great-hearted and loyal men of olden time. We look here on the home, such as they dwelt in or visited; we gaze on the woods and glades such as they loved to gaze upon or to wander in; we pass through the rooms furnished as they used them.

Bramshill then—for let us draw near to it—is situate in the Parish of Eversley, in Hampshire, and almost on the borders of Berkshire. We will approach it from the Basingstoke side, over the plain called Hasely Heath: and as the house stands nobly before us, or above us, on the crest of the opposite hill, let us look around at the wide expanse, and, though we love that heathy country, with its purple bloom in summer, or its clear brown tint in winter, yet we almost agree with old Fuller's words, when he tells us that "Bramsell was built in a bleak and barren place."* Yes! there it stands, with its park, like a green and wooded island, in the midst of the great heathy plain which occupies this part of the country—Hartford

* Fuller's Worthies.

bridge flats stretching away on one side, and this Hasely heath we are now crossing lying on the other side of it. But we have now entered the long straight avenue of old oaks that leads us in a direct arrow-like line up to the west front, and as we have opened quaint old Fuller's book, we must agree in the epithet he applies to the house, even more cordially than in that he bestows on the country round, for he calls it a "stately structure," and so it is: we feel that the quaint old man has just got the right word—it does seem a stately structure, as it looks down on us with its multitude of windows, its airy parapets, its clustered chimneys, and its long front, so beautifully broken into light and shade by its projecting wings and richly ornamented centre.

But we have now mounted the hill on which the house stands, and entering the court-yard in front of it between two multangular turrets, we will first, as we stand before the west front, consider a little of the history of the place and house, and then wander round the house, and take a glance of the various, yet harmonious design of its different sides.

Bramshill, then, was built by Edward Lord Zouche, about the year 1612, as the leaden water-spouts in the south front tell us which bear that date upon them. It is said that he built it as a palace for Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James the First, and some features of the building seem to confirm that tradition, as we shall presently see. The famous John Thorp, who was the architect of so many of our fine Elizabethan houses (as they are called), is thought to have furnished the designs to Lord Zouche for his mansion or palace. It is said, moreover, that Bramshill was never completed to the extent originally intended by Lord Zouche, or proposed by the architect, John Thorp. Fuller, whom I have so often quoted, and now call to my aid for the third and last time, preserves another very curious fact about Bramshill House, namely, that its extent originally was greater than it now is, but that part of it was destroyed by an accidental fire—so I understand him, but here are his words: "Next Basing," he says, "Bransell, built by the last Lord Zouche, in a bleak and barren place, was a stately structure, especially before part thereof was defaced by a casual fire." I am unwilling to doubt the tradition which assigns to Bransell a more extensive plan than was ever executed; least of all can I bring myself to call in question truthful Fuller's statement of a fact apparently within his own knowledge; but it really will puzzle us to devise, as we walk round the house, where Lord Zouche or John Thorp meant to extend the building, or where any part did exist which has been defaced, and has disappeared by the casual fire. Here is the house as it stands, in shape like two T's, or a double T, if one of those letters stood upon its head and supported its fellow on its foot, as I have seen some posture masters do, thus, **I** This

is a rough way of explaining the outline of the plan of the house: and it seems such a complete plan, and the aspect of the house itself seems so perfect and so finished, that, as I said, we can scarcely imagine what more was to be added, or what was added and has vanished. It may be that Lord Zouche or his architect intended to form a quadrangle or quadrangles to his house, as we see at Burleigh, and elsewhere; but still the difficulty meets us, where was such a quadrangle to stand? Not before the beautiful west front, nor on the terrace front. The supposition would be absurd, and the nature of the ground, rapidly falling away on both

those sides, for bids our entertaining it. The stable yard front certainly looks the most unconnected and unfinished, and, at first sight, we may be inclined to think that there, probably, the designer intended to build other sides, and to form a quadrangle; but such an arrangement would have utterly destroyed the proportions of the beautiful west front, for if the building had been continued in line with the present west front, to form a side of a quadrangle to the stable yard front, the ornamented stone porch, which was evidently intended to be the feature of this front, and, indeed, of the whole house, would not have been in the centre of the west front; altogether, then, I incline to the belief that, if a more extended edifice was contemplated, or if part of the building has disappeared, such addition must have been beyond the east front, that in which Lord Zouche's statue stands, and that possibly that front may have formed, or been intended to form a side only of a quadrangle. And yet, let us look round the house as we will, we do not feel the want of these proposed or additional buildings, nay, we should be sorry if they existed, for the house seems, as it stands, just what it ought to be, and we cannot help thinking that we should lose in compactness and symmetry by the addition of a single stone.

And now to return from a long digression, which you will say has been as inconclusive as such theories usually are; but let us think again of Lord Zouche and his building. Whether it was that the death (so exceedingly lamented by the whole nation) of Prince Henry, which took place at the end of the year 1612, while Bramshill was building, deterred Lord Zouche from proceeding further with his intended structure, or whether the casual fire reduced it to its present dimensions, it seems certain, that Lord Zouche soon after took up his abode at Bramshill, for here he was residing when, in 1614, William Browne, a poet of some consideration in his day, dedicated to him his "Shepherd's Pipe," in these pleasing lines:

"Be pleased, great Lord, when underneath the shades,
Of your delightful Bramshill (where the spring
Her flowers with gentle blasts, with Zephyr's trades)
Once more to hear a silly shepherd sing," &c.

This Lord Zouche, of whom, probably, many only knew the name as being the builder of Bramshill, was a very considerable person in his day. He was ambassador to Scotland, when the embassy to Scotland must have been a very important one, and would have required a cautious diplomatist and a wise man to execute it; he was, moreover, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. And besides his official employments, he seems to have been a man of cultivated mind; he was the first horticulturist of his day; and it is pleasant to find poets and literary men appealing to his protection, and on terms of friendship with him.

Here then he lived, and at his death (leaving only two daughters) he bequeathed Bramshill (with other extensive estates in the neighbourhood, which had been granted him by King James I., in 1617) to his kinsman and next heir male, Sir Edward Zouche, Kt., intending, doubtless, to continue Bramshill as the seat of his name and family. But Lord Zouche left the world just as great changes were coming upon his country, and when property was soon to become uncertain and insecure. His relation, Sir Edward Zouche, of Woking, the next possessor of Bramshill, was a dissolute man; he had been one of the favorites of James I., who had made

him his knight marshal, and added him to his council. After his death, in 1634, Bramshill was inherited by his son, James Zouche, who, with grateful loyalty to the son of him to whom his family owed so much, raised a troop of horse, as we are told, "at his own proper costs and charges," for the Royal service in the civil wars, and sent two of his sons to serve in it. This very act of loyalty was indirectly the cause of Bramshill passing out of the hands of the Zouche family. For the expense of maintaining this troop was so great, that poor James Zouche, or his son—for he died in 1643—was compelled to dispose of Bramshill (probably the most saleable of his estates in the neighbourhood) to raise money for its necessities. He accordingly sold Bramshill to Andrew Henley, Esq., son of Sir Robert Henley, a considerable lawyer, another of whose sons founded the family of the Grange, in this county, from whom Lord Chancellor Northington descended. Bramshill did not, however, long continue in the hands of the Henley family, and there is something very remarkable in their downward course in the world, and something mysterious about their final disappearance. Thus much, however, we can learn—that Andrew Henley, the purchaser of Bramshill, was created a baronet at the Restoration; he died in 1675, and his son and successor, Sir Robert Henley, dying five years after him, left his estate, encumbered with a debt of 20,000*l.*, to his next brother and successor in the title; he is said to have continued in a course of extravagance which eventually ruined him. He seems to have married an inferior person in the neighbouring village of Yately; and Peter Le Neve, an industrious king-at-arms, at the beginning of the last century, who compiled pedigrees of the baronets and knights of his time, and illustrated them with scraps of chit-chat picked up here and there, for the benefit of succeeding generations, tells us, that this last Sir Andrew Henley, "killed a man and fled for it." What eventually became of him is unknown, but with him the connection of the Henleys with Bramshill ceased, for being thus ruined in fortune and in reputation, he sold his estates.

It happened that at the time Bramshill was passing away from the Henleys, the Cope family had migrated or were migrating from their ancient dwelling place in the north of Oxfordshire, where they had "flourished" (to use the words of Philemon Holland, the translator of Camden) "in great and good esteem," since the reign of Henry VII. Without going fully into the causes of their quitting Oxfordshire, it is sufficient to say, that Sir Anthony Cope, the fifth baronet, being offended that his brother and presumptive heir had married contrary to his wishes or without his sanction, made such a testamentary disposition of his estates as effectually alienated the greater portion of them from his successors in his title. His death occurred in 1675, and after some years of uncertainty, and probably of litigation, a final settlement was effected in 1688, under which the bulk of the ancient family estates, including what Leland in his *Itinerary*, calls the "pleasant and gallant house at Hanwell," (of which only enough now remains standing to shew what a noble place it must once have been) passed away to a distant branch of the family. Sir John Cope, the fifth baronet, thenceforward resided at Chelsea, then the most fashionable and aristocratic suburb of London; his eldest son had just returned from completing the grand tour, had married in 1696 the daughter of Sir Humphrey Monnoux, had received knighthood as the eldest son of a baronet from King William III., and was no doubt desirous of ob-

taining an estate and mansion which might replace the old house of Hanwell, as the family seat. He became then, in 1699, the purchaser of Bramshill, and it has continued from that time to the present, the property and dwelling place of the succeeding baronets.

And now, all the while that I have been narrating the history of the descent of the estate, and sketching out the causes of its successive change of possessors, we have been steadily gazing at the beautiful west front ; let us just take a note of its main features before we leave it. Observe the fine colour of the red brick, relieved by the stone dressings and stone mullions of the windows, and the admirable effect of light produced by the wings which project by two successive breaks. The great feature here, however, is the centre division, which consists of an arcade of three open arches, forming a kind of terrace-porch to the principal entrance of the house ; above the centre of these, is a projecting semi-circular bay-window, on each side of which rise three tiers of pilasters with niches between them, the whole of this division is enriched with ornament, which, above the broken cornice at the top, assumes a shape something resembling the prince's plume surmounted by his coronet, which latter ornament also tops each of the projecting portions of the cornice: this seems in allusion to Henry, Prince of Wales. We have here also a good opportunity for viewing the beautiful design of the pierced parapet which runs round three sides of the house, and the equally elegant, though different pattern of that which surmounts the arcade of the porch. Passing now into the stable-court, let us pause a moment to look at the north front. This is a complete contrast to the side we have just left, inasmuch, as it is without ornament or decoration ; and yet, if we be lovers of that style of domestic architecture, of which Bramshill is so excellent a specimen, we shall find something to admire even here. Look at the projecting ends, with their lofty bay windows—the long line of front topped with four gables, and the multitude of mullioned windows, which give such a notion of comfortable accommodation for troops of guests and their retainers. This front, then, may be taken as a good specimen of the plain phase of the Elizabethan style as the one we have left is of its most decorated. But, we have passed the iron gates at the other end of the stable-court ; and, instead of turning close under the garden-wall, let us advance a few steps on the green sward of the park to get a better view of the east front. This is unbroken, save by its broad windows, and by the projecting bay in the centre, above which, rises a stepped ogee gable, flanked by two pyramidal obelisks. In a niche in this gable, stands a statue of Lord Zouche, the founder of the house. Continuing our walk round the house, we may cross the grass to the ancient oak which stands on the knoll, and sitting on the seat which encompasses its trunk, or lying on the turf at its roots, we have an excellent general view of the south or terrace front. Reserving our remarks on its details till we walk on the terrace—let us now observe the general effect and main features—the projecting ends—the long front between, broken into projecting bays—the light parapet crowning it—the admirable effect of the many windows, now jutting into spacious bays, now in the flat ; and the whole thrown up and given breadth to by the balustraded terrace, which separates it from the sloping ground of the park below. When we have tarried long enough to enjoy this view, we may retrace our steps, in order to seek admittance into the interior ; but, as we turn away, we must not lose the beautiful peep into the distance, which

opens on us between the trees of the long avenue, and the ivy-clad projecting corner of the house. On our return, we skirt the balustrade of the larger terrace; and, as we pass close under the garden wall, we must stop to look at the old gate (or postern, as Mr. West designates it) with its broken pediment, its quaint obelisks, and its carved pilasters; we almost expect to see some ancient serving-man or park-keeper reposing on the seats in the recessed arches on either side; and we almost wonder that the old gate does not turn on its hinge, and give egress to some fair dame venturing forth from her garden, or to a walking party of stately squires and youthful widows, habited in the picturesque costume with which Vandyke and his contemporaries have made us so familiar. But we have lingered too long about the exterior; and the interior of the house will almost realize what we are here dreaming about, and bring us face to face with the former inhabitants of the mansion.

We next return to the west front, and ascend the steps of the principal entrance to seek admission to the house, and passing through the centre arch of the porch we enter the hall. At the upper end is the *haut-pas* or dais, and at the lower end is a screen richly carved and ornamented with ninety-two shields, three of which are surmounted by coronets. It has been not inaptly suggested that these shields, though now black, were most probably intended to have borne the descent and alliances of the Zouches, and that three coroneted escutcheons were designed for the three baronies, (*viz.* Zouche of Haringworth, St. Maur, and Cantalupe), which the builder of Bramshill united in his own person. Two arches in the screen lead to the butler's pantry and domestic offices. The fireplace in the hall is very beautiful. Premising once for all, that I do not pretend to give a complete catalogue of the paintings, but only to name those that impressed themselves on my memory either on account of their merit, or of their history being interesting or remarkable, or of the persons they represent being connected with the house and family, let us look at those around us in the hall. With the exception of a modern picture of Sir John Cope's hounds, in which is a view of the west front of the mansion, and likenesses of the present Baronet and many of his personal friends, and a curious old drawing of the terrace and south front of the house, the pictures in this hall are all portraits. Among them are—

"The wife of Wadham Wyndham, Esq." I presume Catherine, daughter of Edward Chandler, Bishop of Durham, and wife of Sir Wadham Wyndham, Esq., of Eversley (uncle to Ann, Lady of Sir Richard Cope). She died in 1784, at the age of 79.

"Sir Wadham Wyndham, knt." sitting in his robes, grey hair, and coif. He was of Norrington in Wiltshire, was made a Justice of the King's Bench at the Restoration, and was ancestor of the Wyndhams of Salisbury, &c. He was great-grandfather of Ann, Lady Cope.

A duplicate of this picture was in the parlour at Hawkchurch, in Dorsetshire. See Hutchins' History of Dorset, vol. iii. p. 331.

"Thomas, Lord Wyndham," Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in his robes, standing, with the purse and other insignia of the Chancellor. He was youngest son of John Wyndham of Norrington in Wilts, Esq., and grandson of Sir Wadham Wyndham above mentioned. He became Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, was promoted to be Lord Chancellor of that kingdom in 1726, and resigned the seals in 1739.

He was created Lord Wyndam of Finglas, which title expired at his death in 1745.

There is an engraved portrait of him ; but, as I have never met with a copy, I am uncertain whether it is from this picture.

"Sir Monnoux Cope," seventh Baronet.

"Penelope, Lady Cope," his wife. She was only daughter of the Hon. Henry Mordaunt, second son of John, Viscount Mordaunt, by his second wife Penelope, daughter and heiress of William Tipping of Ewelin, in Oxfordshire, Esq., and inherited her mother's property.

We pass through a door at the upper end of the hall, and crossing the foot of the stair-case enter the small drawing-room. Here are the following pictures:—

"Sir John Mordaunt Cope," the eighth Baronet, in the uniform of the North Hants Militia, of which he was Colonel. He was only son of Sir Monnoux Cope, whom he succeeded in title and estates in 1763, and died in 1772.

"Marie de Medicis," by Vandyke. She is sitting, in black, with white turnover and cuffs, a velvet skull-cap ; the hair in loose curls at the sides ; her right arm leans on a table on which is a crown, the hand holding red roses, the table-cover ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis*.

This beautiful picture was in the possession of Charles I., in whose Catalogue it is thus described, "No. 22, a picture of the Queen Mother of France, sitting in an arm chair in a black habit, holding in her right hand a handful of roses ; half a figure, so big as life, in a carved gilded frame ; done by Sir Ant. Vandyke ; bought by the King."*

It was sold at the dispersion of Charles I.'s pictures. I do not know when it came into the possession of the Cope family.

Of this picture there are the following engravings:—The "Head and Neck" only, *reversed*, in an ornamental frame inscribed, "Maria conjux Henrici IV., Magni Galliarum et Navarræ Regina invictissima. P. Van Soupel, sculpsit."

Another to the hips ; the crown or table on the wrong side of the figure, *reversed* ; inscribed, "Maria de Medicis, Regina Franciæ, Trium Regum Mater. Paul. Portius, sculp."

Another as the last, but not reversed, in an oval within a square frame, inscribed, "Maria de Medicis, Trium Regum Mater. Petrus de Lode, excudit."

The eventful life of this queen, and the strange reverses she experienced, belong to the history of her time. She was daughter of Francesco Maria de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany ; her marriage with Henry IV. was celebrated with great splendour at Lyons, in 1600. After her husband's assassination she became Regent of the kingdom, but through the machinations of Richelieu she was forced into exile, in 1631. She came to this country in 1638, on a visit to her daughter Queen Henrietta Maria, at which time she probably sat to Vandyke for this portrait, at the request of her son-in-law. She was then in her 63rd year, which is about the age represented in the picture before us. She died at Cologne, in great distress, in 1642.

* Vertue's Catalogue, part iii. It is shewn as Catherine de Medicis ; but independently of the picture being identified by the engravings of it, and by Charles I.'s Catalogue, Catherine de Medicis died ten years before Vandyke was born.

"Sir Anthony Vandyke," by himself. He is leaning on a pedestal, dressed in brown, with light bushy hair; a most beautiful and interesting picture. The head (which represents him a young man) full of character and expression; the hands exquisitely painted. Engraved as far as the waist by Paul Portius, and inscribed Antoine Van Dyck, Chevalier du Roi D'Angleterre.

A somewhat similar picture, but of smaller dimensions, is described in Smith's Catalogue, part iii., pp. 210, 211.

"Henry VIII. and Anna Bullen," by Hogarth. In the foreground the King making love to his future Queen, who is attended by a negro boy; in the background his wife, Catharine of Arragon, turns with a look of anger and jealousy to Cardinal Wolsey.

This was one of the pictures which Hogarth painted for his friend Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, in the old great room of which place of amusement it used formerly to hang. It was finely engraved by Hogarth himself, as early as 1729, and again by Cook.

"Abigail meeting David." by old Franks.

"A Holy Family," said to be by Rubens. (?)

We have lingered long in this room, yet surely not too long to examine the works of art with which its walls are decorated. The two admirable portraits by Vandyke particularly deserve attention, not only for their merit as paintings (which is very great), but also as conveying to us representations of one who filled a remarkable and a strange part in the busy history of her time, and of the great painter himself, whose works are so familiar to us here in England. The expression of the face and eyes is so truthful, that we bear it away in our memories rather as the recollection of one we have known than of a picture we have looked upon.

Leaving the room by a door opposite to that by which we entered, we pass into the dining-room, a spacious antique-looking apartment, hung with curious tapestry representing forest scenery.

At the extremity of this room a door opens into the billiard-room, which concludes the suite of apartments shewn to visitors on the ground floor. It contains—

"A full length of Queen Elizabeth."

"A full length of a Lady" standing near a table, covered with a green table-cover, on which are two dogs. This curious and interesting picture is placed in a bad light. I do not know whom it represents.

Retracing our steps through the rooms we have just left, let us ascend the stair-case, which is of ample proportions, such as the old architects constructed who understood how roomy and noble an air a spacious hall and staircase give a house. They made it part—and an essential part of their design, whereas now it is too commonly cramped up in a dark corner as it were altogether an afterthought. And now, while we have been thus discoursing of stair-cases, we have mounted the three broad flights of this one, and, as we have attained the spacious landing-place, let us take a survey of the pictures which cover the walls.

That on the right is a "Scene from Cymbeline," by William Hamilton. It was, I presume, painted for Boydell's Shakesperean Gallery, though it is not one of those engraved in his work.

In front of us is a full length of William, third Earl of Pembroke. It

is said in the MS. Catalogue by VANDYKE ; but he died before VANDYKE came to England. I rather think that it is by CORNELIUS JANSEN. It represents him with his staff as Lord Chamberlain to James I. He is habited in black with the ribbon and George—an architectural perspective on his left. He was eldest son of Earl Henry by

“ The subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,”

succeeded his father in 1601, and received the Garter in 1603.

Frances, Lady Gould, (in white) by Kneller, daughter of Sir Humphry Monnoux, Bart., and sister to Alice, Lady Cope. She was first married to Sir Edward Gould, of Highgate, Middlesex, Kt. who left her a widow in 1728, and afterwards to John Venables, Esq., who resided in a curious old house named Woodcote (still standing), in Hampshire.

Penelope Mordaunt (in red), by Kneller. She was daughter and heiress of William Tipping, Esq., of Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, and second wife of the Honorable Harry Mordaunt—her only child by him married Sir Monnoux Cope, at the accession of James I., with whom he was much in favor. He was Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and held divers great offices. He died in 1630. There are several engravings of him ; I rather think that engraved by Cooper, as far as the middle, is from this picture.

The family pictures which hang around are Hugh Bethel, Esq., of Rise, in Yorkshire. He died in 1752.

Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir John Cope the 6th Baronet.

Mrs. Tipping—Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Colet, of Chelsea, Esq., and wife of William Tipping, of Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, Esq., and brother of the Honorable Mrs. Mordaunt, whose only daughter married Sir Monnoux Cope.

The Honorable Harry Mordaunt, in a blue uniform, red waistcoat, &c. He was second son of John Viscount Mordaunt, and brother of Charles Earl of Peterborough. He was a lieutenant-general in the army and treasurer of the ordnance. He died in 1720. His daughter married Sir Monnoux Cope.

Anne, Lady Cope—by Gibson. She was daughter of Mr. Philip Booth, and wife of Sir John Cope, the fifth Baronet—she is the fair lady whose marriage provoked the displeasure of his elder brother, and caused the alienation from the family, as I have narrated in page 114.

I presume that this is the picture bequeathed by her son Anthony Cope to his nephew, Sir Monnoux Cope, as “ the half length of his (testator's) mother, with his own and his wife's portrait pictures, painted by Gibson ; also two small pieces, in crayons, of himself and his wife, by Armstrong : and a half length of himself by Vanderbanck.” There are two other portraits of her in the house, but this is the only “ half-length.”

Sir John Cope (second of that name) the fifth Baronet, husband of the last named—a half length in armour with a red scarf, holding a truncheon. He was second son of Sir John Cope the second Baronet, by the Lady Elizabeth Fane, daughter of the 1st Earl of Westmoreland. He “ spent many years of his youth in travel in France, Italy, Germany, Flanders and Holland.” He was in the army, and held a command at Dunkirk, when that fortress was sold by Charles II. to the French. He died in 1721, at the age of 87.

Charles, third Earl of Peterborough, by Mary Grace, after Annoni—

full-length, in uniform, leaning on a cannon. He was celebrated for his victories in Spain, in the reign of Queen Anne; received the Garter from her successor, and was employed in several diplomatic missions. He died in the year 1735. He was uncle to Penelope, Lady Cope.

Mrs. Poyntz and her son, by Mary Grace—full-lengths. She is represented according to the fashion of the day in the character of some Heroine or Goddess, perhaps Minerva; her helmet lies on the ground, her spear is in her right hand, her left on her son's shoulder, who is represented as about 10 or 12 years of age.

Anna Maria, daughter of the Honorable General Lewis Mordaunt (and cousin to Penelope, Lady Cope), married Stephen Poyntz of Midgham, in Berkshire; a diplomatist of the early part of the last century. I do not know which of her two sons is here represented; her eldest was grandfather to the present Lady Clinton, Countess of Spencer, and Marchioness of Exeter, the co-heiresses of the Poyntz family.

But let us pass on into the principal drawing-room—and here we shall find a fulfilment of the observation that at Bramshill we see, not only an ancient house, but an ancient house in its ancient state; for it is not only the ample proportions of this fine apartment which strike us, or its fretted ceiling, or deeply recessed windows with their broad mullions and latticed panes, or its mantel-piece of various coloured marbles piled up to the very ceiling—such as these we have seen elsewhere. But it is that all and everything in the room agrees, and is in keeping with these. No modern grate usurps the place of the massive hand-irons (or chimney dogs) piled with logs. The walls have escaped the house decorator and paper-hanger, and are hidden by the tapestry hangings.

The couches, too, of an olden shape, covered with the handiwork of some fair damsel, whose picture smiles upon us in the adjoining rooms—(while the worsted-working ladies of our parts will learnedly discourse upon, and curiously examine, to learn by what forgotten stitch such wondrous effects are produced)—the buhl tables—all seem to belong to a period long past; and nothing modern glares upon the eye and breaks the spell of the old house and its contents.

But this room contains somewhat well worth a close examination for the merit of their design and curious history—*THE TAPESTRIES*. Let us carefully inspect them; but first let us tell you somewhat of their subject and history. They represent events in the life and death of Decius Mus, who we know, or ought to know, devoted himself, that is sacrificed himself and threw away his life to appease the Infernal Gods (as he believed), and to secure the safety of the people. They are worked from cartoons by Rubens.

I find the great painter thus writing of these very tapestries to Sir Dudley Carleton, from whom he was anxious to obtain a collection of marbles, by giving him in exchange some of his own pictures and a set of tapestries worked from his designs. In a letter to Sir Dudley, dated Antwerp, 26th May, 1618.

“Toccante le Tepizzarie Manadore v. E. tutte le misure del mio cartone della storia di Decius Mus, Console Romano, che si devovò per la vittoria del popolo Romano, ne bisognara serivere a Brusselles per averle sinste, havendo in consigniato ogni cosa al maestro del lavoro.”

In respect of the tapestries ———, I will send your Excellency the whole measurements of my cartoons of the History of Decius Mus, the

Roman Consul, who devoted himself for the security of the Roman people ; but I shall write to Brussels to have them correct, having given everything to the master of the works.

Sir Dudley Carleton, however, did not eventually obtain these tapestries, as it appears that he made choice of another set, representing the History of Scipio. How they found their way to Bramshill—whether they were brought by Rubens to this country on his visit in 1629-30, or whether, as is very probable, they were purchased by Sir John Cope, the second of that name, during his residence abroad, or by his son, the purchaser of this house, I have not been able to ascertain.

The cartoons of Rubens, from which they were worked, were sold in 1779, in the collection of M. Bertells of Brussels, for fifteen thousand florins ; and two of them were afterwards in this country, and were exhibited at the European Gallery in 1791. I do not know where they now are.

Rubens also executed a set of pictures from these designs, which are now in the Gallery of the Prince of Lichtenstein, near Vienna. He added two others to these four, as there are six pictures in the Lichtenstein Gallery.

Having thus traced something of the history of these tapestries, and of the cartoons from which they were executed, let us examine their several subjects. The one at the farthest end of the room, represents Decius consulting the priests, previous to the battle with the Gauls and Samnites.

“The General, clad in armour, over which is cast the *peladanatum*, stands before the priests, awaiting the result of their divinations: one of the latter, habited in splendid sacerdotal robes, is by the altar ; and the second priest stands on his right holding the entrails of the victim ; a stag lies on the ground in front ; on the left are two men bringing forward a white heifer.” This has been engraved by Schmazer.

The next is “Decius addressing his soldiers previous to the battle.” “The noble warrior is on an elevation on the right, in the attitude of addressing his troops, some of whom, chiefly officers, bearing the Roman banners and ensigns, stand before him with profound attention. The time appears to be indicated by the sun breaking forth in the east.” Engraved also by Schmazer.

At the other end of the room is “The Death of Decius.” In the midst of the battle and confusion of an obstinate and sanguinary conflict, is seen the noble Decius falling backwards from his plunging charger, pierced by a spear in the neck—while one of his valiant troops, mounted on a spirited piebald horse, is avenging his death. Among the dead and dying, with which the field is covered, is one lying prostrate on his back in the foreground, with a spear broken in his breast.

The fourth represents “The Obsequies of Decius.” The dead soldier is extended on a couch, on each side of which are several of his companions in arms. Among those on the left, is a subaltern, rudely holding a female by the skirts of her dress with one hand, and a captive by the hair of the head with the other. The former has an infant in her arms and another by her side ; near them is a second soldier dragging forward a young woman by the hair of her head ; three prisoners lie bound in front, and the rich spoils of victory, consisting of gold and silver vases, &c., are distributed on the right. The head of the couch is decorated with trophies, composed of arms, banners, and the heads of enemies. Engraved in a large plate by Adam Bartsch.

Of these designs, a critic observes that they are "most striking, bold, vigorous, and rapid;" and another that "they do honour to the name of the master;" . . . "the creative mind of Rubens reigns throughout, in the grandeur and simplicity of the compositions."

As these curious tapestries cover almost the whole extent of the walls of this room, there are but two pictures, one over each door, viz.: "A View in Rome," by Vercoli, over the door by which we entered; "A Seapiece," by Ramsay, over that by which we now pass into the library; in which is a large and doubtless valuable collection of books, and above the presses containing them, a large number of family pictures, among which I can only specify the following.

Mary, wife of Anthony Cope, so called in the house, but I know of no person of the name answering the description. Is it not rather "the portrait picture of his wife," (Ann, daughter of the celebrated nonjuring Bishop, Nathaniel Spinckes,) bequeathed by Anthony Cope.

Sir John Cope, the third of the name. He was the sixth Baronet, and the purchaser of this house; was long in Parliament in the reigns of Queen Anne and the two first Georges; he succeeded his father in 1721, and died in 1749.

Alice, his lady. She was the daughter of Sir Humphrey Monnoux, of Wooton, in Bedfordshire, Bart.; was married in 1696, and died within a month after her husband.

Alice, Lady Monnoux, her mother. She was daughter of Sir Thomas Cotton, of Connington, in Huntingdonshire, Bart., and granddaughter of the celebrated Sir Robert Cotton, the collector of the Cottonian Library.

Sir John Cope, the third of that name, in a large flowing wig; in an oval.

Anne, his lady, in blue; a cap and lace kerchief.

Sir Robert Cotton. I suppose from the dress that this must be Sir R. C., of Hartley St. George, in Cambridgeshire, brother to Alice Monnoux, above mentioned.

The Rev. Galen Cope, with a cap; a scroll in his hand; youngest son of Sir John Cope, the fifth Baronet. He served for some time as a Captain of Horse, but afterwards taking orders, was presented by his brother to the family living of Eversley. He was grandfather of the present Baronet.

Albian Cope and Daniel Cope, two sons of the fifth Baronet, who died young.

William Cope, sixth son of the first Baronet. He was appointed an Ensign in the Coldstream Guards, in 1706, and was murdered in the Tower guardroom soon afterwards. The curious circumstances relating to his murder, and to the discovery and conviction of the murderer, may be found in the State Trials.

Between the windows are—

Mrs. Pitt. I presume Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Wyndham of Hawkchurch in Dorsetshire, who married William Pitt of Kingston, in the same county.

Anne (Booth) Lady Cope. This portrait represents her younger than either of those before mentioned.

Over the doors are—

Lady Bolingbroke. I do not know the painter of this charming portrait, nor have I been able with certainty to identify the person it represents; but *I believe* it to be Marie Clare des Champs de Marsilly, the second wife of the celebrated Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the minister

of Queen Anne's reign. She was niece to Madame de Maintenon, and widow of the Marquis de Villette. She was a person of remarkable talent and delightful manners.

Rachael, Dowager Countess of Bath, daughter of Francis Fane, Earl of Westmoreland, and sister to Lady Elizabeth Cope, mother of the fourth and fifth Baronets. She married Henry Bouchier, first Earl of Bath, and after his decease, Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex.

The rooms through which we have passed, are all situated in the south front of the house, and look out upon the terrace; but traversing the library we are admitted to the gallery. The great length of this apartment (130 feet) which extends along the whole east front of the house, (the cross piece of our plan, p. 112) the lightness of effect of its waving windows—three sides of it being almost all glazed—the deeply recessed bay in the centre, and its panelled walls, all contribute to give it a pleasing air of antiquity. Its “plenishing” too, is well calculated to lead us back to the days when groups of knights in doublet and hose, and dames in ruff and farthingale, promenaded in it, or traced the measured step of the “stately dance.” Quaint high-backed chairs, and old fashioned furniture, which have grown too ancient and infirm for the more decorated drawing rooms, seem to have found their way here to spend their time in ease and solemn retirement. The walls too are garnished with a multitude of prints—some of men of renown in their day, when their likenesses, no doubt, were eagerly sought after—but whose very names are now almost forgotten; some of objects and scenes of exciting interest at the time, which now only exist in the pages of the historian; some exceedingly curious maps and places; a few pictures. Roman baths by an Italian painter of the last century—a Lucretia (of which I think there is an engraving), a portrait of George II., and some few family pictures (mostly, I think, in a faded state), make up the garnishing of the ancient looking, and therefore, I must say, charming gallery.

But we must leave it, and returning through the library and drawing-room, enter the chapel room, an apartment of peculiarly light and elegant appearance; the two deep recesses of the windows, in which separate parties might ensconce themselves almost as much apart as if in separate rooms, are a curious feature. Let us enter that formed by the circular bay over the principal entrance, and look forth at the extensive prospect: just below us is the long straight avenue, bordered by its roof of dark oaks beyond the flat heathy country, stretching away in the extreme distance to the woods of Highclere.

This room is rich in the productions of Lely's pencil. The three pictures on each side of the fire-place (six in all) are by him.

Charles II., his queen, Catharine of Braganza, and Nell Gwynne. Of these it is unnecessary to give any account, but the three on the other side are perhaps not so generally known.

Lady Upper Ossory. If this picture is rightly named, I do not know whom it represents. Bryan Fitz Patrick, the Lord Upper Ossory of Charles the Second's time, was thrice married: it may be one of these ladies, his third wife; Emilie de Nassau, Countess of Ossory, was a celebrated beauty at the Court of Charles II.; her picture by Lely is at Hampton Court.

Lady Walters, daughter of Richard Walters, of Haverfordwest, in Pembrokeshire, Esq. She is said to have been secretly married to King Charles II., when a young man. She had by him a son and a daughter, the son

was the celebrated James, Duke of Monmouth, ancestor of the Dukes of Buccleuch.

Margaret, La'dy Pratt. She was daughter of Sir Humphrey Forster, Bart., who resided in the fine old mansion of Aldermaston, in Berkshire, in the neighbourhood of Bramshill; she married Sir George Pratt, of Coleshill, also in Berkshire.

Over the fire-place is a portrait of Mr. Tipping, by Dobson, sitting, (in brown) his left hand on the head of a large dog; an admirable picture. Dobson was an English artist, who painted much in the manner of Vandyke, who recommended him to King Charles I. This picture certainly gives us a very high idea of his capabilities as a portrait painter.

Over the door, William Cope, cofferer to King Henry VII., by Holbein. Though this picture bears an inscription with this name (evidently much later than the original painting), I much doubt the authenticity of it: either there is an error in the name of the painter or of the person represented, for William Cope, who was cofferer of the household, and high in favour with Henry VII., and who was the founder of this branch of the Cope family, died in 1513; he was then at an advanced age, for his eldest son was at that time upwards of forty years old; but Holbein was then not more than 15 (having been born in 1498), and did not come to England till many years after William Cope's death. The person here represented is a man of between thirty and forty. As far as my knowledge extends, I think the picture is most probably by Holbein, certainly not by an earlier painter. It may be highly probable that it is the portrait by Holbein of Sir Authony Cope, Kt., the son of the cofferer, William Cope, he being a person of considerable eminence in his day—a man of learning and an author; was connected with the court of Henry VIII., where he eventually became chamberlain to Queen Katharine Parr; he was therefore a very likely person for Holbein to have painted, either on his arrival here, or possibly abroad, for Sir William was for a considerable time abroad, and on terms of friendship with many of the learned foreigners of the period. The age of the portrait agrees perfectly with this supposition, for there is documentary evidence that, at the time of William Cope's death, this, his second son, had not attained the age of 26; and he may probably have been considerably under that age.

We have been long looking at this picture, and considering the question of who it represents; yet it seems but fair not to raise a doubt as to the authenticity of a portrait, without distinctly stating the reasons why such a doubt exists, and supporting the suggestion of another name by clear evidence.

Between the windows are two pictures of children of Hugh Bethell, by Sir Peter Lely. I take them to be the two sons of Hugh Bethell, by Ann Cope, his wife, in their infancy.

There are here also two rich, highly-finished pictures of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., by Holbein. A portrait of Miss Greenwood, daughter of Benjamin Greenwood, of St. Mary Cray, Kent, and aunt to the present Baronet.

There are also some Dutch pictures in the room, well deserving a careful inspection. Over the door, as we come out, is a Sea-piece, with a light-house, by W. Vandervelde.

We have lingered so long, that we can only glance at some of the furniture here, which is very handsome, and at some curious articles of orna-

ment, as ancient china, &c., which are worthy of a close inspection. The ceiling, too, of this apartment (as of many of those we have traversed) is highly ornamented, and worked with pendants and enriched cornices.

A door at the foot of the great staircase leads us to the terrace, which is formed along the south front of the house, between the projecting ends, beneath which it terminates under an arcade of two arches; a balustrade separates it from the park, with which it communicates by a flight of steps. As we walk along the velvety turf of the terrace, we have a good opportunity of examining the details of this front, of which we before took a general and distant view. Passing under the ornamental arches at the eastern end, a door admits us to the second terrace; this is of considerable dimensions and of a square form. It was in olden time appropriated to the game of "croquet," and the ring through which the ball was driven still remains erect in the centre of this terrace.

THE PILGRIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BEFORE the spring of life departed,
 I left my father's happy home ;
 From out the young and merry-hearted,
 A voice had summoned me to come.

With cheerfulness—with trustingness,
 I made a gift of all my land ;
 And then with childly-mindedness,
 I took my pilgrim-staff in hand.

A vague desire my heart had won,
 A mighty hope that spake away,
 The path is clear—on, wanderer on,
 Towards the springing of the day.

And once within that golden portal,
 Whose sheen each morn afar you see,
 Heavenly, stainless, and immortal,
 Everything of earth will be !

Far away, and farther hasting,
 Towards the rising of the sun,
 By day and night alike unresting,
 Hied the eager pilgrim on.

Around me rushed the river's wrath,
 Before me lay the mountain piled,
 I scaled the steep and slippery path,
 I bridged the torrent's waters wild.

At last I gained a river's side,
 Whose current hurried to the East,
 And trusting to my silent guide,
 I threw me joyful on its breast.

To a vast sea without a bound,
 Wafted the billows buoyant roll,
 Vacant and dreary all around !
 And distant as before the goal !

Alas ! no bridge will lead me thither ;
 It is but distance makes appear,
 The Earth and Heaven so close together,
 For the *There* is never *Here* !

THE "MINSTREL COURT OF THE DUTTONS."

PASSING the viaduct near the Acton station, in Cheshire, the traveller on the North-Western Railway may have perceived at the other side of the river Weaver, a farm-house, half hidden in the trees that clothe the summit of the opposite hill. This is the remains of the ancient mansion of the family of Dutton of Dutton. It will amply repay any lover of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, to leave the railway at the above station, and pay a visit to the old house. A narrow paved road, presenting here and there through its over-hanging trees, beautiful glimpses of the surrounding country, conducts from Acton Station to Acton Bridge. Here, parting from the road, a path winds through the rich "meadows, browsed by deep-uddered kine," that flank the Weaver on either side, and leads to the foot of the woody eminence seen from the viaduct, whereon stands the ruins of Dutton Hall. Turning abruptly to the right, the path ascends the hill, and a few hundred paces bring the traveller to the door.

Here he is presented with an unusually rich fragment of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, causing a vain regret that so little has been preserved of this venerable pile.

It occupies, as I have already said, the ridge of a steep declivity, commanding a finely wooded country, with a surface of beautiful undulation, and some splendid reaches of the river. One side of the site is protected by the slope of the hill, the remaining portion is surrounded by a moat, broad and deep.

But one side of the ancient quadrangle is standing, composed of timber and plaster. The ancient doorway still remains. It consists of a broad arch, over which several fanciful borders are introduced with arabesques and various devices, including S. P. D. K., and the letters P. V., tied together with a true lover's knot, and this inscription in black letters.

Syr Peyrs Dutton, Knt., Lorde of Dutton, and my lade dame
Julian, hys wiff, made this hall and buyldyng, in the yere of oure
Lorde God, MCCCCXLII, who thanketh God of all.

The door within the porch is studded with nails and divided into six panels, covered with tracery above, over it are several shields, and on each side the arms of Dutton and Hatton quarterly, with helmets and crests, and two griffons, parted per fesse or and azure, as supporters. Other figures there are holding a garter and a rose. Under one shield are the

letters L. H. S. encircled with a wreath; and under the other, the five wounds of Christ.

This doorway opened into a passage leading through the buildings, the oaken roof of which still remains. On the right side were the buttery and other offices as in college halls; and on the left, the great hall, forty feet by twenty. This apartment was separated from the passage by a screen with ornamented pilasters; but this has been built up. Other pilasters run up the sides, ending in octagonal capitals, supporting a coved ceiling, on the edge of which is a black letter inscription. As the hall has been divided into several stories for the convenience of farming purposes, partial views only can be obtained of the proportions and parts of the hall; but the inscription can be easily traced by any one who ascends a trap door leading into the upper story, which is close to the coved roof. It runs to the effect, that the hall was built by the said Sir Piers Dutton, then of Hatton, Kt., heir male of the late Lawrence Dutton, of Dutton, to commemorate the successful issue of his long suit against the heir, Genvale of the Duttons; which said suit was closed by an award in Sir Piers' favour, by King Henry the Eighth, under his broad seal.

From this township the ancient family of Duttons obtained their surname. It is spelt in *Domesday*, Duntune, signifying a town upon a hill; and was in the possession of a knight, named Odard, in 1086. The above Sir Piers Dutton was the fifteenth in lineal descent from Odard. The hall built by him was adjoined to a chapel, which had been erected by Sir Thomas Dutton, A.D. 1270, and which had heretofore stood separate from the mansion. This chapel was, unhappily, pulled down not long ago, by Mr. Aston, to whom the estate then belonged.

The immediate line of the Duttons, of Dutton, terminated in 1665, by the death of the Lady Kilmorey, who was, with her daughter Katherine, who died the day before her, buried at Great Budworth, on Friday, the 16th March, in that year. Her father, Thomas Dutton, of Dutton, was a man of dissipated and careless habits. He sold a great part of the vast possessions of the family; and, through the most wanton negligence, suffered a collection of family and local records, unequalled in the whole county, to be scattered and lost.

Sir Peter Leicester tells us that when he was here in 1665, there was preserved as an heir-loom, handed down from the first proprietor, a sword, reputed to have belonged to the said Odard, and always called "Odard's Sword." This, with many other invaluable relics, has perished in the lapse of time.

The Hall and Manor of Dutton passed through various hands after Kilmorey's death, by means of marriages, purchases, &c., and now belongs to Sir Richard Aston, of Aston. It came to him from Mr. Broke, of Mere, who purchased it from Mr. Lant, of Putney, who himself had been a purchaser.

This gentleman was the last who held the "Minstrel Court," in exercise of a privilege and jurisdiction attached to the Dutton estate; which, from its curious incidents and long assertion, is worthy of notice. It consisted in a right to license all the minstrels and players of Cheshire, and none were to use minstrelsy within Cheshire or the city of Chester, but by order and licence of the proprietor of the Dutton estate.*

* This right seems originally to have been vested only in the heirs of Dutton, but at length it came to be alienated with the estate.

The privilege was originally granted to Roger Lacy, for his rescue of Ranulph, Earl of Chester, when closely besieged by the Welsh, in his Castle of Rhuddlan.

Hugh, the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburgh's Abbey in that city, had granted to them, who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanour, except the crime were committed during the fair. The consequence of which privilege was, that multitudes of disorderly people resorted thither. Now it came to pass that Ranulph, last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his Castle of Rhuddlan, where he was strictly besieged by the Welsh. Finding himself very hard pressed, he contrived to give notice of his danger to Roger Lacy, Constable of Chester, who taking advantage of the number of the minstrels and players attending the fair, collected a crowd and marched to Rhuddlan.

"The minstrels," says an old account, "by their music and their songs, so allured and inspirited the multitudes of loose and lawless persons then brought together, that they resolutely marched against the Welsh. Hugh de Dutton, a gallant youth, who was steward to Lacy, put himself at their head. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined soldiers, instantly raised the siege and retired with precipitation."

For this good service Ranulph granted to the Lacys, by charter, a peculiar patronage over men of their sort, who devolved the same again upon Dutton and his heirs.* This Hugh de Dutton was the third in descent from the above mentioned Odard, and under him and his descendants, the minstrels who had been his assistants upon this occasion enjoyed for many ages peculiar honour and privileges, and even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit, that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the minstrels, under the protection of the family of Dutton, are expressly excepted out of all acts of Parliament made for their suppression, and have continued to be excepted ever since. See the 14th Eliz., c. 5; 39 Eliz., c. 4; 43 Eliz., c. 9; 1 Jac., c. 25; & 17 Geo. I, c. 5.

It appears by a *quo warranto*, brought against Lawrence Dutton, Esq., in 1498, which is found in the records at Chester, that it was the custom for all minstrels in Chester to meet the Lord of Dutton on the day of St. John the Baptist, on which occasion they were to present him with four flagons of wine and a lance, and he was entitled to receive from every minstrel the sum of four pence halfpenny and "*de qualibet meretrice*," in the city of Chester, "*officium suum exercente*," the sum of fourpence. After this time we hear of no controul exercised by the Duttons over any persons but minstrels.

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction were as follow:—A banner bearing the arms of Dutton was hung from the window of the inn where the court was held, and notice given by a drummer proclaiming in the streets and summoning all persons concerned to appear at the court between certain hours. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the procession moved from the inn in this manner, viz.—First a band of music, then two trumpeters, then licensed musicians, with white

* See Sir P. Leycester's "Antiquity of Cheshire," p. 141, where the deed of grant from Lacy to Hugh de Dutton is given at length.

cloths across their shoulders, the banner borne by one of the principal musicians, next the steward on horseback with a white wand in his hand, then a tabarder with a tabard, bearing the arms of Dutton. Lastly the Lord of Dutton (if present), attended by many of the gentry of the county and city on horseback.

On reaching the east gate a proclamation* was made to give notice of the holding of the court. The procession then moved forward to the church of St. John the Baptist. On entering the church, the steward made a signal to the musicians, who instantly dropped on their knees, and proceeded to play sundry solemn airs upon their instruments. Divine service was then performed, and the Lord of Dutton was specially prayed for. Service being over, the proclamation† was made, and the procession then returned to the inn, in the same order as it came. Entertainments to the Lord's friends and musicians followed, and in the afternoon a jury was impaneled from among the licensed musicians, when the steward delivered a charge‡ The jurors then gave in their verdicts

* "Oyez.—This is to give notice to all musicians and minstrels that the court of the honourable Charles Gerard Fleetwood, Esq., (descendant heir of Eleanor, sole daughter and heir of Thomas Dutton, of Dutton, in the county of Chester, Esq., by Sir Gilbert Gerard, son and heir of Thomas Lord Gerard, at Gerard Bromley, in the county of Stafford), is this day held at the house of Robert Chuff, at the 'Eagle and Child,' in the Northgate Street, Chester, where all such musicians and minstrels as do intend to play on any instrument of music for gain within the county of Chester, or within the county of the city of Chester, are required to appear and take licence for the year ensuing, otherwise, they will be adjudged and taken up as rogues and vagabonds, and punished accordingly. God save the King, and the Lord of the court."

† "God save the King, the Queen, the Prince, and all the Royal Family, and the honourable Charles Gerard Fleetwood, Esq., (heir descendant of that ancient worthy family of the Duttons, of Dutton, in Cheshire, and of the right honourable family of the Gerards, of Gerards Bromley, in the county of Stafford); long may he live, and support the honour of the Minstrel Court."

‡ Lyson (Mag. Brit.) gives the following charge as that delivered by Mr. Lant's steward at one of the last courts.—"Gentlemen of the jury, the oath you have just now taken seems to make it proper to say something by way of charge, otherwise, your own knowledge and experience would have rendered it quite unnecessary; but, as the duty of the office of Steward of this honourable court, and your oath require that a charge should be given to you, I shall beg leave to take up a little of your time, and say something to you concerning this honourable court, the duty and privilege of musicians in this city and county of Chester, and your duty as jurors. The records relating to this honourable court, which are still preserved, shew it to have been of great antiquity, and the readiness and zeal which the musicians heretofore shewed in redeeming their prince when he was surrounded by his enemies, have been a means of perpetuating their service, and of establishing this honourable court which Mr. Lant, the present Lord of the Manor of Dutton, claims, and the privilege thereto belonging from Roger Lacy, constable of the Castle of Chester, who raised the siege at Rhuddlan Castle, and brought the Prince in great triumph to Chester; one of which privileges are that all musicians shall appear and do suit and service at this court, and no musician shall play upon any instrument foreign, without having a licence from the Lord of Dutton, or the Steward of his court; and if any person does presume to play for gain without such licence, he is not only liable to be prosecuted by a due course of law, but also to be punished as a rogue, vagrant, or vagabond. These privileges have been confirmed and allowed by several Acts of Parliament, and Mr. Lant is determined that the power and authority of the court shall be preserved, and that none shall exercise the employment of a musician for gain without a licence from him or his Steward; and therefore, gentlemen, he expects, and the oath you have just taken requires, that you should inquire of all such persons playing upon any instrument of music for gain, either in the county of Chester, or the county of the city of Chester, and if you know or are properly informed of any such, you are to present them to this court, that they may be proceeded against and punished according to law, which the Lord and his Steward are determined to do, with the utmost severity."

and presentments, and an oath* was administered to the musicians, and licenses granted to all who were adjudged worthy, authorizing them to play upon their musical instruments within the county and city of Chester for one year.

Such were the solemnities attendant on the holiday of the minstrel court of the Duttons in the eighteenth century, when they ceased to be holden after a constant observance, generally at annual periods, for at least 550 years. The ceremonies were somewhat different in earlier times. In the Tabley MS. c. 143, will be found a detail of the solemnities pursued on the 24th of June, 1642. Some years before the courts fell into disuetude, they had been held only occasionally at intervals, sometimes of two or three, sometimes of four or five years, and the attendance on these occasions was much diminished. The fee for a license was two shillings and sixpence. In the last court but one, held in 1754, there were only twenty-one licences granted. The last court was held in 1756, by R. Lant, Esq., being then Lord of Dutton, and possessing the advowry of the minstrels by purchase.

* The oath was as follows:—"You are to behave yourself lively, as a licensed minstrel of this court ought to do, you shall not at any time play upon any instrument of music within the county Palatine of Chester, nor within the county of the city of Chester, for hire, gain, or reward, not having the licence of the court so to do; but you shall make the Lord of this court acquainted thereof, or his Steward, and in all other respects you shall demean yourself according to the purport and true meaning of your licence; you shall give your yearly attendance upon the court, so long as you intend to play upon any musical instrument for gain within either of the said counties to take a licence for the same, and are able so to do, so help your God."

PEERS DESCENDED FROM KING HENRY VII.

THE nearest and most illustrious Royal descent, which can be claimed by any English subject (except the members of the present Royal Family), is that deducible from the marriage of King HENRY VII. with the Princess ELIZABETH, of York, eldest daughter of King EDWARD IV., and heiress of the House of Plantagenet.

The annexed list includes every existing Peer who is thus descended.

The name in *italics* is that of the Peer now living; the names that follow are those of the different families through which the descent comes.

Aberdeen—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol.

Ailesbury—Brandon, Grey, Seymour.

Ashburnham { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Percy.

(2 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Percy.

{ Brandon, Clifford, Stanley.

Atholl

(4 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Percy.

{ Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Percy.

Aylesford { Brandon, Grey, Seymour.

(2 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley,
Carteret, Thynne.

Brandon—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle.

Bangor—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Carrick, Farnham.

Bateman—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald,
Galloway, Templemore.

Bath { Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Boyle,
Byng.

(2 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley,
Carteret.

Beaufort—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald,
Galloway, Stafford.

Bedford—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Boyle, Byng.

Belmore { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Carrick.

(2 Descents) { _____ Belmore, Car-
rick

Bessborough—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley,
Carteret, Spencer.

Beverley { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Percy.

(2 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne.

Bradford—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Boyle, Byng.

Braybrooke—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Grenville.

Brooke and Warwick—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Bruce—Brandon, Grey, Seymour.

Buccleugh { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Queensberry.
(3 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce.
 { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brudenell, Powis, Sydney.

Buckingham and Chandos { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham.
(2 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brydges.

Burlington { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Devonshire.
(2 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer, Devonshire.

Bute.—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Hastings, Rawdon.

Cardigan—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce.

Carlisle—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Stafford.

Carnarvon—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham.

Carrick—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle.

Carteret—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, and Thynne.

Cawdor—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Stafford, Carlisle.

Chesterfield—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Thynne.

Churchill—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Sutton, Ward, Grey, Wrottesley, Grafton.

Clifden { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Devonshire, Carlisle.
(2 Descents) { Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Stafford, Carlisle.

Clonmel—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Warwick.

Cork and Orrery—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter.

Courtown { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Queensberry, Buccleugh.
(2 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brudenell, Buccleugh.

Crewe—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Hungerford, Keate, Walker (Hungerford).

Crofton—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway.

Dartmouth—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Aylesford.

De Lisle—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Sydney, Perry, Shelley.

De Mauley—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer, and Bessborough.

Derby—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Hamilton.

De Ros—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Fitzgerald.

Devonshire { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle.
(2 Descents) { Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer.

Ducie—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Carnarvon.

Dunmore { Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol.
(3 Descents) { Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway.
 { Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Hamilton.

Durham—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Jersey.

Dysart—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret.

- Ellesmere*—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Stafford.
Exeter—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton.
Farnham—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Carrick.
Ferrers—Brandon, Grey, Semour, Ward.
Forester—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Rutland.
Fortescue—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Grenville.
Galloway—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald.
Granard—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Hastings, Rawdon.
Granville } Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Devonshire.
 (2 Descents) } Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald,
 Galloway, Stafford.
Hamilton—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald,
 Galloway.
Harrowby—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald,
 Galloway, Stafford.
Hastings—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Hastings, and Rawdon.
 } Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Queensberry, Buc-
 clugh.
Home }
 (2 Descents) } Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brudenell, Buc-
 cleugh.
Howe—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, St. John, Bennett,
 Hartopp.
Huntley—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald,
 Galloway.
Jersey—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton.
Keith and Nairne—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, and Nairne.
Lake—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Gerard.
Leigh } Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brydges.
 (2 Descents) } Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton.
Lovelace—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Grenville, Fortescue.
Lyttleton—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley,
 Carteret, Spencer.
Malmsbury—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Shaftsbury.
Manchester—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Aberdeen, Gordon.
Marlborough—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway.
Mt. Garrett—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Carrick.
Northumberland } Brandon, Grey, Seymour.
 (2 Descents) } Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne.
Nugent—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Grenville.
O'Neil—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Cork.
Paget—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Jersey.
Pomfret—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Gerard, Lake, Borough.
Portland—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Devonshire.
Portsmouth—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Herbert, of Cherbury, Herbert (Powis), Fellowes.
Powis—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Herbert of Cherbury, Herbert (Powis), and Clive.
Richmond—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Aberdeen, Gordon.
Romney—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham.
Rutland—Brandon, Grey, Seymour.
St. Germain's—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Stafford.

Shaftsbury—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter.

Shannon—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle.

Sligo—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, St. John, Bennett, Har-
topp, Howe

Spencer—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley,
Carteret.

Stamford—Brandon, Grey, Grey, Sutton, Ward, and Grey.

Strathallan—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Nairne.

Sutherland—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton.

Sydney—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brudenell, and Powis,

Templemore. } Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Jersey, and Paget.

(2 Descents) } Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundo-
nald, Galloway.

Torrington—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Boyle.

Ward—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Sutton, and Ward.

Wrottesley—Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Sutton, Ward, Grey.

Yarborough—Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Boyle,
Worsley, Bridgman, Simpson.



CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

XXVII.—THE TRIAL OF JAMES STUART OF DUNEARN, FOR SHOOTING SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Bart., of Auchinleck, whose death in a duel forms the melancholy subject of this trial, was the eldest son of James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, and the grandson of the quaint but eminent Scotch judge, Alexander Boswell, Lord Auchinleck. The baronetcy was conferred the 16th Aug, 1821, but Sir Alexander did not live long to enjoy it, as this fatal duel occurred the 26th March, 1822. Sir Alexander was succeeded by his son, Sir James Boswell, the present baronet.

The hostile meeting in question took place at Auchtetool, near Balmuto, in Fifeshire, between Sir Alexander Boswell and James Stuart, Esq. of Dunearn, a Scottish gentleman, of ancient and honourable descent, well known in the literary and political circles of the time. Sir Alexander was attended by the present Marquis of Queensberry, then the Hon. John Douglas, brother of the late Marquess, and Mr. Stuart by James late Earl of Rosslyn. The ball of Mr. Stuart struck Sir Alexander in the shoulder, shattered the shoulder-blade, and was supposed to have entered the spine, as his limbs were quite paralysed. Sir Alexander was carried to Balmuto House, where he expired. The cause of this duel was a song which appeared in a Glasgow paper, entitled the "*Sentinel*," on the 26th of December, which Mr. Stuart ascertained to have been written by Sir Alexander.

Mr. Stuart was accordingly tried before the High Court of Justiciary, for the murder of Sir Alexander Boswell, to which he pleaded "*Not Guilty*."

The main evidence was as follows:—

The Earl of Rosslyn being called, deposed, that on the 25th of March, 1822, he called on Sir A. Boswell, and told him, he had come at the desire of Mr. Stuart; and that Mr. Stuart had in his possession certain papers, some of which appeared to be in Sir Alexander's hand-writing, and bore the post-mark of Mauchlin, and the counter post-mark of Glasgow. Some of them purported to be originals of papers published in the *Glasgow Sentinel*, and one of them particularly (a song), contained allusions disrespectful to Mr. Stuart's family, and charged Mr. Stuart with cowardice. Among the papers there was a letter to the editor of the *Sentinel*, signed A. Boswell, containing some praise of the song, and other papers reflecting on Mr. Stuart, which were in the same hand-writing with the letter which bore Sir Alexander's signature. The similarity of the hand-writing and of the post-mark, furnished so strong a presumption that Sir Alexander was the author, that he thought it proper to ask Sir Alexander, if he was the author, or if he had sent them to the newspaper, stating, at the same time, that if Sir Alexander could say that he was not the author, and had not sent them to the newspaper, that would be conclusive, notwithstanding any evidence to the contrary.

Sir Alexander said, that this was a delicate affair, and he thought he ought to have a friend present. Witness said he thought it very desirable. Sir Alexander went away, and returned with Mr. Douglas, when witness repeated what he had previously said. Sir Alexander and Mr. Douglas desired to confer together. Witness went away, and when he returned, found Mr. Douglas alone. Mr. Douglas then said, that he could not advise Sir Alexander to give any answer; that Mr. Stuart was in possession of the evidence on which this application rested; but if this affair should proceed any further, there were two proposals which he had to make:—

1. That no meeting should take place within fourteen days, because Sir Alexander had some family business to dispose of.
2. That the meeting, if any, should take place on the continent.

Witness had no hesitation in replying, that on these conditions he thought the terms were such as would be agreed to. He had copies of the manuscripts and papers in his hand, when he called on Sir Alexander. He had a song and a paper signed "Ignotus." He thought the song of far the greater importance, because it contained two direct imputations of cowardice. He considered Mr. Stuart's character implicated by those papers (which, being shewn to the witness, he identified in court). Mr. Douglas said he would not advise Sir Alexander to make any answer at all. Witness afterwards saw Mr. Stuart, and proceeded immediately to Mr. Douglas, and stated that witness was grieved that no alternative was left to Mr. Stuart; that Mr. Stuart agreed to both the conditions stated by Mr. Douglas, namely, the delay of fourteen days, and that the meeting should be upon the continent. It was agreed that all subsequent arrangements respecting the meeting on the continent should be settled when all the parties were in London. Witness then asked Mr. Douglas, if there was any possibility of not carrying this affair any further; that Mr. Stuart would be content to treat the song as a very bad joke on his part, provided Sir Alexander would say, that he did not intend any reflection on Mr. Stuart's courage. Mr. Douglas said he had no hopes that Sir Alexander would say any such thing. Witness left Mr. Douglas to return to Fife, in the conviction that everything was finally settled. The boat was ready, but before he embarked he was accosted by Mr. Douglas, who said Sir Alexander had taken the advice of a legal friend, and, in consequence, thought it no longer necessary to go to the continent, and that he preferred to have the meeting in Scotland. Witness objected to that; after some discussion, Mr. Douglas returned to Edinburgh, saying at parting, that at any rate, if the meeting took place in France, and Mr. Stuart fell, Sir Alexander could not be hanged for it. Mr. Brougham called on witness next morning, at about from a quarter to eight to half-past eight, and stated, that Sir Alexander had been bound over by the sheriff of Edinburgh to keep the peace, and that it had been settled that Sir Alexander and Mr. Stuart should meet at Auchertool that morning, and requested witness to meet Mr. Stuart, which he did. He went there, and had some conversation, and fixed on a piece of ground near the road side. Mr. Stuart and Sir Alexander arrived in carriages, and got out at the place they had fixed upon, he believed at ten o'clock. The pistols were produced by Mr. Douglas and witness, Mr. Douglas sitting down, and witness standing; Mr. Douglas received from witness the measure of powder for each pistol, and the ball, and rammed them down. There were but two pistols, of which Mr. Douglas took one, and witness the other. The ground was measured, twelve very long paces. The pistols were delivered to the two parties respectively, one by Mr. Douglas, and one by witness:

and it was agreed that they should fire by a word. Mr. Douglas looked upon him (witness) to give the word, which he did, and they fired. Sir Alexander fell. Mr. Stuart advanced with great anxiety towards Sir Alexander; but witness hurried Mr. Stuart away. Those who remained, together with witness, lent their assistance to convey Sir Alexander to Balmuto. Before anything took place on the ground, Mr. Stuart asked witness, if it was not fit that he should make a bow to Sir Alexander, and express his wish for a reconciliation. Witness thought it right. Mr. Stuart advanced towards Sir Alexander, apparently for that purpose; Sir Alexander's back was then turned, and he appeared to be walking away from Mr. Stuart.

Mr. Douglas, after stating the previous circumstances which had been mentioned by Lord Rosslyn, described the arrival of the parties on the ground. Witness advised Lord Rosslyn not to pass through the village, lest he should be known. Lord Rosslyn went another road, and was first on the ground. The ground was approved of by all parties. Witness asked Lord Rosslyn, if he thought there was any chance of an amicable arrangement. Lord Rosslyn said, he feared not. Lord Rosslyn measured off the ground. Witness desired Dr. Wood not to stand so near; he replied, "he wished to be near, lest Sir Alexander might die before he could come up to his assistance." The parties having taken their positions, Lord Rosslyn proposed that witness should give the word of command; witness said, he wished Lord Rosslyn to do it, which his lordship did. On their way to the ground, Sir Alexander consulted witness as to firing in the air or not. Witness said, he (Sir Alexander) must consult his own feelings on that subject. Sir Alexander said, he had perhaps, in an unhappy moment, injured Mr. Stuart, and therefore he should fire in the air. Witness said, that was exactly his own opinion. On the field, he did not notice how Sir Alexander fired, as he felt that Mr. Stuart was in no danger, but he kept his eye on Mr. Stuart. Saw him raise his arm, which appeared firm and nervous, but he could not tell the direction exactly in which it pointed. Both fired; there was just a difference between the time of the two reports. Mr. Stuart's was rather first. Sir Alexander fell. Assistance was immediately procured for him. Mr. Stuart approached and witness advised him to flee. The only words which Sir Alexander said to witness then, were, that he regretted he had not made his fire in the air more decided than it had been. Sir Alexander's wound was not dressed on the field, but at Balmuto-house, whither he was immediately conveyed.

Mr. W. Spalding, writer, recollected in the month of March last going with Mr. Stuart to Glasgow. Mr. Henderson, writer in Hamilton, accompanied them. Witness called at Mr. Stuart's house, and there, for the first time, learned that Mr. Henderson was to accompany them. The object of their journey was to liberate Mr. Borthwick from prison. They arrived at Glasgow about eleven o'clock on that (Saturday) night. Mr. Henderson went to the gaol the same night; but Mr. Borthwick was not liberated that night. Witness was private agent to Mr. Borthwick. They had an interview with Mr. Borthwick in the gaol, on Sunday evening; and it was there agreed, that Mr. Borthwick should go and procure certain manuscripts from the Sentinel office, with a view of raising actions of relief against certain gentlemen of the county of Lanark. Mr. Stuart was present only a part of the time during this interview. Cannot tell whether he was present, when the proposal for taking the manuscripts from the Sentinel office was made. Mr. Henderson was present. The next morning Mr. Borthwick went to the office, and sent certain MSS. by a man

named Robinson, to the Tontine-Inn, where they were examined by Mr. Stuart, Mr. Henderson, and himself. Mr. Borthwick did not arrive till after the MSS. were examined. Mr. Henderson knew Sir Alexander's hand-writing, and all the papers written by Sir Alexander were laid apart from the rest. The MSS. now shewn witness, were those which were selected from the others. It was witness who gave up the MSS. to Mr. Stuart.

The following witnesses were called for the defence :

Mr. Henderson, writer, in Hamilton, knew Mr. Borthwick, and knew that he had been editor of the *Clydesdale Journal*. Witness applied to a person to introduce him to Mr. Stuart. His object was to get Mr. Stuart to forego an action of damages which he had brought against Borthwick, and for that purpose witness described the manner in which Borthwick had been imprisoned. Mr. Stuart replied, that he could make no promises ; that he was convinced Borthwick was not the author of the libels upon him ; and if Borthwick would give up the authors, the action should be discontinued. Witness said, that Borthwick had often expressed his wish to be introduced to Mr. Stuart, and his readiness to give up the authors provided he were freed from the action of damages.

Borthwick, when liberated, went to the office, accompanied by witness's clerk, and one Loudon Robinson (formerly a journeyman in his employ), as witnesses. Robinson shortly afterwards returned with a bundle of manuscripts of newspapers. Mr. Borthwick came some time after, and said he had been prevented from examining the papers at the office, on account of the violence of Sir Alexander. The hand-writing of Sir Alexander Boswell was not discovered until all the hand-writings had been assorted in different parcels. Borthwick said, it was the hand-writing of one Sir A. Oswald, as he called him ; but he said there was a letter from the gentleman himself among the papers. This letter was found, and Mr. Stuart expressed much surprise and astonishment at the discovery : he said, he never could have suspected Sir A. Boswell of attempting to injure him.

James Gibson, of Islington, Esq.—Knows Mr. Stuart and Mr. Aiton. Has seen a great many articles in the *Beacon* and *Sentinel*, which they considered extremely offensive to Lord Archibald Hamilton, Mr. Stuart, and himself. Has often consulted with Mr. Stuart on the means of detecting the author. Mr. Aiton is the agent for Lord Archibald Hamilton. Recollects the article respecting Mr. Stuart, which appeared in the first number of the *Sentinel* : considers it a most atrocious libel. Was informed of the whole transaction respecting Borthwick's imprisonment, and told Mr. Stuart, that he (witness) would pay the debt for which Borthwick was imprisoned, rather than be disappointed of the papers ; and he was apprehensive from what he had heard of the character of Sir Alexander, that he would not scruple taking any measures to get possession of and destroy them. He recommended to Mr. Stuart not to lose a moment in obtaining the papers, but his only reason for recommending haste was, lest Alexander should destroy them. Mr. Stuart had never hinted a suspicion that Sir A. Boswell was the author of any of the attacks upon him, and expressed his astonishment when, on returning from Glasgow, he acquainted witness with the discovery. Witness was aware that a duel was fought between Mr. Stuart and the late Sir A. Boswell, on the 26th March last. Saw Mr. Stuart the evening before. Mr. Stuart then acquainted him that the meeting was to take place three days afterwards. Mr. Stuart then

appeared perfectly calm and collected, but expressed no other motive for his conduct, than a desire to vindicate his character; he did not appear to be actuated by the least vindictiveness against Sir Alexander.

Many witnesses concurred in describing Mr. Stuart as a most humane and amiable man.

The Lord Justice Clerk charged the jury, who, without leaving the box, returned an unanimous verdict by their chancellor, Sir John Hope, finding Mr. Stuart *Not Guilty* of the charges libelled.

XXVIII.—THE EARL OF CARDIGAN'S DUEL.

ON Tuesday, February the 16th, 1841, the Earl of Cardigan was tried by his Peers at the bar of the House of Lords, for an assault with intent to murder, alleged to have been committed by him in fighting a duel with Mr. Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett.

James Thomas Brudenell, present and seventh Earl of Cardigan, is the representative of a very ancient and honorable English family, which was elevated to the peerage the 29th June, 1611, Thomas Brudenell being then created a baron, and in 1661, an earl. From him the present Earl is in direct descent. The facts of this duel, in which his lordship was a principal, are as follow:—

The Earl of Cardigan in the year 1840 held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 11th Regiment of Hussars, of which His Royal Highness Prince Albert had recently received a commission as Colonel. It appears to have been the object of the Earl of Cardigan to advance the discipline and general conduct of his regiment to such a state as to entitle it to be esteemed in the light in which it was held,—that of a favourite regiment. The Earl had been appointed to the regiment in the year 1838, while it was serving in India, but in the spring of the ensuing year, the usual period of service abroad having expired, the 11th Hussars were ordered home, and soon after received the title of “Prince Albert’s Own.” While stationed at Brighton, in the course of the year 1840, some difference arose between the noble earl and the officers under his command, which, whether justly or unjustly, it is not here to determine. Complaints to the War Office were the result of these misunderstandings, and the subject became matter of discussion in the various newspapers of the day. Amongst those journals which took a prominent part in these debates was the *Morning Chronicle*, and in the columns of that paper a series of letters appeared under the signature of “An Old Soldier,” which eventually proved to be the contributions of Mr. Tuckett, formerly a captain under the command of the Earl of Cardigan. Many of these letters undoubtedly contained matter highly offensive personally to the Earl of Cardigan; and the noble earl having discovered their author, called upon him to afford him that satisfaction usually deemed to be due from one gentleman to another under circumstances of insult or any other provocation. A meeting took place at Wimbledon Common, on the 12th of September, 1840, the respective combatants being attended by seconds, the result of which was that, at the second shot, Captain Tuckett was wounded. The whole affair was witnessed by some persons resident in the neighbourhood, and the parties were all taken into custody, and eventually bound over to appear to answer any charge which might be preferred against them at the ensuing sessions at the Central Criminal Court.

A police constable was directed to institute a prosecution, and bills of indictment were laid before the grand jury against Captain Tuckett, and Captain Wainewright, his second; and also against the Earl of Cardigan, and Captain Douglas, who had attended him in the capacity of his friend. In the cases of the two first-named individuals the bill was ignored, but a true bill was returned against the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Douglas.

The extent of jurisdiction of the judges at the Old Bailey prevented them from trying the Earl of Cardigan, whose alleged offence the noble earl was entitled to have inquired of by his peers, and the investigation of the case against the parties indicted was therefore postponed from session to session until the sitting of Parliament, the court declining to enter upon the case of Captain Douglas until that of the principal in the offence alleged against him had first been disposed of. Parliament assembled on the 16th of January, 1841, and then, so soon as the forms of the House of Lords would admit, the bill of indictment was removed by *certiorari*, in order to be disposed of by their lordships. The customary preliminary forms having been complied with on the day above named, namely, Tuesday, the 16th of February, the trial took place.

The public had been made acquainted with the fact that the trial would not take place in the Westminster-hall, and that the Painted Chamber, in which the peers had met for parliamentary business since the destruction of the old house by fire, was under preparation for the solemn and imposing scene. The smallness of the apartment, and the general desire amongst the peeresses and the various members of the nobility and rank of the land to be present upon so important and interesting an occasion, rendered it necessary that very extensive alterations should be made to secure sufficient accommodation, and considerable ingenuity had been exercised in order to accomplish that object, every corner and nook from which a glimpse of the court could be snatched being provided with sittings. But the capacity of the building prevented the architect, with all his skill, from making the supply equal to the demand. The benches, galleries, and floor, were covered with crimson cloth, and the walls themselves with paper, in which that colour was predominant, and the effect was to make the gorgeous robes of the peers and the splendid dresses of the peeresses stand out in dazzling relief. When the court had opened, and the chamber was filled, the *tout ensemble* was magnificent.

At a quarter before eleven o'clock the lords' speaker (Lord Denman), having robed in his private room, entered the house. A procession was formed in the usual manner, his lordship being preceded by the purse-bearer with the purse, the sergeant with the mace, the black rod carrying the lord high steward's staff, and garter carrying his sceptre.

Garter and black rod having taken their places at the bar, the lord speaker proceeded to the woolsack, where, being seated, prayers were read by the Bishop of Lichfield.

The clerk-assistant of Parliament then proceeded to call over the peers, beginning with the junior baron.

This necessary ceremony being completed, the clerks of the crown in Chancery and in the Queen's Bench jointly made three reverences, and the clerk of the crown in Chancery, on his knee, delivered the commission to the lord speaker, who gave it to the clerk of the crown in the Queen's Bench to read; and both clerks retired with like reverences to the table.

The sergeant-at-arms then made proclamation, and the lord speaker informed the peers that her Majesty's commission was about to be read, and directed that all persons should rise and be uncovered while the commission was reading.

The commission appointing Lord Denman as lord high steward was then read, and garter and black rod having made their reverences, proceeded to the woolsack and took their places on the right of the lord high steward, and both holding the staff, presented it on their knees to his grace.

His grace rose, and having made reverence to the throne, took his seat in the chair of state provided for him on the uppermost step but one of the throne. Proclamation was then made for silence; when the Queen's writ of *certiorari* to remove the indictment, with the return thereof, and the record of the indictment, were read by the clerk of the crown in the Queen's Bench. The lord high steward then directed the sergeant-at-arms to make proclamation for the yeoman usher to bring the prisoner to the bar.

The Earl of Cardigan immediately entered the house, and advanced to the bar, accompanied by the yeoman usher. He made three reverences, one to his grace the lord high steward, and one to the peers on either side, who returned the salute. The ceremony of kneeling was dispensed with. The noble earl, who was dressed in plain clothes, was then conducted within the bar, where he remained standing, while the lord high steward acquainted him with the nature of the charge against him.

The prisoner was arraigned in the usual form, for firing at Harvey Garnet Phipps Tuckett, on the 12th of September, with intent to kill and murder him. The second count charged him with firing at the said Harvey Garnet Phipps Tuckett with intent to maim and disable him; and the third count varied the charge—with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm.

The clerk then asked, "How say you, James Thomas Earl of Cardigan, are you guilty or not?"

The Earl of Cardigan, in a firm voice, replied, "Not guilty, my lords."

The Clerk—"How will you be tried, my lord?"

The Earl of Cardigan—"By my peers."

The noble prisoner then took his seat on a stool within the bar, and his grace the lord high steward removed to the table, preceded by garter, black rod, and the purse-bearer, as before, and his grace being seated, black rod took his seat on a stool at the corner of the table, on his grace's right hand, holding the staff, garter on a stool on black rod's right, and the sergeant at the lower end of the table on the same side.

Mr. Waddington opened the pleadings, stating the nature of the offence as set out in the indictment, and added that the noble prisoner had, for his trial, put himself upon their lordships, his peers.

The Attorney-general, Sir John, now Lord Campbell, addressed their lordships as follows:—"I have the honour to attend your lordships on this occasion as Attorney-general for her Majesty, to lay before you the circumstances of the case upon which you will be called to pronounce judgment, without any object or wish on my part, except that I may humbly assist your lordships in coming to a right conclusion upon it, according to its merits. An indictment has been found against a peer of the realm by a grand jury of his

country, charging him with a felony, the punishment of which is transportation or imprisonment. That indictment has been removed before your lordships at the request of the noble prisoner, and, I must say, most properly removed, for an inferior court had no jurisdiction to try him. The charge is, upon the face of it, of a most serious character, and it would not have been satisfactory if it had gone off without any inquiry. The policeman, however, who was bound over to prosecute, fulfilled his recognizances by appearing at the Central Criminal Court, and preferring the indictment. It is possible that in the course of this trial, questions of great magnitude on the construction of acts of Parliament, or respecting the privileges of the peerage may arise, which it is of great importance to this house, to the crown, and to the community, should be deliberately discussed. According to all the precedents that can be found, whenever a peer has been tried in Parliament, the prosecution has been conducted by the law-officers of the crown. Fortunately, we have no living memory on this subject. It is now sixty-four years since any proceeding of this sort has taken place, and I am rejoiced to think that on the present occasion the charge against the noble prisoner at the bar does not imply any degree of moral turpitude, and that, if he should be found guilty, his conviction will reflect no discredit on the illustrious order to which he belongs. At the same time, it clearly appears to me that the noble lord at the bar has been guilty of infringing the statute law of the realm, which this and all other courts of justice are bound to respect and enforce. Your lordships are not sitting as a court of honour, or as a branch of the legislature; your lordships are sitting here as a court bound by the rules of law, and under a sanction as sacred as that of an oath. The indictment against the Earl of Cardigan is framed upon an act of Parliament which passed in the first year of the reign of her present Majesty. It charges the noble defendant with having shot at Captain Harvey Tuckett, with the several intents set forth in the indictment. I think I shall best discharge my duty to your lordships by presenting to you a brief history of the law on this subject. By the common law of England, personal violence, when death did not ensue from it, amounted to a mere misdemeanour, and if the wounded party did not die within a year and a day, no felony was committed. The first act which created a felony where death did not ensue was the 5th of Henry IV. By that act certain personal injuries, without death, were made felonies without benefit of clergy. Then came the Coventry Act, the 22nd and 23rd of Charles II., whereby any person lying in wait for and wounding another, with intent to maim or disfigure, was guilty of felony, without benefit of clergy. Under both these acts no offence was committed unless a wound was inflicted, and it was not until the 9th George I., commonly called the Black Act, that an attempt, where no wound was given, was made a felony. By that act it was enacted, that if any person should wilfully and maliciously shoot at any person in any dwelling-house or other place, he should be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, although no wound were inflicted: but it was determined upon that statute—and, in fairness to the noble prisoner, it is my duty to remind your lordships of it—that unless the case was one in which, if death had ensued, it would have amounted to murder, no offence was committed under the statute. That was determined in the case of the King and Castineaux, which is reported in the first volume of Leach's 'Crown Cases,' page 417. In that case the law was thus laid down:—'The offence charged in this indictment is described by the statute, in which it is framed, in very few and very clear

words, which are—‘That if any person or persons shall wilfully and maliciously shoot at any person in any dwelling-house or other place, he shall be adjudged guilty of felony, without benefit of clergy.’ The word maliciously is made to constitute the very essence of this crime; no act of shooting, therefore, will amount, under this statute, to a capital offence, unless it be accompanied with such circumstances as, in construction of law, would have amounted to the crime of murder if death had ensued from such act. This proposition most clearly and unavoidably results from the legal interpretation of the word maliciously, as applied to this subject; for there is no species of homicide in which malice forms any ingredient but that of murder; and it follows, that neither an accidental shooting, nor a shooting in the transport of passion, excited by such a degree of provocation as will reduce homicide to the offence of manslaughter, is within the meaning of the statute; for from both of these cases the law excludes every ideal of malice.’ The law continued on this footing until an act was passed in the 43rd of George III., which is commonly called Lord Ellenborough’s Act. This act did not repeal the Black Act, but greatly extended its operation, and, among other enactments, contains this:—‘That if any person or persons shall wilfully, maliciously, and unlawfully shoot at any of his Majesty’s subjects, or shall wilfully, maliciously, and unlawfully present, point, or level any kind of loaded fire-arms at any of his Majesty’s subjects, and attempt, by drawing a trigger, or in any other manner, to discharge the same at or against his or their person or persons, or shall wilfully, maliciously, or unlawfully stab or cut any of his Majesty’s subjects, with intent in so doing, or by means thereof, to murder, or rob, or to maim, disfigure, or disable such his Majesty’s subject or subjects, or with intent to do some other grievous bodily harm to such his Majesty’s subject or subjects, he shall be guilty of felony, without benefit of clergy.’ This act, however, has the following express proviso:—‘Provided always, that in case it shall appear on the trial of any person or persons indicted for the wilfully, maliciously, and unlawfully shooting at any of his Majesty’s subjects, or for wilfully, maliciously, and unlawfully presenting, pointing, or levelling any kind of loaded fire-arms at any of his Majesty’s subjects, and attempting, by drawing a trigger, or in any other manner, to discharge the same at or against his or their person or persons, or for the wilfully, maliciously, and unlawfully stabbing or cutting any of his Majesty’s subjects, with such intent as aforesaid, that such acts of stabbing or cutting were committed under such circumstances as that if death had ensued therefrom the same would not in law have amounted to the crime of murder; then and in every such case the person or persons so indicted shall be deemed and taken to be not guilty of the felonies whereof they shall be so indicted, but be thereof acquitted.’ Your lordships will observe that, by this act, it is made a capital offence to shoot at with intent to murder, or maim, or disfigure, or to do grievous bodily harm, but the offence came within the statute only when, if death would have ensued, it would, under these circumstances, have amounted to the crime of murder. Next came the statute of the 9th of George IV., cap. 31, which, I believe, is generally called Lord Lansdowne’s Act, that noble lord having introduced it into Parliament when he was Secretary for the Home Department. This is an act for consolidating and amending the statutes relating to offences against the person. It repeals the Black Act, and Lord Ellenborough’s Act; but it contains provisions similar to those of the latter. The 11th section enacts:—“That if

any person unlawfully and maliciously should administer or attempt to administer to any person, or should cause to be taken by any person, any poison or other destructive thing, or shall unlawfully and maliciously attempt to drown, suffocate, or strangle any person, or shall unlawfully and maliciously shoot at any person, or shall, by drawing a trigger, or in any other manner attempt to discharge any kind of loaded arms, at any person, or shall unlawfully and maliciously stab, cut, or wound any person, with intent, in any of the cases aforesaid, to murder such person, every such offender, and every person counselling, aiding, or abetting such offender, shall be guilty of felony, and, being convicted thereof, shall suffer death as a felon." By the 12th section it is enacted:—"That if any person unlawfully and maliciously shall shoot at any person, or shall by drawing a trigger, or in any other manner, attempt to discharge any kind of loaded arms at any person, or shall unlawfully and maliciously stab, cut, or wound any person, with intent, in any of the cases aforesaid, to maim, disfigure, or disable such person, or do some other grievous bodily harm to such person, or with intent to resist or prevent the lawful apprehension or detainer of the party so offending, or of any of his accomplices, for any offence for which he or they may respectively be liable by law to be apprehended or detained, every such offender, and every person counselling, aiding, or abetting such offender, shall be guilty of felony, and being convicted thereof, shall suffer death as a felon." This act contains the same proviso as was inserted in Lord Ellenborough's; but still it remained a capital offence to shoot at, with intent to murder, or maim, or disfigure, or do bodily harm, although no wound was inflicted. Things remained on this footing till the act was passed on which the present indictment is framed. That act, which received the royal assent on the 17th July, 1837, is the 1st of Victoria, cap. 85, and is entitled "An Act to amend the laws relating to offences against the Person." The preamble recites that it is expedient to repeal so much of the act of the 9th George IV., and of the 10th of the same reign, as relates to any person who shall unlawfully and maliciously shoot at any person, or who shall, by drawing a trigger, or in any other manner attempt to discharge any kind of loaded arms at any person, or who shall unlawfully and maliciously stab, cut, or wound any person, &c. And by the second and third sections it is enacted:—"That whosoever shall administer to or cause to be taken by any person any poison or other destructive thing, or shall stab, cut, or wound any person, or shall by any means whatsoever cause to any person any bodily injury, dangerous to life, with intent in any of the cases aforesaid, to commit murder, shall be guilty of felony, and being convicted thereof, shall suffer death. And be it enacted, that whosoever shall attempt to administer to any person any poison or other destructive thing, or shall shoot at any person, or shall, by drawing a trigger, or in any other manner, attempt to discharge any kind of loaded arms at any person, or shall attempt to drown, suffocate, or strangle any person, with intent in any of the cases aforesaid, to commit the crime of murder, shall, although no bodily injury shall be effected, be guilty of felony, and being convicted thereof shall be liable, at the discretion of the court, to be transported beyond the seas for the term of his or her natural life, or for any term not less than fifteen years, or to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding three years." Therefore, to shoot at a person and inflict a wound dangerous to life, remains by this act a capital offence; but the act of shooting, when no wound is inflicted, is no longer a capital offence, and remains a felony punishable only with transportation or imprisonment. The fourth

section enacts :—"That whosoever unlawfully and maliciously shall shoot at any person, or shall, by drawing a trigger, or in any other manner attempt to discharge any kind of loaded arms at any person, or shall stab, cut, or wound any person, with intent in any of the cases aforesaid to maim, disfigure, or disable such person, or to do some other grievous bodily harm to such person, or with intent to resist or prevent the lawful apprehension or detainer of any person, shall be guilty of felony, and being convicted thereof shall be liable, at the discretion of the court, to be transported beyond the seas for the term of his or her natural life, or for any term not less than fifteen years, or to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding three years." This act contains no such proviso as is found in Lord Ellenborough's Act, and that of the 9th of George IV., a circumstance which it is material your lordship should bear in mind, when you come to deliberate on your judgment with respect to the second and third counts of the indictment. I am happy to say that the indictment contains no count on the capital charge. A wound was inflicted ; but the prosecutor has very properly restricted the charge to firing at with intent, without alleging that any wound dangerous to life was inflicted. The first count charges, that the Earl of Cardigan shot at Captain Tuckett with intent, in the language of the law, to commit the crime of murder. The second count charges his lordship with the same act with intent to maim, disfigure, or disable Captain Tuckett, and the third count charges him with the same act with intent to do Captain Tuckett some grievous bodily harm. It will be for your lordships to say whether, upon the facts which I shall lay before you, and which I am instructed to say can be clearly made out in evidence, each and every one of the counts must not be considered as fully established. The substance of the evidence in this case is, that on the 12th of September last, the Earl of Cardigan fought a duel with pistols on Wimbledon Common, with Captain Tuckett, and wounded him at the second exchange of shots. It will appear that about five o'clock on the afternoon of that day, two carriages, coming in opposite directions, were seen to arrive on Wimbledon Common, and a party of gentlemen alighted from each. It was evident to those who observed what was going on, that a duel was in contemplation. The parties went to a part of Wimbledon Common, between the road that leads to Lord Spencer's park and a windmill. The seconds made the usual preparations ; the principals, the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Tuckett, were placed at a distance of about twelve yards ; they exchanged shots without effect ; they received from their seconds each another pistol ; they again fired, and Captain Tuckett was wounded by the Earl of Cardigan. Mr. Dann, who occupied the mill, and his son, and Sir James Anderson, a surgeon, who was standing close by, went up immediately. The wound was examined : it bled freely but most fortunately—and I am sure that no one rejoices at the circumstance more than the noble prisoner at the bar—it proved to be not of a dangerous nature. Mr. Dann, the miller, who was a constable, took the whole party into custody. The wound was again formally examined, and Sir J. Anderson pressed that he might be set at liberty and allowed to take Captain Tuckett to his house in London, which was immediately acceded to, upon Captain Tuckett promising to appear before the magistrates when he recovered. The miller retained the Earl of Cardigan, and his second, Captain Douglas, as well as Captain Wainwright, the second of Captain Tuckett. The Earl of Cardigan had still a pistol in his hand when the miller approached him ; and two cases of pistols were still on the ground, one of

which bore the crest of the noble earl, and was claimed by him as his property. The parties in custody were conducted before the magistrates at Wandsworth, when the Earl of Cardigan made use of these words:—"I have fought a duel; I have hit my man, I believe, but not seriously." Then pointing to Captain Douglas, he said, "This gentleman is also a prisoner and my second." He was asked whether the person he had hit was Captain Reynolds, upon which he replied, "Do you think I would condescend to fight with one of my own officers?" His lordship was compelled by the magistrates to enter into recognizances to appear when called upon, which he did from time to time, till at last the matter was carried to the Central Criminal Court. The witnesses I shall call before your lordships are, the miller, his wife, and son, and the policeman named Busaine, who was at the station-house, and will speak to the declarations made by the Earl of Cardigan. I can offer no evidence respecting the origin of the quarrel. Captain Douglas is to take his trial for his share in the transaction; he, as your lordships will observe, is jointly indicted with the Earl of Cardigan. A bill was also preferred against Captains Tuckett and Wainwright, but the grand jury has thrown it out. Those gentlemen, however, are still liable to be tried, and it would not be decorous to summon them before your lordships to give evidence, which might afterwards be turned against themselves, probably when they would be on trial for their lives. I shall call Sir J. Anderson, who has hitherto spoken fairly on the subject, and, I suppose, will now make no objection to state all that fell within his observation. Upon these facts it will be for your lordships to say whether all the counts of the indictment are not fully proved and supported. With respect to the first count, it is painful to use the language which it necessarily recites; but it will be for your lordships to say whether, in point of law, the noble prisoner at the bar did not shoot at Captain Tuckett with intent to commit the crime therein mentioned. I at once acquit the Earl of Cardigan of anything unfair in the conduct of this duel. Something has been said respecting the noble earl's pistols having rifle barrels, whilst those of Captain Tuckett had not such barrels. However that may have been, I have the most perfect conviction that nothing but what was fair and honourable was intended, and that the Earl of Cardigan, most probably imagined, when he carried his pistols to the field with him, that one of them would be directed against his own person. Nor do I suppose that there was any grudge—any personal animosity—any rancour or malignity on the part of the noble earl towards his antagonist. Whether the noble earl gave or received the invitation to go out, I believe his only object was to preserve his reputation, and maintain his station in society as an officer and a gentleman. His lordship is in the army—he is Lieutenant-Colonel of the 11th Hussars, and no doubt he, on this occasion, only complied with what he considered to be necessary to be done according to the usages of society. But if death had ensued under these circumstances it would have been a great calamity; and although moralists of high name have excused and even defended the practice of duelling, your lordships must consider what, in this respect, is the law of England. There can be no doubt that by the law of England parties who go out deliberately to fight a duel, if death ensues, are guilty of murder. It will be my duty to state to your lordships a few of the leading authorities on this point. I will mention the highest authorities known to the law of England—Hale, Hawkins, Foster, and Blackstone. Hale, in his '*Pleas of the Crown*,' says, 'If A and B suddenly fall out, and they presently agree to fight in a field, and

run and fetch their weapons and go to the field and fight, and A kills B, this is not murder, but homicide, for it is but a continuance of the sudden falling out, and the blood was never cooled ; but if there were deliberation, as that they went on the next day—nay, though it was the same day, if there was such a competent distance of time that in common presumption they had time of deliberation—then it is murder.’ In the 1st vol. of ‘Hawkins’ Pleas of the Crown,’ cap. 13, sec. 21, p. 96, the law on this subject is thus laid down :—‘ It seems agreed, that whenever two persons in cold blood meet and fight on a precedent quarrel, and one of them is killed, the other is guilty of murder, and cannot help himself by alleging that he was struck first by the deceased, or that he had often declined to meet him, and was prevailed upon to do it by his importunity, or that it was his intent only to vindicate his reputation—or that he meant not to kill, but to disarm his adversary—for since he deliberately engaged in an act highly unlawful, in defiance of the laws, he must at his peril abide the consequence thereof.’ ‘ And from hence it follows, that if two persons quarrel over night, and appoint to fight next day—or quarrel in the morning, and agree to fight in the afternoon, or such a considerable time after by which in common intendment it must be presumed that the blood was cooled, and then they meet and fight, and one kills the other, he is guilty of murder.’ . . . ‘ And whenever it appears from the whole circumstances, that he who kills another on a sudden quarrel, was master of his temper at the time, he is guilty of murder, as if after the quarrel he falls into a discourse, and talks calmly thereon, or perhaps if he have so much consideration as to say that the place wherein the quarrel happens is not convenient for fighting, or that if he should fight at present he should have the disadvantage by reason of the height of his shoes.’ The last observation refers to Lord Morley’s case, where, though a case of manslaughter, it was a circumstance strongly pressed to shew that the offence was one of deeper dye. Sir M. Foster, in his discourse on homicide, says :—‘ Upon this principle deliberate duelling, if death ensue, is, in the eye of the law, murder, because it is generally founded on a feeling of revenge. And if a person be drawn into a duel, not from motives so criminal, but merely for the protection of what he calls his honour, that is no excuse for those who, in seeking to destroy another, act in defiance of all laws human and divine. But if, on a sudden quarrel, parties presently fetch their weapons, and go into a field and fight, and one of them is killed, that is manslaughter, because it is presumed that their blood never cooled. Otherwise, if the parties appoint the next day to meet, or even the same day, at such an interval as that their passion may have subsided, or if, from circumstances in the case, it may be reasonably presumed that their judgment had controlled the first transports, if death then ensue, it is murder. The same rule will hold if, after a quarrel, the parties fall into other conversation or discussion, and remain so engaged, so as to afford reasonable time for cooling.’ Blackstone, in his fourth volume, p. 199, thus writes, when describing and defining the crime of murder :—‘ This takes place in the case of deliberate duelling, where both parties meet avowedly with an intent to murder : thinking it their duty, as gentlemen, and claiming it as their right, to wanton with their own lives and those of their fellow-creatures ; without any warrant or authority from any power, either divine or human, but in direct contradiction to the laws both of God and man ; and, therefore, the law has justly fixed the crime and punishment of murder on them, and on their seconds also.’ Those are the highest authorities known to

the law of England, and they are uniformly followed by the English judges. Such being the definition of murder constantly given from the bench on trials for life and death, ought not your lordships to suppose that the legislature has made use of the word 'murder' in the same sense, and that when we find in Lord Ellenborough's Act, in that of the 9th of George IV., and in that of the 1st of Victoria, the expression 'with intent to commit murder,' it means with intent to do that which, if accomplished, would amount in law to the crime of murder. The legislature, and your lordships as part of it, must be taken to have well known what was the legal definition of murder, and to have used the expression, in a judicial act, in its legal sense. However painful the consideration may be, does it not necessarily follow that the first count of the indictment is completely proved? The circumstances clearly shew that the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Tuckett met by appointment. The arrangement being completed, they fired twice; the Earl of Cardigan took deliberate aim, fired, and wounded his antagonist. He must be supposed to have intended that which he did. If, unfortunately, death had ensued, would not this have been a case of murder? The only supposition by which the case could be reduced to one of manslaughter would be, that the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Tuckett met casually on Wimbledon Common—that they suddenly quarrelled, and, whilst their blood was hot, fought; but your lordships will hardly strain the facts so far as to say this was a casual meeting, when you see that each party was accompanied by a second, and supplied with a brace of pistols, and that the whole affair was conducted according to the forms and solemnities observed when a deliberate duel is fought. With respect to the second count I know not what defence can possibly be suggested, because even had it been a casual meeting, and if death had ensued under circumstances which would have amounted only to manslaughter, that would be no defence to the second and third counts. I presume to assert that on the authority of a case which came before the fifteen judges of England, and which was decided, two most learned judges doubting on the occasion, but not dissenting from the decision. The two judges who doubted were his grace the high steward, who presides over your lordships' proceedings on this occasion, and Mr. Justice Littledale. It would not become me to say anything of the learning and ability of the noble high steward in his presence, but with respect to Mr. Justice Littledale, I will say that there never was a more learned or acute judge than he was, whose retirement from the bench the bar has lately witnessed with reluctance and regret. I therefore attach the greatest weight even to doubts proceeding from such a quarter; but the thirteen other judges entertained no doubt upon that occasion, and came to the conclusion that, upon the 4th section of the act upon which the present indictment was framed, it is not necessary for a conviction that if death ensued the offence should amount to murder. The case to which I refer is to be found in the second volume of Moody's 'Crown Cases,' page 40. It was a case tried before Mr. Baron Parke, on the Norfolk spring circuit, 1838; and I will read what is material to your lordships: The case first recites the 9th of George IV., sec. 11 and 12, and the preamble, and enacting part of the 1st of Victoria, point out the circumstance that the latter act does not contain the same proviso as is found in those of Lords Ellenborough and Lansdowne, and then submits this question for the opinion of the judges: 'Is it now a defence to an indictment for wounding with intent to maim, &c., that, if death had ensued, the offence would not have been murder but manslaughter?'

Your lordships will observe that shooting at with intent to maim or disable, and stabbing with the same intent, are in the same category of subjects, and must be attended with all the same rules and incidents. This opinion will therefore have the same authority as if the question submitted by Barons Parke and Bolland had been whether, on an indictment for shooting at with intent to disable, it would be a defence that if death had ensued the offence would not have amounted to murder. The opinion of the judges was as follows:—‘At a meeting of the judges in Easter term 1838, they all thought it to be no defence to such an indictment, that if death had ensued, the offence would not have been murder, but manslaughter, except the Lord Chief Justice Lord Denman, and Mr. Justice Littledale.’ The Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Littledale, it will be observed, did not dissent, they only doubted; but the other thirteen judges seem clearly to hold that the plea set forth does not now amount to any defence; and I apprehend that the judges probably reasoned in this manner—the intention of parliament being to make offences, before capital, punishable only by transportation, the quality of the offence is not precisely the same as before, and that if a person maims another, or disables him, or does him some grievous bodily harm, even though it were an unpremeditated act, arising out of a sudden scuffle, it should nevertheless be an offence under this act, which gives a discretionary power to the court before whom the offence is tried, either to transport for fifteen years, or to imprison for a single hour. The judges, doubtless, considering this discretionary power, and the omission of the proviso which was in the preceding acts—seeing that the capital punishment was abolished, came to the conclusion that the offence was committed, even though if death had ensued, it would not, under the circumstances, have amounted to the crime of murder. Looking at the authority of this case, I know not what defence can possibly be urged with respect to the second and third counts. I rejoice, my lords, to think that the noble prisoner will have an advantage upon this occasion which has never before been enjoyed by any peer who has been tried at your lordships’ bar—an advantage which neither Lord Lovat, Lord Ferrers, nor the Duchess of Kingston, could claim. He will have the advantage of the assistance of my most able, ingenious, zealous, and learned friend, Sir William Follett, who will address your lordships in his behalf on the facts and merits of the case. This privilege is secured to the noble prisoner under the admirable law your lordships passed a few years ago, by which, in all cases, the party has the advantage of addressing, through his counsel, the tribunal which is to determine on his guilt or innocence. Notwithstanding, however, all the learning, ability, and zeal of my honourable and learned friend, I know not how he will be able to persuade your lordships to acquit his noble client on any one count of this indictment. My learned friend will not ask your lordships—and if he did, it would be in vain—to forget the law by which you are bound. Captain Douglas stands on his trial before another tribunal, and his trial has been postponed by the judges on the express ground that the same case is first to be tried by the highest criminal court known in the empire. Your lordships are to lay down the law by which all inferior courts are to be bound. I beg leave, on this subject, to read the words made use of at this bar by one of my most distinguished predecessors, who afterwards for many years presided with great dignity on the woolsack—I mean Lord Thurlow. When Lord Thurlow was Attorney-general, in addressing this house in the case of the Duchess of Kingston, he made use of this lan-

guage:—"I desire to press this upon your lordships as an universal maxim; no more dangerous idea can creep into the mind of a judge than the imagination that he is wiser than the law. I confine this to no judge, whatever may be his denomination, but extend it to all. And speaking at the bar of an English court of justice, I make sure of your lordships' approbation when I comprise even your lordships sitting in Westminster Hall. It is a grievous example to other judges. If your lordships assume this, sitting in judgment, why not the King's Bench? why not commissioners of oyer and terminer? if they do so, why not the quarter sessions? Ingenious men may strain the law very far, but to pervert it was to new-model it—the genius of our constitution says, judges have no such authority, nor shall presume to exercise it.' I conclude, my lords, with the respectful expression of my conviction, that your lordships' judgment in this case, whatever it may be, will be according to truth and the justice of the case, and that you will preserve the high reputation in the exercise of judicial functions which has so long been enjoyed by your lordships and your ancestors."

The evidence of the various persons who had witnessed the transaction of the duel, and which supported the statement made by the learned Attorney-general, was then produced; but, at the close of the case, it was objected by Sir William Follett, on behalf of the Earl of Cardigan, that there was no evidence to shew that the person against whom the shot was discharged was Mr. Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. The card of "Mr. Harvey Tuckett" had been put in; but this might be quite another person from the individual pointed to by the indictment.

The Attorney-general was heard on the other side; but, after a short deliberation, the lord high steward announced that the evidence which fixed the identity of the individual was insufficient; and the peers thereupon declared the noble defendant "Not guilty."

At the Central Criminal Court, on Wednesday the 3rd of March, 1848, Captain Douglas was put upon his trial, before Mr. Justice Williams, upon the indictment which had been found against him; but the jury, in the absence of positive evidence to identify Mr. Tuckett, came to the same conclusion as that which had been arrived at by the House of Peers; and a verdict of acquittal was returned.

“OH, DO NOT CUT THOSE ANCIENT TREES!”

LINES FOR MUSIC.

AND SET BY MISS SMITH OF THE DOWN HOUSE, DORSET.

OH do not cut those ancient trees,
 In childhood's hours we lov'd so well,
 With ruthless hand, oh do not seize
 The axe—those time-lov'd boughs to fell.
 Each stroke the stalwart woodman gave
 Would fall so heavy on my heart,
 Each cut the cruel hatchet clave,
 Kind sympathy would feel the smart.

Oh! tell me not of *purchas'd taste*,
 Sweet nature spurns the rules of art;
 The scene for her is little grac'd,
 Whose beauties do not touch the heart.
 She loves the haunts our father's lov'd,
 Each has its little history,
 Nor would she have one tree removed,
 Which tells of bygone memory.

“Those trees obstruct the view,” we hear,
 “And press upon the house too rude;”
 Old friends can never be too near,
 They never, never can intrude.
 In summer's heat their leafy screen,
 Has oft reviv'd us faint and warm;
 In winter, their bare boughs have been
 A barrier 'gainst the driving storm.

There oft the caw of rooks has rung,
 'Ere in their daily flight they roam;
 And there the robin oft has sung,
 His autumn lay of “Home, sweet Home!”
 Oh, do not cut those ancient trees,
 Some dear ones gone have lov'd so well;
 To me when sighing in the breeze,
 Of blessed memories they tell.

W. M. S. M.

THE ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY.

Annotated.

TUCHET.—“The family of Touchet,” says Collins, “hath been of great note, and came in with William the Conqueror, as is very evident, the name being on the Roll of Battle Abbey and in the Chronicles of Normandy.” Its representative in the martial reign of Edward III. was Sir John Touchet, who married Joan, eldest daughter and eventually sole heir of James, Lord Audley of Heleigh, and thus secured to his descendants the inheritance of the ancient Barony of Audley, which is now enjoyed by George Edward Thicknesse Touchet, twentieth Lord Audley.

TRACY.—The Norman thus designated on the Roll, derived his name from the town of Traci, in his native Duchy. His descendants became Lords of Barnstaple in Devon, and enjoyed high repute in that county. Their heiress, Grace, only child of Henry de Traci, Baron of Barnstaple, *temp.* Henry I., married John de Sudeley, Lord of Sudeley and Toddington, and had two sons: RALPH, the elder, was ancestor of the Sudeleys, Lords of Sudeley Castle, whose eventual representative Joan, eldest sister and co-heir of John, Lord Sudeley, wedded Wm. Le Boteler, of Wem; and WILLIAM, the younger, took his mother's name of TRACI, and was possessed of Toddington, in Gloucestershire, and the Barony of Barnstaple, in Devon. He held twenty-six knights' fees in 1165, and was steward of Normandy. This William de Traci, it is asserted, was one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket. From him descended the TRACYS of TODDINGTON, VISCOUNTS TRACY, of RATHCOOLE, and the TRACYS, BARONETS of STANWAY.

Of the former, Henry Tracy, eighth Viscount, died in 1797, leaving an only dau. and heir, HENRIETTA SUSANNAH, *m.* in 1798, to Charles Hanbury, Esq., who assumed the additional surname and arms of Tracy, and was raised to the peerage in 1838, as Baron Sudeley. Since the decease in 1797, of the eighth Viscount Tracy of Rathcoole, the hereditary honours of the family have remained dormant, but they are now claimed by BENJAMIN WHEATLEY TRACY, Esq., Lieutenant R.N., and JAMES TRACY, Esq., who have both submitted their pretensions to the decision of the House of Lords.

TRUSSELL.—The Trussells were of knightly rank from their first establishment in England. The most distinguished personage of the name was the famous William Trussell, who was in such estimation with the Commons in convention assembled, as to be chosen their organ to pronounce the deposition of the unfortunate Edward II., which duty he executed in the following words:—

“Ego Wm. Trussell, vice omnium de Terrâ Angliæ et totius Parlamenti procurator, tibi Edwardo reddo homagium prius tibi factum et ex tunc diffido te, et privo omne potestate regia et dignitate, nequaquam tibi de cætero tanquam regi periturus.”

The subsequent career of this distinguished statesman occupies a prominent place in the history of the eventful time in which he lived. At one period, an exile from the hostility of the Mortimers, he was at another the trusted favourite of the King, from whom he received the dignified office of Admiral of the Fleet, and had summons to Parliament as a

Baron, 25th Feb., 1342. His Lordship seems to have left no descendants.

TALBOT.—Although some maintain that the illustrious family of Talbot was established in England antecedently to the Conquest, we cannot trace the fact by any authentic evidence. The first of the name occurring in the public records is **RICHARD DE TALBOT**, one of the witnesses to the grant, which Walter Giffard, Earl of Buckingham, made to the Monks of Cerasie in Normandy, *temp.* Conquestoris. Richard de Talbot is also mentioned in Domesday Book, as holding nine hides of land from the said Earl of Buckingham. He married the daughter of Gerard de Gournay, Baron of Yarmouth, and had two sons, **GEOFFREY**, ancestor of the great House of **TALBOT** of **BASHALL**, co. York; and Hugh, who founded the still more illustrious family of **TALBOT**, ennobled under the title of Shrewsbury. The male line of the Bashall Talbots, whose chiefs were of knightly rank, and considerable historic importance, in the times of the Plantagenets and Tudors, terminated with **THOMAS TALBOT, Esq.**, of Bashall, who died 25th Feb., 1618. His last surviving daughter and heir, **MARGERY TALBOT**, wedded Colonel William White, of Duffield, co. Derby, and was mother of an only child, **JANE WHITE**, of Bashall, wife of Edward Ferrers, Esq., and mother of **JOHN FERRERS, Esq.**, of Bashall, whose will was proved at York, 2nd October, 1707. The only son of this gentleman, William Ferrers, Esq., died unmarried, 23rd March, 1732, leaving his sisters his co-heirs. Elizabeth the younger was second wife of William Jodrell, Esq.; and **DOROTHY**, the elder, espoused Richard Walmesley, Esq., of Coldcoates Hall, co. Lancaster, by whom she was grandmother of **MARGARET WALMESLEY**, of Bashall, who married in 1766, Hugh Hughes Lloyd, Esq., of Plymog, co. Denbigh, and Gwerclas, co. Merioneth, and their grandson, **RICHARD WALMESLEY LLOYD, Esq.**, is now representative of the **TALBOTS** of **BASHALL**. The younger, but more illustrious branch of this

great name was, as we have already stated, that which became ennobled in the Earldom of Shrewsbury, and which has, for full six hundred years, acted a brilliant part in the annals of our country. The first Earl of Shrewsbury was Sir John Talbot, of the reigns of Henry V. and VI., one of the most illustrious characters in the whole range of English history. This renowned warrior, than whom

“A stouter champion never handled sword,”

was appointed, in 1412, lord-justice of Ireland, and in two years afterwards became lord-lieutenant of the same kingdom, in which important government he continued for seven years. He subsequently distinguished himself in the French wars of the fifth Henry, but his highest renown was attained upon the same field, in the reign of Henry VI., under the Regent John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford, when his name alone became terrible, in consequence of the various successful expeditions he conducted. His lordship was attacked, however, by the **MAID OF ORLEANS**, at Patay, in 1429, and his army being entirely routed, he became captive to the enterprising and enthusiastic heroine. He was exchanged soon after for Ambrose de Lore, a celebrated French captain; and continuing to distinguish himself in arms, he was created, 29th May, 1442, **EARL OF SHREWSBURY**. His lordship was subsequently re-constituted lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and elevated to the peerage of that kingdom, 17th July, 1446, as *Earl of Waterford*, having been appointed at the same time lord-high-steward of Ireland. The Earl was now far advanced in life, but the English interests declining in France, he was once more induced to place himself at the head of the army there; and his courage and his conduct restored for some time at least its glory. He was nominated Lieutenant of the Duchy of Aquitaine, having under him, as Captains of his men-at-arms and archers, his son John Talbot, Viscount L'Isle. Sir John Hungerford, Lord Molines, Sir Roger Camoys, Sir John L'Isle, and John Beaufort,

the Bastard of Somerset. Marching immediately to the seat of his government, he took the city of Bourdeaux, and placed a garrison in it; whence, he proceeded to the relief of Chastillion, when an engagement with the French Army ensued, which terminated in the total defeat of the English, and the death of their gallant general, who was killed by a cannon ball. Thus fell, sword in hand, John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, at the great age of 80, on the 20th July, 1453, after having won no less than forty pitched battles, or important rencontres. His remains were conveyed to England, and interred at Whitechurch, co. Salop, where a noble monument was erected in the south wall of the Chancel, with this epitaph:—

"Orate pro animâ prænobilis domini, domini Johannis Talbot, quondam Comitis Salopie, domini Furnivall, domini Verdon, domini Strange de Blackmere, et Mareschali Franciæ, qui obiit in bello apud Burdews, vij July, MCCCCLIII."

Few noble families can trace the acquisition of their coronets to such brilliant achievements as those of the illustrious Talbot. Suffice it to add that his descendants, even down to the present day, have not been unworthy of the name that has descended to them. Their present male representative is JOHN TALBOT, seventeenth EARL OF SHREWSBURY, and the heads of the different derivative branches are Charles Chetwynd, the present Earl Talbot, Sir George Talbot, Bart., and the Talbots of Lacock Abbey, Temple Guiting, &c. In Ireland, the principal family of the name is that of Talbot of Malahide, co. Dublin.

TOLLEMACH.—This must surely be a Monkish interpolation. The inscription in the old Manor-House of Bentley, in Suffolk—

"Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my seat, and Tollemache was
my name,"

seems to set the matter at rest.

TOUKE.—Thoroton, in his "History of Nottinghamshire," states that the family of Toke was settled in that county as early as the reign of William Rufus. The pedigree given by that writer has the name spelled in seventeen different ways. Of this

family was Sir Bryan Tuke, who was, first, Secretary to Cardinal Wolsey, afterwards, Foreign Secretary to Henry VIII, then, Treasurer of the King's Chamber, and finally, Ambassador to France, with Bishop Tunstall. From this eloquent and learned personage, described by Leland as "*Anglicæ linguæ eloquentiæ mirificus*," derived Sir Samuel Tuke of Cressing Temple, Essex, who was created a Baronet in 1663-4, and fell at the Battle of the Boyne. Other branches of the descendants of the Norman Touke became seated in the counties of Derby, Nottingham, York, Kent, Cambridge, Herts, Dorset, &c. Of the existing families, the chief is that of Godinton, in Kent, now represented by the REV. NICOLAS TOKE of that place. The late Rev. William Tooke, F.R.S., author of the "*History of Russia*," derived his descent from the Tookes or Tokes of Hertfordshire, themselves scions of the Kentish stock. His sons, Thomas and William, now of London, are the well-known authors of several learned works.

TIBTOTE.—From this knightly warrior sprang the Lords Tibetot, summoned to parliament in 1803, and the Tiptofts, Earls of Worcester.

TURBEVILLE.—Within thirty years after the conquest, Sir Payn de Turbervill accompanied Sir Robert Fitz-Hamon, to the aid of Jestin-ap-Gwr-gant, King of Glamorgan, against Rhys, Prince of South Wales. Subsequently, on the death of Rhys, Fitz-Hamon, turning his forces against Jestin, and conquering his whole dominion, divided it amongst his followers. To the share of Sir Payn de Turberville were allotted the castle and lordship of Coyty, and then was established in Wales the great house of Turbevill, seated at Coyty, Tythegstone, Penbline, Lantwitt Major, and Eweuny Abbey.

TURVILLE.—From which of the ten Seigniories of Tourville in the Duchy of Normandy the English Turvilles came, cannot now be ascertained. Certain it is that William de Tourville accompanied Duke William to Hastings, and that soon after the conquest, the Tourvilles became extensive proprietors in the counties of

Warwick and Leicester, giving in the latter their name to the manor of Normanton Turville. The present representative is **GEORGE FORTESCUE TURVILLE, Esq.**, of Husband's Bosworth, co. Leicester.

TIRELL.—**SIR WALTER TYRELL**, a Norman knight, came into England, and soon after became tenant of the manor of Langham, co. Essex, which he held at the General Survey under Richard de Tonbrigg. Of this Sir Walter, Morant, in his History of Essex, observes: "Whether he was the same person who shot William Rufus in the New Forest, or whether he did it at the instigation of Archbishop Anselm, through the persuasion of a fanatic monk, as it is asserted by Alan de Insulis, we are not able to determine." It is far indeed from being an ascertained point that this was the Walter who slew Rufus, and as far as it from being certain that the deed was done designedly. Ordericus Vitalis, in his History of Normandie, relates, that Sir Walter Tyrell, on his death-bed, declared that he was not so much as in the field when William Rufus was killed. From Sir Walter Tyrell descended **SIR THOMAS TYRELL, Knt.**, of Rumseys Tyrell, co. Essex, who *m.* Margaret, dau. of John Fillol, Esq., of Old Hall; and had issue two sons, **JOHN (Sir)**, of Heron, whose son, **JOHN TYRELL, Esq.**, of Springfield, in Essex, was created a Baronet in 1673, and Thomas of Battlebury, ancestor of the present Sir John Tyssen Tyrell, Baronet, of Boreham House, Essex.

VERE.—Alberic de Ver, the Norman Knight of the Conquest, is stated to have possessed numerous lordships in the different shires, of which Kensington, in Middlesex, was one, and Hedingham, in Essex, where his castle was situated and where he chiefly resided, another. From him descended the illustrious House of Vere, ennobled under the title of Oxford.

VERNOUN.—**WILLIAM DE VERNON**, who assumed that surname from the town and district of Vernon, in Normandy, of which he was proprietor in 1052, had two sons, **RICHARD DE VERNON**, and **WALTER DE**

VERNON, who both came into England with **WILLIAM the Conqueror**. The elder, **RICHARD**, Lord of Vernon, was one of the barons created by Hugh Lupus, Earl of the County Palatine of Chester, by the title of Baron of Shipbroke. This Richard, who, according to Domesday-Book, was a considerable landed proprietor, was *s.* at his decease by his eldest son, **WILLIAM DE VERNON**, whose great-grandson, **RICHARD DE VERNON**, had a grant, in the 37th of **HENRY III.**, of the castle and manor of Pecke; and dying before his father, left four sons, whereof

WARINE, who *s.* his grandfather as Baron of Shipbroke, *m.* Auda, dau. and co-heir of William Malbank, Baron of Wich-Malbank, now Nampthwich, co. Chester, with whom he acquired several manors in that shire, and by whom he had two sons, **WARINE** and **Ralph**. He was *s.* by the elder.

WARINE, Baron of Shipbroke, who *m.* Margaret, dau. of Ralph de Andeville, and relict of Hugh de Altaribus, by whom he had a son, **WARINE**, (who *d. s. p.*) and three daus., his co-heirs, viz.,

MARGERY, m. to Richard de Wilbraham.

EDITH, m. to Sir William Stafford, Knt.

ROHESIA, m. to John Littlebury.

These ladies, after a prolonged litigation with their uncle, **RALPH**, were obliged to surrender to him a moiety of their patrimony. The son of this Ralph, Sir Ralph de Vernon, is said to have lived to the age of 150, and thence was generally called the **OLD LIVER**.

And

SIR WILLIAM DE VERNON, Knt., of Harlaston, in the co. of Stafford (the 3rd son), was chief-justice of Chester in the reign of Henry III. He *m.* Alice, dau. and co-heiress of William de Avenel, of Haddon, co. Derby, and was *s.* by his son,

RICHARD DE VERNON, Lord of Haddon in right of his mother. He *m.* Margaret, dau. of Robert, Baron of Stockport, and acquired by her the manor of Appleby-Parva, and the advowson of Appleby-Magna, in Leicestershire. From this Richard descended the **VERNONS** of Haddon, Hodnet, Houndshill, Sudbury, and Hilton.

VERDON.—At the General Survey, Bertram de Verdon possessed Farnham, Bucks, and founded the great feudal house of Verdon, whose last

male representative, Theobald Lord Verdon, Justice of Ireland, died in 1316.

VAVASOUR—**SIR MAUGER LE VAVASOUR**, the Norman, is mentioned in Domesday Book, as holding in chief of the Percys, Earls of Northumberland, considerable manors and estates in Stutton, Eselwood, Saxhall, &c. He was *s.* by his son, **SIR MAUGER LE VAVASOUR**, whose son, **SIR WILLIAM LE VAVASOUR**, Lord of Haslewood, was a judge in the reign of **HENRY II.**, and one of the witnesses to the charter of the Abbey of Sawley, in Yorkshire, refounded by Matilda de Percy, Countess of Warwick. To this abbey he himself also made a considerable donation of land. The grandson of this potent knight, **SIR JOHN LE VAVASOUR**, Lord of Haslewood, *m.* Alice, dau. of Sir Robert Cockfield, and had two sons, **WILLIAM** (Sir), his successor, ancestor of the **VAVASOURS** of **HASLEWOOD** and **SPALDINGTON**, co. York.

Malgerus, who had the manors of Denton and Akswith, and was ancestor of the **VAVASORS** of **WESTON**, whose last male descendant, William Vavasor, Esq. of Weston Hall, *d.* 15th Jan. 1133, leaving the children of his sister Ellen, who was *m.* to the Rev. John Carter, his heirs.

WAKE.—The **Wakes** are mentioned by Brompton as in the immediate train of the **CONQUEROR**; but it is the opinion of antiquaries that the individual of the name of Wake recorded in the Roll of Battle Abbey, was one of those who being weary of Harold's rule, fled into Normandy, and invited **Duke WILLIAM**; hence the family is supposed to have been of importance prior in the Conquest. From

BALDWIN, **LORD WAKE**, founder of the Abbey of Brun, who *d.* in 1156, descended, through a long line of eminent ancestors, **SIR THOMAS WAKE**, a gallant knight, who fought with the Black Prince, and distinguished himself particularly at the battle of Najaru. He was sheriff of Northamptonshire for five successive years in the reign of **EDWARD III.** By Alice, his wife, dau. and co-heir

of Sir John Pateshull, Knt. of Bletso, Bedfordshire, he had a son and heir, **SIR THOMAS WAKE**, Knt., who *m.* Maud, dau. of Sir Thomas Pigot, Knt., and was *s.* by his son, **SIR THOMAS WAKE**, Knt., of Blysworth, sheriff of Northamptonshire in 2nd Richard II. He *m.* Margaret, dau. and co-heir of Sir John Philpot, Knt., of Kent, and was *s.* by his son, **SIR THOMAS WAKE**, Knt., M.P., gentleman of the bed-chamber, and a member of the privy-council to King **EDWARD IV.** This gentleman was so extensive a landed proprietor in the cos. of Somerset, Northampton, Kent, and the principality of Wales, that he required the designation of "the Great Wake." From Sir Thomas sprang the **WAKES** of Clevedon, co. Somerset, now represented by Sir **CHARLES WAKE**, Bt., and **WILLIAM WAKE**, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury.

WARREINE.—William de Warren, Earl of Warren, in Normandy, a near relation of the Conqueror's, came into England with that Prince, and having distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings, obtained an immense portion of the public spoliation.

He had large grants of lands in several counties, amongst which were the Barony of Lewes, in Sussex, and the manors of Carletune and Benington, in Lincolnshire. So extensive indeed were those grants, that his possessions resembled more the dominions of a sovereign prince, than the estates of a subject. He enjoyed, too, in the highest degree, the confidence of the king, and was appointed joint-justice-general, with Richard de Benefactis, for administering justice throughout the whole realm. When citing some great disturbers of the public peace to appear before him and his colleague, and those refusing to attend, he took up arms, and defeating the rebels in a battle at **FAGADUNE**, he is said, for the purpose of striking terror, to have cut off the right foot of each of his prisoners. Of those rebels, Ralph Waher or Guader, Earl of Norfolk, and Roger, Earl of Hereford, were the ringleaders. His lordship was likewise highly esteemed by King **WILLIAM Rufus**, and created

by that monarch, EARL OF SURREY. He *m.* Gundred, daughter of the CONQUEROR, and had issue two sons and two daughters. This potent noble built the castle of Holt; and founded the priory of Lewes, in Sussex. He resided principally at the castle of Lewes, and had besides Castle-Acre, in Norfolk, and noble castles at Coningsburgh and Sandal. He died in July, 1089: and Dugdale gives the following curious account of his parting hour. "It is reported that this Earl William did violently detain certain lands from the monks of Ely; for which, being often admonished by the abbot, and not making restitution, he died miserably. And, though his death happened very far off the isle of Ely, the same night he died, the abbot lying quietly in his bed, and meditating on heavenly things, heard the soul of this earl, in its carriage away by the devil, cry out loudly, and with a known and distinct voice, *Lord have mercy on me: Lord have mercy on me.* And moreover, that the next day after, the abbot acquainted all the monks in chapter therewith. And likewise, that about four days after, there came a messenger to them from the wife of this earl, with one hundred shillings for the good of his soul, who told them, that he died the very hour that the abbot had heard the outcry. But that neither the abbot, nor any of the monks would receive it; not thinking it safe for them to take the money of a damned person." "If this part of the story," adds Dugdale, "as to the abbot's hearing the noise be no truer than the last, viz.—that his lady sent them one hundred shillings, I shall deem it to be a mere fiction, in regard the lady was certainly dead about three years be-

fore." The earl was *s.* by his elder son,

WILLIAM DE WARREN, Earl of Warren and Surrey, who *m.* Elizabeth, dau. of the great Earl of Vermandois, and widow of Robert, Earl of Mellent, and dying in 1135, left issue, WILLIAM DE WARREN, Earl of Warren and Surrey, a crusader, whose only dau. and heir, Isabel de Warren, *m.* 1st., William de Blois, Earl of Moreton, natural son of King Stephen, but by him had no issue: and 2ndly, Hameline Plantagenet, (natural brother of Henry II.,) who assumed the surname of Warren, and became Earl of Surrey. By this Earl, Isabel left at her decease, 1198, a son WILLIAM WARREN (*Plantagenet*), Earl of Warren and Surrey, who *m.* twice, and had with a dau. Isabel, who *m.* Hugh de Albini, Earl of Arundel, but *d. s. p.*, one son, JOHN WARREN, Earl of Warren and Surrey, who *m.* Alice, dau. of Hugh le Brun, Earl of March, and half-sister, by the mother, of Henry III., and had one son and two daus., viz.: 1. William, slain in a tournament at Croydon, leaving issue, a son John, Earl of Warren and Surrey, who died *s. p.* in 1347, and a dau. an eventual heiress, Alice, wife of EDMUND FITZ-ALAN, Earl of Arundel, ancestor, by her, of the Dukes of Norfolk.

WIVELL.—Sir Humphrey d'Wyvill, of the family of Vienville of Normandy, was the Norman thus indicated on the Battle Roll. He acquired a fair share of the spoils of conquest, and seated himself in Yorkshire, where his descendants, the Wyvills of Constable Burton, now represented by MARMADUKE WYVILL, Esq., remain to this day. A Baronetcy exists in the family, but is not assumed.

ROMANTIC HEROES OF HISTORY.

COLA DI RIENZI.

"Then turn we to her latest Tribune's name,
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
 The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy,
 Rienzi, last of Romans! While the tree
 Of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
 Even for thy tomb, a garland let it be—
 The Forum's Champion and the People's Chief,
 Her new-born Numa thou!"—BYRON.

THERE is perhaps no more strange and romantic episode in history, than that of the rise and fall of the Tribune Rienzi. His brief, wonderful career came upon Europe with a regenerated light of ancient and classic liberty; but it was a brilliancy destined to dazzle for an instant, and then to become extinct for ever. The fortunes and fate of Rienzi, are indeed marked with characteristics of the old world which he would emulate, and of the new world in which he lived. Like Harmodius and the elder Brutus, he effected the annihilation of tyranny in an instant; like Cincinnatus, he re-established and pacified the State; and like Sylla, he obtained an absolute and supreme dominion over the people. But there the similitude ends: his subsequent conduct and the final catastrophe of his existence, were akin to the vices and vicissitudes of the many moderns, who have had a temporary grasp of uncontrollable power, and who have themselves, through personal vanity, ambition, or selfishness, let its possession slip away. While virtuous, Rienzi was a Roman of the classic era in his energy and success; but becoming perverted, he succumbed like the Masaniello or Robespierre of more modern mob omnipotence and excess.

How beautifully does the historian Gibbon depict the opening greatness of Rienzi; can we do better than borrow that portion of the Tribune's story from his pages! He writes thus—

"Rome was still the lawful mistress of the world: the pope and the emperor, the bishop and general, had abdicated their station by an inglorious retreat to the Rhône and the Danube; but if she could resume her virtue, the republic might again vindicate her liberty and dominion.

Amidst the indulgence of enthusiasm and eloquence, Petrarch, Italy, and Europe, were astonished by a revolution which realized for a moment his most splendid visions. The rise and fall of the tribune Rienzi will occupy the following pages: the subject is interesting, the materials are rich, and the glance of a patriot bard will sometimes vivify the copious, but simple, narrative of the Florentine, and more especially of the Roman historian.

“In a quarter of the city which was inhabited only by mechanics and Jews, the marriage of an innkeeper and a washerwoman produced the future deliverer of Rome. From such parents Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini could inherit neither dignity nor fortune; and the gift of a liberal education, which they painfully bestowed, was the cause of his glory and untimely end. The study of history and eloquence, the writings of Cicero, Seneca, Livy, Cæsar, and Valerius Maximus, elevated above his equals and contemporaries the genius of the young plebeian: he perused with indefatigable diligence the manuscripts and marbles of antiquity; loved to dispense his knowledge in familiar language; and was often provoked to exclaim, ‘Where are now these Romans? their virtue, their justice, their power? why was I not born in those happy times?’ When the republic addressed to the throne of Avignon an embassy of the three orders, the spirit and eloquence of Rienzi recommended him to a place among the thirteen deputies of the commons. The orator had the honour of haranguing Pope Clement the Sixth, and the satisfaction of conversing with Petrarch, a congenial mind: but his aspiring hopes were chilled by disgrace and poverty; and the patriot was reduced to a single garment and the charity of the hospital. From this misery he was relieved by the sense of merits or the smile of favour; and the employment of apostolic notary offered him a daily stipend of five gold florins, a more honourable and extensive connection, and the right of contrasting, both in words and actions, his own integrity with the vices of the state. The eloquence of Rienzi was prompt and persuasive: the multitude is always prone to envy and censure: he was stimulated by the loss of a brother and the impunity of the assassins; nor was it possible to excuse or exaggerate the public calamities. The blessings of peace and justice, for which civil society has been instituted, were banished from Rome: the jealous citizens, who might have endured every personal or pecuniary injury, were most deeply wounded in the dishonour of their wives and daughters: they were equally oppressed by the arrogance of the nobles and the corruption of the magistrates; and the abuse of arms or of laws was the only circumstance that distinguished the lions from the dogs and serpents of the Capitol. These allegorical emblems were variously repeated in the pictures which Rienzi exhibited in the streets and churches; and while the spectators gazed with curious wonder, the bold and ready orator unfolded the meaning, applied the satire, inflamed their passions, and announced a distant hope of comfort and deliverance. The privileges of Rome, her eternal sovereignty over her princes and provinces, was the theme of his public and private discourse; and a monument of servitude became in his hands a title and incentive of liberty. The decree of the senate, which granted the most ample prerogatives to the emperor Vespasian, had been inscribed on a copper-plate still extant in the choir of the church of St. John Lateran. A numerous assembly of nobles and plebeians was invited to this political lecture, and a convenient theatre was erected for their reception. The notary appeared in a magnificent and mysterious

habit, explained the inscription by a version and commentary, and descanted with eloquence and zeal on the ancient glories of the senate and people, from whom all legal authority was derived. The supine ignorance of the nobles was incapable of discerning the serious tendency of such representations: they might sometimes chastise with words and blows the plebeian reformer; but he was often suffered in the Colonna palace to amuse the company with his threats and predictions; and the modern Brutus was concealed under the mask of folly and the character of a buffoon. While they indulged their contempt, the restoration of the *good estate*, his favourite expression, was entertained among the people as a considerable, a possible, and at length as an approaching, event; and while all had the disposition to applaud, some had the courage to assist, their promised deliverer.

“A prophecy, or rather a summons, affixed on the church door of St. George, was the first public evidence of his designs; a nocturnal assembly, of an hundred citizens on Mount Aventine, the first step to their execution. After an oath of secrecy and aid, he represented to the conspirators the importance and facility of their enterprise; that the nobles, without union or resources, were strong only in the fear of their imaginary strength; that all power, as well as right, was in the hands of the people; that the revenues of the apostolical chamber might relieve the public distress; and that the pope himself would approve their victory over the common enemies of government and freedom. After securing a faithful band to protect his first declaration, he proclaimed through the city, by sound of trumpet, that on the evening of the following day all persons should assemble without arms before the church of St. Angelo, to provide for the re-establishment of the good estate. The whole night was employed in the celebration of thirty masses of the Holy Ghost; and in the morning, Rienzi, bare-headed, but in complete armour, issued from the church encompassed by the hundred conspirators. The pope’s vicar, the simple bishop of Orvieto, who had been persuaded to sustain a part in this singular ceremony, marched on his right hand; and three great standards were borne aloft as the emblems of their design. In the first, the banner of *liberty*, Rome was seated on two lions, with a palm in one hand and a globe in the other: St Paul, with a drawn sword, was delineated in the banner of *justice*; and in the third, St. Peter held the keys of *concord* and *peace*. Rienzi was encouraged by the presence and applause of an innumerable crowd, who understood little, and hoped much; and the procession slowly rolled forwards from the castle of St. Angelo to the Capitol. His triumph was disturbed by some secret emotions which he laboured to suppress: he ascended without opposition, and with seeming confidence, the citadel of the republic; harangued the people from the balcony, and received the most flattering confirmation of the acts and laws. The nobles, as if destitute of arms and counsels, beheld in silent consternation this strange revolution; and the moment had been prudently chosen, when the most formidable, Stephen Colonna, was absent from the city. On the first rumour, he returned to his palace, affected to despise this plebeian tumult, and declared to the messenger of Rienzi, that at his leisure he would cast the madman from the windows of the Capitol. The great bell instantly rang an alarm, and so rapid was the tide, so urgent was the danger, that Colonna escaped with precipitation to the suburb of St. Laurence; from thence, after a moment’s refreshment, he continued the same speedy career till he reached in safety his castle of Palestrina;

blaming his own imprudence, which had not trampled the spark of this mighty conflagration. A general and peremptory order was issued from the Capitol to all the nobles, that they should peaceably retire to their estates: they obeyed; and their departure secured the tranquillity of the free and obedient citizens of Rome.

"But such voluntary obedience evaporates with the first transports of zeal; and Rienzi felt the importance of justifying his usurpation by a regular form and a legal title. At his own choice, the Roman people would have displayed their attachment and authority, by lavishing on his head the names of senator or consul, of king or emperor: he preferred the ancient and modest appellation of tribune; the protection of the commons was the essence of that sacred office; and they were ignorant, that it had never been invested with any share in the legislative or executive powers of the republic. In this character, and with the consent of the Romans, the tribune enacted the most salutary laws for the restoration and maintenance of the good estate."

Nicholas Rienzi having thus established his authority, made himself respected by his regard to justice, and sent letters to all the cities of Italy, informing them of the liberty of the Romans, and desiring them to give assistance to their mother city. His messengers were everywhere treated with respect. Several cities, concluding that the Romans were about to recover their ancient grandeur, promised their assistance, and sent golden rings as tokens of their fidelity. Not only the cities of Italy, but even foreign princes, sought his alliance. He received an embassy, with an offer of friendship, from Lewis, king of Hungary. About the same time, ambassadors arrived from Jane, queen of Naples, desiring his mediation with the king of Hungary. The tribune likewise received an embassy from the Emperor Lewis, soliciting his friendship; and Clement wrote to him from Avignon, commending his proceedings, and exhorting him to govern Rome in his name.

This grandeur was of very short continuance; for intoxicated with authority, Nicholas disdained to have any dependence upon the pope, and resolved to be absolute master in the city of the Romans. Being desirous of the dignity of knighthood, he bathed himself in the font in which Constantine the Great had formerly been baptized, and then received his arms from the syndic of Rome and two knights, before the altar of St. Peter; at the same time being crowned with the different crowns, he assumed the title of Candidate Knight of the Holy Ghost, severe and merciful, Deliverer of Rome, Assertor of the Liberties of Italy, Lover of the Universe, and August Tribune. He likewise published a letter, declaring Rome the head of the world; and cited Lewis and Charles, of Bohemia, with the other electors, to appear at Rome, to justify the rights and privileges which they assumed. These extravagant proceedings ruined his character, and the pope, looking upon him as a mad enthusiast, published several bulls against him, accusing him of schism and heresy, upon which the ardour of the people in his favour greatly abated. Soon after, the banished nobles entering the city, by surprise, with some troops, Nicholas was deserted, and fled to Lewis, king of Hungary, who was then at Naples. He afterwards skulked for some time, in the habit of a pilgrim, among the mountains, and at length was brought to Avignon, where he was detained prisoner.

Seven years did Rienzi consume in his wanderings and imprisonment, when circumstances placed him at the summit of power again. Pope Cle-

ment VI., who held him captive, died, and the new sovereign Pontiff, Innocent VI., freed the former tribune, that he might effect a purpose of his own. Innocent sent on his accession a legate to Rome, and, with him Rienzi, with the title of senator, in order to oppose the designs of Francis Baroncelli, who, supported by the favour of the people, had expelled the nobility, and assumed the title of Tribune II. Rienzi was received with the greatest demonstrations of joy, and again created tribune; Baroncelli was put to death, and the authority of the legate acknowledged.

But Rienzi was no longer the same. In the society of the Germans and Bohemians he is said to have contracted habits of intemperance and cruelty. While only a Tribune, he reigned over the hearts of the Romans; now, as the minister of a foreign court, he found the charm he had exercised at an end, and his power gone. A civil war carried on by Colonna and the other barons raged without the city; at last the people revolted within, and Rienzi fell a victim to their fury. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his splendid romance of Rienzi, gives a masterly and almost strictly historic description of the Tribune's assassination. We make no apology for introducing it here; it runs thus:—

“The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people—it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for State festivals—and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armoury, the other contained the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter tower was the general prison of the Capitol. For then the prison and the palace were in awful neighbourhood!

“The windows of the Hall were yet open, and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony, the witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there: the wine yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armoury, and selected from the various suits, that which he himself had worn when nearly eight years ago he had chased the Barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking, in his right hand, from the wall, the great Gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoners, and one faithful heart whose presence he knew not of—the Senator was alone.

“On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream, from lane, from alley, from palace and from hovel, the raging sea received new additions. On they came, their passions excited by their numbers, women and men, children and malignant age—in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath; ‘Death to the traitor—death to the tyrant—death to him who has taxed the people!’—‘Mora! l traditore che ha fatta la gabella!—Mora!’ Such was the cry of the people, such the crime of the Senator! They broke over the low palisades of the Capitol—they filled with one sudden rush the vast space; a moment before so desolate,—now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

“Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi, his face was bared and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair grown grey before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood, neither fear, nor anger, nor menace, but deep grief and high resolve upon his features! A momentary shame, a momentary awe seized the crowd.

"He pointed to the Gonfalon, wrought with the Republican motto and the arms of Rome, and thus he began:—

"‘I too am a Roman and a Citizen; hear me!’

"‘Hear him not; hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!’ cried a voice louder than his own; and Rienzi recognised Cecco del Vecchio.

"‘Hear him not, down with the tyrant!’ cried a more shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

"‘Hear him not, death to the death-giver!’ cried a voice close at hand, and from the grating of the neighbouring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

"Then from earth to Heaven rose the roar—‘Down with the tyrant, down with him who taxed the people!’

"A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator, still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant, but determined, thoughts; but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; and, *doubtless,*’ says the contemporaneous biographer, ‘*had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work been marred!*’

"The soldiers of the Barons had already mixed themselves with the throng—more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude—darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking—‘Way for the torches!’ Red in the sunlight they tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the great door of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

"Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate Hall. He sat down; and tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love,—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes, and relieved, but *they changed,* his heart.

"‘Enough, enough,’ he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; ‘I have risked, dared, and toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice—I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish!—I feel at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice!’

"With that feeling, Death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him; and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes, in very defeat of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life! He divested himself of his glittering arms; his address, his dexterity, his craft returned to him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise—of escape;—he left the hall—passed through the humbler rooms, devoted to the servitors and menials—found in one of them a coarse working garb—indued himself with it—placed upon his head some of the draperies and

furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them; and said, with his old '*fantastico riso*'—'When all other friends desert me, I may well forsake myself!' With that he awaited his occasion.

"Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke—the wood crackled—the lead melted—with a crash fell the severed gates: the dreadful ingress was opened to all the multitude, the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time! he passed the flaming door, the smouldering threshold; he passed the outer gate unscathed—he was in the middle of the crowd. 'Plenty of pillage within,' he said to the bystanders, in the Roman patois, his face concealed by his load—'*Suso suso a gliu traditore!*' The mob rushed past him, he went on, he gained the last stair descending into the open streets—he was at the last gate—liberty and life were before him.

"A soldier (one of his own) seized him. 'Pass not, where goest thou?'

"'Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised!' cried a voice behind—it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head; Rienzi stood revealed!

"'I am the Senator!' he said in a loud voice. 'Who dare touch the Representative of the people?'

"The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the Senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the grey image reflected a lurid light, and glowed (that grim and solemn monument!) as if itself of fire!

"There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing round him. The whole Capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd, closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna, the Orsini, the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome. As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

"'Die, tyrant!' cried Cecco del Vecchio: and he plunged his dagger in the Senator's breast."

Thus perished Rienzi, a hero fitter for classic than for feudal times; one, whose mind and spirit were with Brutus and the Gracchi, and whose career should have been in their era too. "Posterity," says Gibbon, "will compare the virtues and failings of this extraordinary man, but in a long period of anarchy and servitude, the name of Rienzi has often been celebrated as the deliverer of his country, and the last of the Roman patriots."

In the notes to his romance, Bulwer concludes the subject of Rienzi with the following eloquent observations, which apply most appositely to the present miserable state of things in France and many places elsewhere:—

"I have said that the moral of the Tribune's life, and of this fiction, is not the stale and unprofitable moral, that warns the ambition of an indi-

vidual:—More vast, more solemn, and more useful—it addresses itself to nations. If I judge not erringly, it proclaims that, to be great and free, a People must trust not to individuals but themselves—that there is no sudden leap from servitude to liberty—that it is to institutions, not to men, that they must look for reforms that last beyond the hour—that their own passions are the real despots they should subdue, their own reason the true regenerator of abuses. With a calm and a noble people, the individual ambition of a citizen can never effect evil—to be impatient of chains, is not to be worthy of freedom—to massacre a magistrate is not to ameliorate the laws. The people write their own condemnation whenever they use characters of Blood—and theirs alone the madness and the crime, if they crown a tyrant or butcher a victim.”

THE REGENT OF GERMANY.

THE Archduke, John of Austria, has been called to the dignified station of Chief of the German Empire, at a moment of surpassing emergency, and so much interest attaches consequently to his history, that the following details will, we feel assured, prove acceptable to our readers.

His Imperial Highness, fifth son of Leopold II., and uncle of the reigning Emperor, was born 20th Jan. 1782, and has therefore completed his 66th year. He was educated and thrown into active life during the stormy times of the first French revolution; as early as 1800 he received the command of an Austrian army; but he was not fortunate: the battle of Hohenlinden tried him in the fire of misfortune, and the utmost he could effect was by his personal courage and example to keep the spirit of the Austrian forces from being quite crushed by the defeats they sustained from the armies of France, led by the ablest of her generals. After the peace of Luneville, the Archduke became Director of the corps of Engineers as well as of the Military Academy of Vienna. Notwithstanding his youth, he was the object of many bright expectations in that gloomy period; he gained excessive popularity, especially in the Austrian provinces. He originated the measure of arming a Landwehr, or Militia, and served through the campaign of 1805. The next few years were the most disastrous in the annals of Austria, except, perhaps, the present one. In 1811 he founded the *Johanneum* in Grätz. He was always strongly attached to the study of natural history, and when released from Military duties he lived the life of a mountaineer, preferring the Styrian hills as a residence to the capital. He knew the whole of this district thoroughly, and was on the best terms with its inhabitants, by whom he was admired as a bold and successful explorer of the most inaccessible points. He served again in the campaigns of 1813 and 1815. With the peace began the long Ministry of Metternich, and the policy of opposition to all progress, which that wily statesman maintained for more than thirty years; the Archduke always condemned the system, and never concealed his dislike; the consequence was, that not being able to oppose it by positive action, he withdrew himself from political life altogether, and almost separated himself from his family by marrying the daughter of the Postmaster of Aussee; he was exiled from Vienna, and all but socially proscribed; the gulf between him, the Court, and the old nobility, however, was never closed. He lived in his retirement at Grätz, farming, botanizing, and hunting, but never for a day released from the espionage that Metternich kept upon his movements. His popularity was always feared as much as his opinions. After a long absence he revisited the Tyrol in 1835, and was received with such enthusiasm that the Vienna journals were not permitted to publish the accounts of his reception. In 1842, at a public dinner, he is said to have given as a toast, "No Austria, no Prussia, but a united Germany." This incident

has secured him much of his present popularity. The statement ran through all the journals, but there are considerable doubts of the authenticity of the anecdote. In person, the Archduke is of middle height, thin, and bald; his countenance expresses great benevolence and good humour. Though of an advanced age, he has preserved much of the enthusiasm of youth. When the revolution occurred in Vienna he entered at once into public life, and it was principally by his influence that Metternich was compelled to resign. The events since the revolution are too well known to require repetition; he is now Regent of Austria and Chief of the German Empire, and Metternich is an exile!

From Captain Basil Hall's "*Schloss Hainfeld*," we extract an interesting chapter, descriptive of a visit to the Archduke.

"Ever since our arrival at Hainfeld," (we must bear in mind that Capt. Hall wrote in the year 1836) "there had been much talk of our visiting the Archduke John, the Emperor of Austria's brother. At that season he resided at his vineyard, near Marburg, close to the foot of the Bacher Gebirge, which is one of the eastern prolongations of the Julian Alps, lying on the right bank of the great river Drave. As our friend the Countess had for the last thirty years been on very friendly terms with his Imperial Highness, she readily managed to arrange our visit, and in her great anxiety that we should receive favourable impressions of Styria, its people, and its scenery, she daily urged us to make out this expedition before the winter set in. A messenger was accordingly sent off with a letter, expressing our wish to pay our respects to him at his villa; and the answer being most obliging, we left our snug quarters at Hainfeld on the 16th of October, at four o'clock in the morning. As there was nothing in the Archduke's note which related to dinner, we were left in some doubt as to the hour. He had simply stated that he hoped to see us shortly after noon, and we naturally supposed we were expected to take our dinner, or 'mittags-brod,' as the Germans call it, with his Highness. Some authorities said he would of course dine at twelve, the common hour in the country—others said, surely he will dine at his usual Vienna hour of two; and in the end, we resolved, very indiscreetly, and like young travellers, to aim at reaching the vineyard at the latest of the two periods, and to take our chance.

"We stopped at a place called Knass, to breakfast, and to pick up a pair of fresh horses, which the ever considerate Countess had sent on for us. As we carried with us bread, milk, eggs, and tea, and as the coachman who went forward with the relay had taken care, at my suggestion, to provide boiling water, which is the most difficult thing possible to procure in those countries, we made a capital Frühstück, as they call it in Germany; 'Früh' being early, and 'Stück,' a piece, or bit.

"Thus refreshed, we again started in a cloud of dust, which, however, had it been twice as dense, could not have hid the surprising beauties of the valley through which we wound our way. Even thirteen months of drought, unrelieved except by a few transient thunder showers, had not been able to tarnish, or to do more than slightly tarnish, the lustre of scenery which, in its prime vigour of foliage, must be very striking. But the rapid advance of autumn had wrought a material change in the aspect of things since we passed through the skirts of the same forest a fortnight before. Then, a slight but decided tinge of yellow had been cast rather carelessly over the woods, and here and there we could spy a tree, the leaves of which had been turned to blood-red, but still the greens in their manifold variety predominated over all. Now, the yellow and the reds had it

hollow, and many single trees, as well as an occasional grove on some exposed knoll, had been stripped of every leaf. In general, however, the drapery of the forest remained entire, and shone with a brilliancy which reminded us of the magnificent autumn in the eastern States of North America.

"We reached the town of Marburg at noon; but as it had been filled with strangers, collected from the neighbourhood on account of the vintage, which was in full progress, though a full month earlier than usual, we had great difficulty in getting any one to attend us. We were happy at last in being received at the Sun, though it was the fourth in rank of the inns of the place. Still more difficulty had we in getting fresh horses, so that it was about one before we were fairly under weigh, and on the road to the Archduke's villa. The activity at last became so steep, that the postilion declared the horses could no longer drag the carriage, and he pointed out a short cut through the vines, which he said would lead us to the house.

"After toiling and panting up what seemed moré like a flight of steep steps than a walk, we were received on the top by the Archduke John himself, who, without his hat, had run out to meet and welcome us. There was so much natural courtesy in his manner, that we felt quite at home with him in a moment.

"His Imperial Highness is a very pleasing person, with a fine, high, bald forehead, and an expression of quietness and repose, bordering on melancholy, in his countenance, which is singularly engaging. His conversation and manners, too, are so untouched by the slightest shade of affectation, and withal so cordial, that every one must feel at ease in his presence.

"We soon began to discover that we had unfortunately made a great mistake in our calculations as to dinner, for the Archduke, it appeared, had dined at noon, as he always does when living at his vineyard. But on going into the drawing-room of the cottage,—for it was no more than a country box,—we were not a little surprised to find a long table laid out with a cold collation, and at least a dozen covers. There was cold venison in slices, cold turkey, cold ham, and cakes of all shapes, with fruit and wine in abundance. We naturally connected this preparation with our own arrival, and when the Archduke asked us if we were disposed to eat anything, we said we certainly were fully prepared, as we had taken nothing since breakfast forty miles off, and eight hours before.

"But cold meat and dry bread or sweet biscuits form a sorry dinner, after such a drive as we had made amongst the mountains of Styria; and long before our appetites were half satisfied our jaws ached, and our throats became as parched as the roads we had been travelling over. We felt amazingly disposed to say to his Imperial Highness, 'Don't you think you could manage to get us a basin of soup?' But those horrid etiquettes, which hold all mankind in terror, restrained us, and we continued packing in the slices of ham and turkey as one crams things into a trunk that is already too full.

"The nature and extent of this collation puzzled us exceedingly, as they were totally out of keeping with everything else in the establishment, which was quite simple and cottage-like. Nor was it till towards the end of our visit, that, in the course of a walk we took over the vineyard and through the wine-pressing establishment, we discovered the cause. On turning an angle of the road, we came to about a dozen carriages, and fell

in with many groups of visitors, this being the Archduke's weekly reception day ; and we now came to understand that the collation into which we had made such deep inroads had been prepared, not for us, but for the country neighbours who came to pay their respects to his Imperial Highness. He, however, said nothing to us in the way of explanation or apology—in fact, he had not asked us to dinner, but finding us hungry, had given us all he could, and of that we made the most.

“He gave us, however, what was of more substantial importance, namely, a set of directions for travelling in Upper Styria, with which country he is intimately acquainted, and where he passes a considerable portion of the year. His residence, he told us, and pointed out on the map, is at a place called Vordenberg, where he takes the active superintendence of some extensive iron-works, which he invited us to examine, promising to be our guide.

“In conversing about our projected tour in Upper Styria, we fell into a number of collateral topics ; and I think I have seldom met with any person who appeared so thoroughly well informed upon all he professed any acquaintance with, or whose knowledge seemed to be more general and exact. It is true he is a prince ; and we insensibly, and perhaps instinctively, give more weight to merit in such a quarter than we might do if we found similar attainments and talents in a lower sphere. On the other hand, the very circumstance of his being so peculiarly, and some people might say disadvantageously, placed, tends to sharpen the jealous observation of those who converse with him. So that, in fact, his elevated rank exposes him to a much more severe scrutiny than he would have to endure if he belonged to a lower station. But the Archduke John of Austria need fear no such cross-examinations—for what he really knows, or thinks, he gives out with such perfect frankness, that every one is convinced of the entire sincerity of his opinions, and places reliance on his statement of facts. Without the least fuss or ostentation, he is allowed by all who know him to be the most obliging and friendly of men. His early life was passed in active and extensive intercourse with the world, both as a practical statesman and a soldier in command of armies. Latterly, while merely a country gentleman and man of science and letters, his innate good taste, and remarkable good sense, combined with genuine public spirit, have rendered his many excellent qualities extensively current in Styria, where he almost constantly resides. An unworthy person placed in his situation would soon be found out, like a base coin gilded, which the friction of the world soon expels from circulation. But a truly virtuous prince, like pure gold, acquires from the discipline of society a fresh impress and a sterling value which fit him more and more for the uses of the country in proportion as he becomes known.

“The Archduke John, who, many people think, ought to have been made governor of Styria, has been allowed to remain a simple citizen of the state, except, indeed, that he has long been at the head of the engineer department of the Austrian army. In his humble and quiet capacity of a country gentleman, he has done an immense deal for Styria, and perhaps all that could have been done under its peculiar circumstances. He has set agoing numerous agricultural societies, which have greatly improved the cultivation of the whole province. He has also established a splendid museum at Gratz, and endowed lectureships which embrace many useful branches of knowledge. But the chief good he has done, as I understand from well-informed Styrians, has been by making himself personally ac-

quainted with almost every man in the country, and encouraging all classes to persevere in their respective callings with industry and cheerfulness. He is, in short, like a good landlord of an immense estate, whose chief pride and pleasure lie in advancing the welfare of his tenants. The Archduke's exertions, indeed, are even more disinterested, since but a small portion of the whole is his own property.

"It is perhaps a pity that there is no chance of his becoming Emperor of Austria, since most writers seem agreed that a pure despotism, if administered by a thoroughly virtuous and able man, is not only calculated to conduce to the present happiness of its subjects, but may give, in such hands, the best chance for the gradual introduction of those ameliorations of which the system is capable. It answers no practical purpose, either to demonstrate that a system of government is bad, or to introduce reforms so unsuitable to the tastes and habits of the nation, that they take no root. The history of Austria, under the Emperor Joseph, uncle to the Archduke of whom I am speaking, shews too clearly that the evil is merely aggravated by premature or ill-judged changes. But were a truly patriotic and observant man at the head of such a state as Austria, he might have it in his power (at least so it is supposed by many people), without the formidable machinery of a revolution, to establish many improvements, calculated not only to endure and become national, and to do good in themselves, but to spread wider and wider the circle of genuine and legitimate reform, in the sense of amelioration. In the mean time Austria is prosperous, chiefly because, after a long period of war, and every kind of political disorganization, she is allowed the most perfect tranquillity; and with certain exceptions, which I shall take an opportunity of pointing out, the country enjoys a degree of contentment which is very remarkable, all things considered, and especially when many circumstances are taken into account, which, in our eyes, are revolting in the highest degree.

"Some months afterwards, in the spring of 1835, we had an opportunity of availing ourselves of the Archduke's obliging invitation to pay him a visit at his iron-works in Vordenberg, which lie deep amongst the hills of Upper Styria. As Vordenberg is elevated sixteen or eighteen hundred feet above the country we left, we came in contact with the snow, not eternal snow and great glaciers, it is true, but good honest snow-wreaths, many feet deep, and continued from the preceding winter.

"As we had made a sad bungle of our visit the autumn before, we took care to be better informed this time as to his Imperial Highness's habits; and having on this occasion, as we thought, ascertained the exact minute when he dined, we drove up to the door at least half an hour before the time, thinking to be invited as a matter of course. We were much mistaken, for after ringing repeatedly, the door was opened by a venerable butler-looking domestic, who seemed mightily puzzled by a carriage full of company coming upon him at that moment. As he said the Archduke was out, I gave him my card, and was just driving away, when a secretary sort of man, with spectacles on nose and pen in hand, came fluttering into the rain, which was pouring on his bald pate. He seemed to know perfectly who and what we were, and lamented that his Imperial Highness was not at home.

"*'I suppose,'* added he, in a half doubting, half suggesting voice, *'I suppose you will dine at the inn; after which the Archduke may have returned, and be ready to receive you.'*

“Here, then, for the second time, were all our fond hopes of a dinner with the Archduke knocked down, and we drove to the worst possible inn in the worst possible humour. The day was wretched: the rain fell in torrents, the hills were encumbered with mist, the ground lay bathed in mud and melting snow ankle-deep. The only things in the way of victuals which the house could provide was miserable weak soup, so tinged with saffron, that no one could get beyond the first spoonful: and we sat in a cold, comfortless, dark, naked parlour, waiting till the horses should be sufficiently rested to bowl down again into the civilized world.

“At length I bethought me of an expedient to pass the time, and sending for the landlord, I begged to know what was to be seen in Vordenberg.

“‘Oh!’ cried he, ‘you can take a view of the smelting furnaces, and see the process of preparing our beautiful iron for the markets of all the world—there is nothing like it anywhere else.’

“And without giving us time to make any remark, he ran off, calling out as he went, ‘I’ll send out instantly and learn when they will be ready at the nearest forge to draw off the metal.’

In ten minutes more we were all under weigh on a voyage of information—it could hardly be called of discovery, still less of pleasure; for no one but a farmer takes delight in rain, and it fell upon us now in a style to have gratified the heart of the thirstiest husbandman in Styria after a twelvemonth’s drought.

Be this as it may, we had to paddle through the mud over our shoe tops, under the guidance of a most obsequious landlord, who, with a huge red umbrella, guarded one of the ladies, while a strapping lass, who acted the part of waiter at the inn, carried my daughter in her arms as easily as if she had been a kitten. It was pleasant to get under the shelter at last. The workmen, who waited only for our coming, dashed their bars against the closed orifice of the furnace, and gave vent to the molten iron. In one instant the fiery torrent flowed out in a manner wonderfully resembling in miniature the eruptions of Vesuvius we had witnessed the year before. So much so, that I would really recommend any one wishing to explain the nature and appearance of a stream of lava to those who unhappily have never had the grand pleasure of beholding that noblest of all terrestrial phenomena, to carry his friends to a large smelting furnace, and there begin his lecture on volcanic geology.

“Whilst we were enjoying this sight, and amusing ourselves by tracing analogies between it and the volcanos we had seen, and listening to the explanations of our host and the workmen, the Archduke’s secretary—he of the spectacles, who had given us that broad hint to take dinner at the public house—burst in, breathless, upon us—said he had been chasing us over half the village to present his Imperial Highness’s compliments, and to say that he would be glad to see us at his furnace, after which he hoped we would do him the pleasure to dine with him at four o’clock.

“This communication brightened our prospects; and as the Prince’s furnace was close at hand, we again sallied forth in the rain and mud, and were most kindly received by the Archduke himself at the door of his workshop. There we saw a second eruption, and enjoyed the benefit of a fuller and clearer, and more scientific explanation of the whole process than our host of the Garter could give us. We now learned that the said host had all along known privately that we were to dine with the Duke—not Duke Humphrey, as we had begun, with great reason, to fear

—but with Duke John, who at last, as if to make up for our cold fare at his vineyard in the autumn before, gave us a capital feast.

“I may perhaps be excused for naming the dishes, in such an out-of-the-way and unpromising corner of the globe. There was fish, which they called trout, but it was more like salmon, and being just taken from the stream, and cooked to a second, it was superb. There was vension, too, from the adjacent hills—not mock venison, such as they gave us in Hungary—but vension fit for an alderman; and last of all, a soufflet worthy of Verrey’s or Beauviller’s, all racy and hot, and well served, without fuss, and quite becoming a noble Prince who chooses to live retired from the world.

“The fates had decided, however, that although we should have the honour of dining with his Imperial Highness, he should not dine with us; for it appeared he had already dined at noon, according to the fashion of the spot. But he sat down to the table with us, and conversed in the most agreeable style, confirming the opinion we had originally formed, that a more simple-mannered, or more agreeable and well-informed gentleman is very rarely to be met with in any rank of life, or in any country in the world.

“The Archduke John conforms to all the habits of the people about him; and being the chief in wealth and importance of the great mining proprietors at Vordernberg, he uses his influence—and most successfully—to render the population happy and prosperous. Previous to his settling there, the miners had been for ages in a state of bitter rivalry, and almost of open hostility; but he, in a quiet way, and so as to wound no man’s pride, soon proved to them that each and all would gain more by a cordial union of interests, and companionship in labour, than by pulling and tearing in opposite directions. The blessings of national peace, which were beginning to be felt in that unhappy country, came opportunely in aid of the Archduke’s benevolent and public-spirited measures; and I understand, from those who know all the circumstances well, that there is not in the world a happier or more flourishing set of people, than these miners now are. It was pleasing to see that wherever this amiable Prince appeared, the people stepped forward and kissed his hand, not with an air of servility, but of cordial respect and attachment. Indeed, it was difficult to recognise, under the coarse dress and simple manners of the miner, the leader once of mighty armies, in the fierce contests which his country had waged with Napoleon; and still a man of the highest rank and consequence, in whose veins runs the noblest royal blood in Europe!

“The Archduke, as I have already said, passes most of his time in the country, residing at Vienna only during a certain number of weeks, which are considered indispensable, and according to etiquettes, from which not even he is exempt in that most formal of courts. His chief occupations are, first, superintending the operations of the great trigonometrical survey of Austria, of which, as chief of the engineer department, he has long had the entire control; secondly, directing the great iron works at Vordernberg; and, lastly, visiting his estates in Lower Styria, where his extensive vineyards are situated. His chief amusement is the arduous and rather dangerous hunt of the chamois goat; a sport which in that country takes—and, I am told by good authority, well supplies the place of our fox-hunting—only it is described as vastly more laborious, and requiring its admirers, of whom the Archduke John is one of the most passionate, to live for days together amongst the glaciers and eternal snows of the Alps.

“Another of his amusements is the encouragement of science at Gratz, and elsewhere in Styria; and as he sets about everything in the most unpretending way, and by his gentle and elegant manners conciliates all parties, his knowledge on these subjects is received not with jealousy or suspicion, but with a degree of personal favour which ensures the success of every undertaking to which he wishes well. Upon the whole, there probably have been few men in any station, and not many princes, who have proved greater benefactors to their country. Very few men, indeed, have the means, even if they had the disposition, and talent, and experience requisite for so great a task; and it is in the highest degree pleasing to witness the effect of so fortunate a combination of circumstances in the person of one individual.

“I forgot to mention that the Archduke John, instead of marrying an ill-favoured, starched princess, out of some foreign land, and for some cold motive of family or personal ambition, or tortuous state policy, chose to himself a wife from those ranks amongst whom it is his taste, and what he feels to be his duty, to pass his life. At the time of our visit to the Archduke’s vineyard, we could not speak a word of German, while the lady could not speak a word of anything else; and as at our second visit she did not make her appearance, our personal acquaintance is but small. But nothing surely can be more satisfactory than to know, that if the Archduke had taken the survey of Europe—as he probably did—in search of a partner, he could not have chosen more wisely for his own happiness; and if this be so, how well may he not afford to set the court etiquettes, and all their quarterings, at defiance!

During dinner at Vordenberg, the Archduke entertained us with an account of the peculiar nature of the iron-works in that neighbourhood. We already knew that the iron of Styria was not only extensively used on the continent, but was sent in large quantities to America. He also explained to us that this was chiefly due to the chemical advantages given to it by nature, over most of the irons of Europe, including even the Swedish and the English. The combinations which nature makes may indeed sometimes be imitated by art, but seldom so effectually, it seems, and not often without an expense which gives a preponderating advantage in commerce as such places as Styria, where an important part of the work is ready done. The Archduke at least told us, that although the English beat the Styrians hollow in the processes of refining iron, in making some kinds of steel, and especially in the manufacture of tools and all kinds of cutlery, still they were not able to compete with his countrymen in the markets of Europe, in consequence of the native excellence of the material found in the mines of Vordenberg.

“‘There is a tradition,’ said he, ‘of very long standing amongst our miners here, which speaks to this point. When the barbarians from the regions north of the Danube drove the Romans from this province of Styria, then called Noricum, the Genius of the Mountains, willing to do the new inhabitants a favor, appeared to the conquerors, and said,—‘Take your choice: Will you have gold mines for a year?—silver for twenty years?—or iron for ever?’ Our wise ancestors, who had just begun to learn the true relative value of the precious metals, by ascertaining, practically, that their rude swords were an overmatch for all the wealth of the Romans, at once decided to accept iron for ever!’”

RESTORATION OF DARFIELD CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.

THE ancient Parish Church of All Saints, Darfield, bears evident traces of having been the work of successive generations.

The oldest portion now remaining, is the lower part of the Tower, which is probably of the date of 1140, or 1150. A perpendicular window and doorway have at a subsequent period been inserted into the western point, but the real date of this portion is sufficiently explained by a small round-headed window in the north and south sides, and by the obtusely-pointed arch, opening into the nave, which has evidently about it more of the Norman, than of the early English characteristics.

The bases, also, of the present pillars of the chancel arch, appear to rest upon an ancient Norman plinth, and a portion of an early English doorway, still remaining in the wall between the chancel and its south aisle, plainly attest that a more ancient structure, of nearly similar general dimensions, once occupied the site of the present church; but chancel aisles (and possibly nave aisles also), seemed to have formed no part of the original plan.

The general mass of the present structure is of the decorated period, probably about the date of 1350, with, however, some additions and insertions at a later time.

The church consists of a chancel and clerestorial nave, each with a north and south aisle; a porch towards the western part of the south aisle, and a tower at the west end of the nave.

The last window of the chancel, the eastern part of the north aisle, the upper stage of the tower, and probably the battlements of the nave and chancel, are perpendicular; the rest of the church, as before stated, is almost entirely decorated.

The south aisle, as was not unfrequently the case in ancient churches, has evidently been considered of greater importance than the northern. Its windows have all been of three lights, with pointed heads, and its roof has had a separate gable, while the north aisle has only a lean-to roof, and in its decorated portion, two light windows, square-headed, except the west window, which is a pretty two-light window, under a pointed head.

Each aisle has also had a doorway towards its western portion, but that only of the south aisle was furnished with a porch.

The western end of the south aisle is surmounted by a small bell gable, which doubtless originally contained the Sanctus bell. This situation for the Sanctus bell, though very singular, is not quite unique. The much more common position, however, being over the east gable of the nave. The use of this bell was to give notice to all who were in the fields, as well as to those who were in the church, of the elevation of the Host, and at the sound of it, all who were within hearing were accustomed to

perform acts of devotion. A square opening* in the east wall of the nave by the side of the chancel arch, gave the sacristan, when standing at the west end or the south aisle, a view of the altar, so as to enable him to ring the bell at the precise period of the Elevation.

Like too many other churches, this interesting one at Darfield had suffered most grievously from the neglect and occasional misdirected attempts at improvement of the last two centuries. Four unsightly galleries blocked up the interior of the edifice. The tower arch had been built up, and the lower part of the tower made the receptacle for coals, dirt, and rubbish of all kinds. Square pews of all heights and colours, had been allowed to deform the uniformity of the sittings. The whole of the walls, pillars, and arches had been plastered internally and whitewashed. The roofs had been underdrawn and furnished with ceilings, which were more fit for a ball-room than for a place of Christian worship.

All the windows of the clerestory, and all but on the south side, had deal sashes, and had lost all remains of their original tracing; and the stonework of almost all the others was in a most dilapidated condition.

The earth of the churchyard had accumulated for some feet above the level of the internal ground line, and consequently the church was sadly troubled with damp, and most of the floors were rotten. A vestry had been built out at the east end, which much interfered with the effect of that front. An erection had been put up at the north side of the tower, which served as a hearse-house, and which blocked up the west window of the north aisle; and numerous other barbarisms had been committed, which it would be too long to enumerate.

The state of the church very much interested the late George Skilbeck Maude, Esq., of Middlewood Hall; and for some time previous to his death, he had contemplated the restoration of the edifice. His premature decease, however, prevented his taking any active part in this measure; but by his will he left the sum of one thousand pounds for the object, and to this, nearly another thousand pounds has since been added by his uncle, John Maude, Esq., of Moor House, near Wakefield, a gentleman of refined taste, great public spirit, and true Christian benevolence. With this sum much has been done to restore the church to its pristine state of beauty. The four galleries have been removed, and the tower arch opened out so as to allow of a view of the full length of the church. The plaster ceilings have been destroyed, and the timbers of the roof exposed to view, and oiled. The plaster has been scraped off the pillars and arches. The clerestory windows and those of the south aisle have been filled with new tracery of the decorated style, and the stonework of most of the others has been removed. The west window of the north aisle has been opened out and the hearse-house removed. The vestry also, which projected inconveniently from the east end, has been taken away, and a new one erected on the north side. The level of the churchyard has been considerably lowered, and the church, in consequence, effectually freed from damp. All the square pews have been destroyed, and the old oak sittings of the nave repaired. A new handsomely carved pulpit has been erected; and the east window, and the heads of all the other windows of the church

* This opening has since been enlarged and altered, to allow of an entrance through it into the pulpit.

have been fitted with richly stained glass, executed by Mr. Wailes, of Newcastle. The east window, which is a large perpendicular one of five lights, contains figures of St. Paul and the four Evangelists in the lower lights, and representations of ten Apostles, each bearing his appropriate emblem in the tracery lights above.

The following coats of arms which are mentioned by ancient heralds as having formerly existed in the windows, and which, doubtless, commemorated ancient benefactors to the church, have been placed in the west window of the tower, and the last window of the north aisle.

Quarterly argent and sable a bend gules.

Argent a fess lozengy gules, in chief a label of five points charged with pellets.

Or, a saltire vair, argent and gules.

Gules, two bars and nine martlets argent.

Gules, three martlets pierced, or, a canton ermine.

Lozengy argent and gules a fess sable.

Lozengy argent, and gules, on a bend azure a martlet.

Lozengy argent, and gules, an inescutcheon vert.

Lozengy argent, and gules, a label azure, on each pendant a fleur-de-lis, or.

Besides these, the arms of the ancient family of Maude, to whom the church now owes so much, have been placed in the centre window of the south aisle.

It certainly is very surprising that the church contains but few memorials of the powerful families who once inhabited the parish. A small shield charged with a lion rampant over the doorway of the south porch, possibly refers to one of the ancient lords of Great Houghton.

In the north aisle, in removing some cumbrous paving, an ancient tomb, recessed in the wall under a segmental pointed arch, was discovered. It bore no inscription, but simply shewed a floriated cross, on either side of which were represented a chalice and missal, and doubtless marked the resting place of one of the former rectors of the parish.

Under this ancient tomb was found a stone coffin containing a perfect skeleton, but no date or other indication could be discovered.

A little to the eastward of this, in the same aisle, is another recessed tomb, under a cinquefoiled arch with ogee wood; it likewise has no inscription, but simply a foliated cross incised in the stone slab. Beneath this it is very probable that the ashes of the founder of this portion of the church have been interred.

Besides these, portions of several other tombstones bearing floriated crosses, were found in different parts of the church, none of these, however, bearing any inscription; and in re-leading the gutter of the roof of the south arch, this gutter appeared to have been built or laid with a number of these flag-stones, with floriated crosses incised on them.

Towards the east end of the south chancel aisle, is another uninscribed monument of great interest. This consists of an altar tomb, surrounded by blank shields, on which is laid the figure of a knight, in plate armour, with mail about the neck, with his hands clasped in prayer. By his side is a lady, who has a beautiful netted head-dress. The knight has a collar about his neck, and a piked cap upon his head, and his feet rest upon a lion.

The individuals represented are generally supposed to be John Bosville, and Isabel Dronsfield, his wife.

Near this, in the same aisle, is a large blue flag-stone, from which have evidently been removed the brass effigies of a man in armour, with a female on each side, and four shields of arms. This is usually assigned to John Bosville of the next generation, and his two wives, Mary Barley, and Isabel Cresacre. By will dated 1441, he directed his body to be buried here.

Near the altar are two shields of arms, which have been inserted in the wall. The first, gules an inescutcheon and orle of martlets argent: impaling or, a chief indented azure and bend sable.

The other, on a fess between three falcons, a leopard's head between two mullets; impaling per fess a pale counterchanged on each part of the first, a talbot passant. The former of these commemorates Chadwick, one of the rectors, who died in 1631.

On the north side of the chancel is a remarkable monument, having twelve shields of the arms of Willoughby and their connections, surrounding the following inscription:—

“Here lyeth the body of Katharine, the daughter of William Willoughby, Esq., eldest son of Charles Lord Willoughby, of Parham, wife to Joseph Godfrey, of Thorrock, in the county of Lincoln, Esquire, 27 years 1 month and 21 days; his widow, 28 years and 2 days; died the 15th of August, anno Domini, 1658, aged about 75. Willoughby Godfrey, of Edderthorp, son to her, having decently seen her interred, did erect this, as his last duty, with her due armories.”

Besides these, the church contains tablets in memory of Sir Edward Rodes, Knight, of Great Houghton, A.D. 1666.

Mary, his daughter, wife of John Wordsworth, of Swath, gent. 1673.

Lady Rodes, wife of Sir Edward and Lady Rodes. 1681.

Godfrey Rodes, Esq., son of Sir Edward and Lady Rodes. 1681.

Ann, daughter of Sir Edward Rodes, Knight. 1740.

William Rodes, of Great Houghton. 1740.

Mary Rodes, of Great Houghton. 1789.

Martha Busk. 1777.

William Wombwell, of Wombwell, Esq. 1695.

Elizabeth Wombwell, his widow. 1742.

William Wombwell, of Wombwell, Esq. 1716.

Catherine Wombwell, spinster, daughter of William Wombwell, Esq. sole representative of the family. 1795.

Robert Ashton, of Bradway, Derbyshire, Gent., 1716; and Dorothy his wife, 1721.

Nathaniel Pearson, Esq., of Tyers-hill. 1785.

Mary, wife of George Walker of Middlewood-hall. 1761.

George Walker, Esq., her husband. 1772.

Margaret Walker, their daughter and heiress. 1798.

Mary Walker, second wife of the above George Walker. 1803.

Sarah, wife of Richard Dearman, of Barnsley. 1805.

John Calvert of Rufford, Gent. 1681.

Ann, daughter of William and Dorothy Green, of Middlewood. 1718.

Hannah Shemeld. 1786.

John Micklethwaite, of Ardsley, Gent. 1753.

Benjamin Micklethwaite, of Birkhouse, Esq. 1782.

Randolph Marriott, D.D., Rector. 1782.

In the wall eastward of the south doorway, a tablet has been erected in memory of the late George Skilbeck Maude, Esq. It bears the following inscription:—

Sacred
 To the memory
 of
 George Skilbeck Maude, B.A.
 of Middlewood Hall
 in this parish,
 Son and Heir of
 Daniel Maude,
 of the same place.
 He died
 on the 5th day of September,
 1844,
 In the 26th year of his age.
 And now Lord, what wait
 I for, my hope is in Thee.

Mr. Maude's remains were interred in the churchyard, in the centre of a piece of ground which had been given by himself. The spot is marked by a neat monument surrounded by an iron railing, and bearing the following inscription :—

(On the South side.)

This
 Monument
 is erected
 over
 The mortal remains
 of
 George Skilbeck Maude, B.A.,
 who died
 on the 5th day of September,
 1844,
 At his residence,
 Middlewood Hall,
 in the 26th year of his age.

(On the North side.)

George Skilbeck Maude,
 was the Son and Heir of
 Daniel Maude,
 of Middlewood Hall,
 who died there
 on the 21st of September,
 1838,
 Aged 65 years,
 and was buried
 at Wakefield.

The inscription to Mr. Lonsdale in the chancel is as follows:—

“Beneath this stone lie interred the remains of the Rev. John Lonsdale, B.A., 39 years Vicar of this Parish, who died the 10th day of July, 1807, in the 70th year of his ag.”

This worthy divine's son, Dr. John Lonsdale, is now Lord Bishop of Lichfield.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

AN HEROIC FEAT.

The family of CROKER have, in our own day, made their name illustrious in the senate and in the literary world ; and have thus maintained a reputation worthy of their descent from the Lineham House, co. Devon, of whom the proverb was

“Croker, Crewys, and Copplestone,
When the Conqueror came were at home.”

Two centuries since, when so many cadets of our western families passed over to the southern districts of Ireland, and there became the progenitors of the leading gentry of Munster of the present day, three or four Crokers (or Crockers, as the name seems to have been then written) followed the stream of adventure. They were the younger sons of Thomas Croker, of Trevillas, co. Cornwall, who was second son of the eighth John Croker of Lineham ; and they seem to have all served together in the English army. The gallantry of two of these brothers, the one a lieutenant and the other a non-commissioned officer, at Cromwell's siege of the city of Waterford, in 1650, is in itself a story of romance. Cromwell was reduced to great straits by the obstinate resistance of Clonmel, the shire town of Tipperary, and but for the opportune arrival of Lord Broghill with reinforcements, must have withdrawn from the place baffled and defeated ; for the soldiery were sick, and ill-supplied with clothing and provisions. Clonmel fell before the united efforts of himself and Broghill ; and thence the English General straightway proceeded to reduce the strongly fortified city of Waterford. The summons to surrender was indignantly refused by the native defenders, and the cannons opened on the devoted city. Under cover of the smoke Lieutenant Croker and Serjeant Croker, his brother, with thirty musketeers, were detached from the besieging army, with orders to fire the suburbs, so that the avenues to the city might be more effectually opened. A tempestuous wind was blowing at the time, and, as the straw-thatched cabins of the peasantry and their stacks of corn and hay were successively set on fire, the dense volumes of smoke rolled in upon the city, penetrating to its remotest quarters, and creating in the minds of the inhabitants the impression that the whole place was on fire. They retreated gradually from the outworks, whence the densest smoke proceeded, and at the same time the two Crokers, with their men, swiftly and stealthily approached the undefended walls. Fortune favours the bold. At the foot of the fortifications were lying a few stout ladders, that had been employed shortly before in the removal of some of the bastions, and the brothers, hearing no sound of the sentinel's tread, nor hum or voice of armed men, resolved on an immediate escalade. They explained their views to their little

band, who at once gave their acquiescence. The ladders were raised in a moment to the battlements, and with drawn swords and charged muskets the two-and-thirty heroes mounted the wall. They found but one man at the summit, whom they at once slew, lest he should raise the alarm; and then, forming themselves into a compact body, they rushed into the terrified city. In the streets, as they passed along, they encountered only a few straggling soldiers, whom without difficulty they cut down; and the smoke from the suburbs, together with that of their muskets, so concealed their numbers, that the Irish believed the whole army had gotten into the town, and therefore made no resistance. They fled on all sides, casting away their arms to precipitate their escape. Still the Crokers pressed on, for their object was to reach the western gate, that they might throw it open to their friends; but the lieutenant and two or three of his men now fell dead, from shots fired from the houses as they went by them. Serjeant Croker, however, and the remainder marched up to the main-guard and seized all the great guns, from which they proceeded safely to the western gate and threw it open. Meanwhile the English, not knowing what had happened, conceived that the Crokers had perished in the flames of the suburbs, since they did not re-appear after their work was accomplished. The army was drawn up at the west of the city, and thence all eyes were directed in amazement at the panic they heard going on within. Suddenly one of the sentinels challenged, and Lord Broghill riding up to him, learned that the nearest gate of the city was set wide open, and a small party was marching out towards the English camp. He rode forward to reconnoitre, and through his perspective-glass recognised Croker and his handful of men, whom he at once galloped out to meet. Without answering his Lordship's queries, how he had come thither, Croker only waved his sword over his head, and called on the whole army to enter the town, for that Waterford had fallen. The city was evacuated as the English marched in; and the castle only held out a few days, when it likewise surrendered.

The gallant survivor of the pair of brothers, HUGH CROKER, died at his estate at Ballyanker, co. Waterford, in January, 1663. His lineal descendant, in the sixth remove, is the distinguished statesman, THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL.D., F.A.S., of Moseley Grove, co. Surrey. Another part of the same family is seated at Ballynagarde, co. Limerick; and a third in Dublin, to which belong ANNE, daughter and heir of Thomas Croker, Esq., and wife of Sir Edward Crofton, Bart.: created in 1797, BARONESS CROFTON in her own right; and THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, Esq., the able illustrator of "*The Fairy Mythology and Antiquities of Ireland*." (*See Peerage and Baronetage, and Landed Gentry.*)

ARTHUR O'LEARY, ESQ., COMMONLY CALLED "THE OUTLAW."

IN the south-east angle of the nave of Kilcrea Friary, in Cork, is an humble tomb, covering the ashes of a gentleman of birth and family, whose melancholy story we shall give in a few words. It is a mournful commentary on the working of the penal-laws in the sister kingdom.

Arthur O'Leary, Esq., of Raleigh, county Cork, was born in the year 1747, being descended from the O'Learys, lords of Iveleary (in Irish,

Ibh Laoghair—THE O'LEARYS' COUNTY), a district of that shire now called Muskerry. Being of the Roman Catholic faith he was debarred from holding a commission in the British army, and he therefore gratified his military genius by passing over to the continent and entering the Hungarian service. On his return to Ireland, a few years after, he married Ellen, fifth daughter of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., of Derrynane, (grandfather of the late distinguished possessor of that name), and fixed his residence at Raleigh—a place situated, as the song aptly designates it, on the "pleasant waters of the river Lee." He became a country gentleman, and held considerable personal property, the laws not then permitting Roman Catholics to have real estates. From his old feudal descent and religious creed, he exercised a kind of chiefdom over the peasantry, that raised the jealousy of some of his neighbours who were of English blood. One of these, named Morris, took especial pride in a stud of fine horses on which he spared no expenditure. Great, therefore, was his mortification when, on one occasion, the result of a heavy wager between himself and the "Irish" squire, was the defeat of a favourite racer. A hot teasing argument ensued. One of those busy-bodies that are the plague-spot of society, reminded Morris that the "law"* forbade O'Leary, or any of his faith, having or keeping a horse exceeding 5*l.* in value; and the meddler suggested to him to tender that sum for the winner, and thus take him from his owner. In his excited state, Mr. Morris lent himself to this subterfuge, and publicly claimed the "papist's" horse. O'Leary, as may be anticipated, refused surrendering the animal, declaring that, let the law be what it might, he would only part with the horse along with his life. A warrant for his arrest was drawn out by the magistrates, and on his resisting it, O'Leary was summarily outlawed. Soon after, a party of military were sent to his residence; and they encountered him and his servant riding on the road well armed. Shots were exchanged between the parties; and the unhappy "outlaw," pierced by a bullet through the brain, fell dead in the road adjoining his mansion.

He was buried among the old ruins of Kilcrea; and his epitaph, though in the English tongue, has something of the native temperament about it, so that we may conjecture it was the work of one of his clan:—

"Lo! Arthur O'Leary, generous, handsome, brave,
Slain in his bloom, lies in this humble grave.
Died, May 4th, 1773,
Aged 26 years."

As illustrative, however, of the semi-barbarized thirst for vengeance that disgraces the Irish character, and of their unforgiving and unforgetting hate, we must give the conclusion of Mr. Morris's history. After O'Leary's death, a brother, who passionately loved him, conceived, like the Indian, that a duty now devolved on him to avenge his slain brother. But one thought possessed him, an awful overmastering longing to meet Morris, and to lay him dead at his feet. The other was on his guard, and took lodgings for safety's sake in the city of Cork. Thither O'Leary repaired, and day by day unwearied he watched his enemy. He cared not for food or rest; he felt no fatigue

* 7 Will. III. c. 5.

while he pursued his deadly scheme. At last, one evening, he marked Mr. Morris standing alone at his open window ; and, running for a gun he had concealed near at hand, he fired at the unfortunate gentleman and wounded him fatally in the side. O'Leary escaped to America, and died there unmolested a few years since.

AN IRISH WATER FIEND.

THE following curious incident is perfectly well authenticated ; and whether it be accounted for on the principle of ocular delusion, or on that of supernatural agency, it is at all events deserving of record from its romantic singularity. The hero of the tale was the Rev. James Crawford, Rector of the parish of Killina, co. Leitrim. He was connected by marriage with the Kilcaskan branch of the ancient family of Daunt.*

In the autumn of 1777, Mr. Crawford had occasion to cross the Estuary called "The Rosses," on the coast of Donegal, in order to avoid a round of several miles. The water was rather deep, but some men on the shore assured him they considered it still fordable. On a pillion behind him sat his sister-in-law, Miss Hannah Wilson. They advanced pretty far into the sea, until the water reached the saddle-laps, when Miss Wilson became so alarmed that she implored Mr. Crawford to turn bridle, and get back as fast as possible to land.

"I do not think there can be danger," replied Crawford, "for I see a horseman crossing the ford not twenty yards before us."

Miss Wilson looked in the direction indicated, and also saw the horseman.

"You had better hail him," said she, "and inquire the depth of the intervening water."

Crawford accordingly checked his horse, and hallooed to the other horseman to stop. He *did* stop ; and turning round, displayed a ghastly face, grinning fiendishly at Crawford, who waited for no further parley, but faced about and returned to land as fast as the state of the rapidly rising tide would permit him. On arriving at home, he told his wife of the spectral rencontre ; he was setting his cravat at a mirror while he spoke ; and when he described the grin of the water fiend, she observed from the reflection in the glass that his face turned white as death from the terror evoked by the recollection.

The popular belief was, that whenever any luckless wight was foredoomed to be drowned in that Estuary, the fatal event was foreshewn to the doomed person by some such apparition as Crawford had seen.

Despite this monitory superstition—perhaps to shew that he disregarded it—Mr. Crawford again attempted to cross the ford of the Rosses upon the 27th of September, 1777, and was drowned in the attempt. His body was found in about three weeks afterwards, frightfully gnawed and mutilated by the fishes.

The writer of this narrative received his information from several old persons ; among the rest from an ancient lady still living—a member of the Crawford family. On being asked what she thought of the nature of

* His wife, Sarah Wilson, whom he married in 1760, was sister of the Rev. Thomas Wilson, Rector of Ardstraw, co. Tyrone, maternal grandfather of the present Mr. Daunt of Kilcaskan, co. Cork. See Daunt's Pedigree in Burke's Landed Gentry.

the horseman who appeared to Mr. Crawford?—"Oh, man!" she answered very emphatically, "it was the *De'il* himself—I have no doubt of it."

The fact of the apparition is undoubted. The only question is, whether it was a delusion arising from some species of ophthalmia. In support of its preternatural character it may be urged,

Firstly, That *two* persons saw it, namely Mr. Crawford and Miss Wilson; and it is hard to suppose they were both at that moment afflicted with a simultaneous attack of ophthalmia.

Secondly, The "appearance" was not a *bonâ fide* man on horseback; for the state of the water was such that flesh and blood, whether human or equine, could not live in it; far less could a human rider display the ghastly *sang froid* wherewith the mysterious horseman treated Crawford to a grin from his fiendish physiognomy.

Thirdly, The superstition attached by popular credence to the wraith, or kelpy, or whatever it was, the event unhappily verified; inasmuch as Crawford was drowned next time he ventured into the Estuary.

To all this it may be replied that the nerves of the Rev. James Crawford and of Miss Wilson were in too perturbed a state from terror at the depth and roughness of the water, to permit them to form a calm and accurate judgment respecting the attitudes and actions of the horseman in advance; and moreover, that if such an apparition were a supernatural indication of a watery grave to the beholder, Miss Wilson ought to have been drowned as well as her brother-in-law, inasmuch as she saw it too. And with these brief commentaries, pro and con, we dismiss the tradition to the region of "visions, tales, and fantasies," only repeating that so far as concerns the mere *appearance* of the equestrian figure in the water, no fact can be more satisfactorily authenticated.

HOW A LADY BECAME A FREEMASON.

THE Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female who was ever initiated into the ancient and honourable mystery of Freemasonry.

How she obtained this honour, we shall lay before our readers, having obtained the only genuine information from the best sources.

Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened Lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting, and it is said that never were the Masonic duties more rigidly performed than by the brethren of No. 150, the number of their warrant.

It appears that previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of Masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as Lodge-room, but whether the young lady was there by design or accident, we cannot confidently state.

This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; amongst other things the wall was considerably reduced in one part, for the purpose of making a saloon.

The young lady having heard the voices of the Freemasons, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all, to see this mystery so long and so secretly locked up from public view, she had the courage to pick a brick

from the wall with her scissors, and witnessed the ceremony through the two first steps.

Curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and those who understand this passage, well know what the feelings of any person must be who could unlawfully behold that ceremony ; let them then judge what were the feelings of a young girl under such extraordinary circumstances.

There was no mode of escape, except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized, and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way, and with light but trembling step glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly *Tiler*, with his long sword unsheathed.

A shriek that pierced through the apartment, alarmed the members of the Lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, in the first paroxysm of their rage it is said her death was resolved on, but from the moving and earnest supplication of her younger brother, her life was spared on condition of her going through the two steps of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed.

This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft, a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry.

Miss St. Leger was directly descended from Sir Robert De St. Leger, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and was of that high repute that he with his own hand supported that Prince, when he first went out of his ship to land in Sussex.

Miss St. Leger was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes.

Miss St. Leger married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, a member of a highly honourable and ancient family, long celebrated for their hospitality and other virtues. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres in Dublin or Cork, for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, she walked at the head of the Freemasons with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on those occasions.

The portrait of this estimable woman is in the lodge-room of almost every Lodge in Ireland.

THE POISONED BEAUTY.

Maria, daughter of the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, second son of Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth, Maid of Honor to Queen Caroline, Consort of George II., is the lady whose story is alluded to in "Pope's Satires," in the line—

"Poison from Deloraine ;"

and in Mr. Croker's edition of "Lady Suffolk's Letters." The narrative is as follows:—Miss Mackenzie was one of the greatest beauties about the court, and an attachment subsisted between her and Mr. Price,* at that time an admired man about town, and an especial favorite with the too celebrated Countess of Deloraine, who, to get rid of her rival in beauty, poisoned her. By timely assistance, antidotes were successful, but the tradition in the family is, that her fine complexion was ruined, and ever continued of a lemon tint. Queen Caroline, desirous to shield Deloraine from the consequences of her acts, persuaded Miss Mackenzie to appear as soon as she was sufficiently recovered from the effects of the poison at a supper, either given by Lady Deloraine, or where she was to be. When Miss Mackenzie entered the room, some one exclaimed, "How entirely changed." Mr. Price, who was seated with Lady Deloraine, looking carelessly over his shoulder, remarked, "In my eyes, she is more beautiful than ever;" and they were married next morning.

DACNI.

ROLAND SHERARD.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In your last number of the "Patrician," in the dying verses of Sherard, of Lopinthorp, 1592, (p. 31), an illegible word in the thirteenth line has been supplied by your correspondent, "*cornuabant*," (which, by the bye, has been misprinted "*carnuabant*"). The blotted word should most probably be "*Sinuabant*," or, "*Tendebant*," as "*cornuabant*" will not scan, and is besides a very unusual word, and does not occur in Latin poetry, I rather imagine, at all. In accordance with the request at the end of the paragraph, I subjoin an attempt at an English version, in case you have no better.

Carlisle, 12th of July, 1848.

Yours truly,
BACCALAUREUS.

ROLAND SHERARD, OF LOPINTHORB, ESQ., DYING 9TH OCT., 1592.

What earth could give, she gave, that boon she now seeks back again;
I yield it willingly, for me Heaven's paths alone remain.
On mortals what can earth bestow? Health, fortune, family—
All these I had, quiet length of days when England peace did see:
Nought more to wish here left have I, my joys of life are gone;
Nor foot, nor hand, their office hold—light from my eyes hath flown;
And music, with its wonted charm, strikes on my ear no more,
Nor can my weak voice tune to song, as it was wont of yore—
The arms, which strongly bent the bow, now scarce my food can lift,
Now stretched on bed of age I lie, who strode the courser swift—

* See "Landed Gentry." Nicholas Price, Esq., of Saintfield, co. Down, M.P. for Lisburn, 1735, married (as his second wife) in 1732, Maria, daughter of the Honourable Colonel Alexander Mackenzie, second son of the fourth Earl of Seaforth, by whom he also had issue. Mr. Price, by his first wife, Mary, daughter of Francis, first Lord Conway, of Ragley, was grandfather of Nicholas Price, Esq., of Saintfield House, co. Down, J. P., Deputy Lieutenant, and High Sheriff, 1801.

I weep not for the loss of these, my limbs writhe not with pain,
 But the ripe season of my age I see comes on amain ;
 My only solace is a mind conscious of rectitude,
 And faith that constantly attends upon a conscience good ;
 O Christ, my God, who much didst give, and more wilt yet bestow,
 How can we ever pay to Thee the gratitude we owe !
 Nought now remains for me but that, I Hallelujah sing,
 With holy and with heavenly choirs, in one assembled ring :
 And when the mustered band is full of all thy company,
 With my own body then again my soul shall joined be.

Another esteemed correspondent sends us the following:—

TRANSLATION OF LATIN VERSE, BY SHERARD, OF LOPINTHORP, 1592.

From the Patrician, No. XXVII, page 31.

What earth could give, she gave, and re-demands,
 Cheerful my soul I yield to Heaven's hands ;
 What nature could to man give, this world's good,
 Obedient children, fortune, dainty food ;
 All these I had, with longest span of life,
 In golden ease possessed with dearest wife.
 Nought now remains on which my life then hung,
 My joys are dead, my heart is now unstrung ;
 Nor hand, nor foot their offices perform,
 My eyes no strength retain but power to mourn ;
 With wonted sweetness now no sounds can please,
 Nor voice mellifluous sings—scarce speaks with ease.

These arms which erst the rigid bow would bend,
 Their aid affords mere sustenance to lend ;
 That back which once the savage beasts could throw,
 A couch uneasy, lifeless beareth now.
 No plaints escape, though torture racks my frame,
 Clear I discern, and yield to time and main ;
 This, this alone, right's conscious glory clings,
 And faith unaltered its due guerdon brings.
 Christ is my God, who gave, and much will give—
 My proffered thanks, kind God, deign to receive,
 Heaven's joys in Hallelujah let me sing,
 With saints in symphony my voice to ring ;
 And when the number of the just is full,
 To their blest fellowship translate my soul."

G. G.

CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Faithlegg, co. Waterford.

THE SEAT OF NICHOLAS MAHON POWER, ESQ., M.P.

"Hail to thy face and odours, glorious sea!
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
 Vibrates salubrious thoughts."

CAMPBELL.

WELL may Ryland, in his valuable history of Waterford, exclaim, "the view from the hill of Faithlegg is magnificent." It would certainly be difficult to point out in Ireland a spot from which a prospect so extensive, so varied, and at the same time so pleasing, may be obtained. Having reached a considerable elevation, called the Minawn, in the neighbourhood of the Deer Park, the ardent admirer of nature's beauties, or the antiquarian seeking to penetrate the misty veil drawn between him and ages past, may feast his eyes upon a scene which years will not efface from his memory. The open sea, far as the eye can reach, now lashed to fury by the rising gale, and madly tossing on its whitened waves the trembling bark, or calmly bearing on its peaceful breast the homeward sail of many a fisher's cot.

Beneath your feet the joyous meeting of the sisters three:—*

"The first the gentle Sure that maketh way
 By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford.
 The next the stubborn Neiore, whose waters grey,
 By fair Kilkenny and Rossponte † board:
 The third the goodly Barrow, which doth hoard
 Great heaps of salmon in his dreary bosom:
 All which long sundered, do at last accord
 To join in one, ere to the sea they come.
 So flowing all from one, all one at last become." ‡

The lofty chains of distant hills, when bathed in the ruddy glow of a summer sunset; the wave-worn sides of rugged rocks, laved by the passing stream; the heath-clad mound; the unhewn Cromlech; the solitary tower of the chieftain; the more elaborate stronghold of later

* The three fine rivers, the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, all take their rise in the Sliebh-Bloom Mountains, and receiving in their course the waters of seven other minor streams, and passing through a large extent of country, the Nore keeping the centre course, their mingled waters make a noble appearance immediately beneath the hills of Faithlegg.

† New Ross.

‡ Fairy Queen, Book iv. Canto ii.

ages; the cloistered abbey; the unroofed church; the guarded fort; the populous city; the ruined town; the sheltered bay; the landing-place of kings; the sunny mead; the bending streams, each in their turn demand attention, nor can they appeal in vain.

Arthur Young, in his tour through Ireland, in the year 1776, visited this favoured spot, of which he gives the following description:—

“Walked to Ballycanvan, the seat of Cornelius Bolton, Esq.; rode with Mr. Bolton, jun., to Faithlegg-hill, which commands one of the finest views I have seen in Ireland. There is a rock on the top of a hill, which has a very bold view on every side, down on a great extent of country, much of which is grass enclosures of a good verdure. This hill is the centre of a circle of about ten miles diameter, beyond which higher lands rise, which, after spreading to a great extent, have on every side a back-ground of mountain: in a southerly direction, Mount Leinster, between Wexford and Wicklow, twenty-six miles off, rises in several heads* above the clouds. A little to the right of this Slieve-Keiltha (*i. e.*, the woody mountain) at a less distance, is a fine object. To the left, Tory-hill, only five miles, in a regular form, varies the outline. To the east there is the long mountain, eighteen miles distant, and several lesser Wexford hills. To the south, the Bay of Tramore. To the west, Monavallegh rises 2160 feet above the level of the sea, eighteen miles off, being part of the great range of the Cumberagh mountains; and to the north-west, Slieve-na-mann, at the distance of twenty-four miles: so that the outline is everywhere bold and distinct, though distant. These circumstances would alone form a great view,† but the water part of it, which fills up the canvas, is in a much superior style. The great river Suir takes a winding course from the city of Waterford through a rich country, hanging on the sides of hills to its banks, and dividing into a double channel, forms the lesser island, both of which courses you command distinctly; united, it makes a bold reach under the hill on which you stand, and there receives the noble tribute of the united waters of the Barrow and the Nore, in two great channels, which form the larger island; enlarged by such an accession of water, it winds round the hill in a bending course to the ocean. Twenty sail of ships-of-passage gave animation to the scene; upon the whole, the boldness of the mountain outline, the variety of the grounds, the vast extent of river, with the declivity to it from the point of view, altogether form so unrivalled a scene, every object so commanding, that the general want of wood is almost forgotten.” Two years after this account was written, “I again,” says Young, “visited this enchanting hill, and walked to it day after day from Ballycanvan, and with increasing pleasure. Mr. Bolton, jun. has, since I was there before, enclosed 40 acres on the top and steep slope to the water, and begun to plant them. This will be a prodigious addition, for the slope forming the bold shore for a considerable distance, and having projections from which the wood will all be seen in the gentle hollows of the hill, the effect will be amazingly fine. Walks and a riding are tracing out, which will command fresh beauties at every step.’ The spots from which a variety of beautiful views are seen, are numerous all the way from Ballycanvan to Faithlegg; the whole, to the amount of 1200 acres, is the property of Mr. Bolton.”

Numerous, I might almost say innumerable, are the objects of interest

* Young evidently imagined that the three pinnacles of Black-stairs Mountain, known as “the leaps of Ossian’s greyhound,” formed a part of Mount Leinster, in front of which it is seen.

† Some idea may be formed of the grandeur of the mountain scenery in this view, from the following table of heights taken from the late admirable Ordnance Survey:

	Feet.
Mount Leinster.	2604
Monavallagh.	2598
Slieve-na-mann.	2362
Brandon Hill.	1696

which add their charms to form one glorious whole. Carrying the eye along the rock-bound coast of Wexford, a complete pictorial history of Ireland is laid open to our view. A Martello tower marks the bold headland of Bagenbun,* famed as the first landing-place of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland, where Robert Fitz-Stephen, his thirty knights, his sixty men in coats of mail, and his three hundred skilful Welsh archers, ran their ships ashore, and here, according to the old couplet,

“Ireland was lost and won.”

The Bay of Bannion,† beneath whose silent sands lie entombed the remains of an ancient city, known as “the Irish Herculaneum,” and where, upon a mass of masonry, still peering its head above the ground, and believed to be the chimney of the Tower Hall, two members were wont to be returned, previous to the Union, to protect the interests of the submerged city in the Irish Parliament. Fethard Castle,‡ still habitable, the ancient see house of the bishops of Ferns, with its graceful round tower, and projecting battlements. The lone Sallee Islands, where the unfortunate rebel chiefs, Harvey of Bargo Castle, and Colclough of Ballyteigne, lay concealed until the 27th of June, 1798. The fine old tower of Hook, the guardian of the harbour, built by Rose, daughter of Crume, king of Denmark, to guide her children to their adopted home,§ rearing its beacon head one hundred and thirty feet above the ocean dashing at its base. The mouldering ruins of Slade Castle, founded by the daring adventurer, Richard de Hay, in 1169. The old grey tower of Houseland. Loftus (formerly Redmonds) Hall, a seat of the noble family of Ely, which came into their possession in 1669, and where is still preserved the *undoubted* (?) sword of the renowned Strongbow. The frowning batteries of Duncannon Fort, with its glacis, ravelin, and bastions, enlarged and strengthened in 1588. James’s rock and Kingsbay, the retreat of the flying monarch, on the 3rd of June, after his defeat on the banks of the Boyne. The high land of the barony of Forth, with its remains of one-and-thirty Anglo-Norman castles, and eighteen churches, telling tales of bygone greatness and decay. The sombre old tower of Buttermilk Castle, on the river’s brink. A toll-house erected by the Bernardine monks, for the double purpose of replenishing their coffers, and curing their fish. The noble and sadly neglected ruins|| of Dunbrody Abbey, founded by the

* According to Holinshed, the names of the two ships in which the invaders arrived, were the Banna and the Boenne, and hence the name of the headland.

† The Rev. R. Walsh, who visited this spot in 1826, says, “the impression that we were standing over a once populous city, which yet remains almost entire, with all its busy inhabitants, it might be, buried under our feet, gave to its present silence and solitude, an interest, greater perhaps, than is attached to any other remains in the united kingdom.”

‡ Resting against the exterior wall of Fethard church, which adjoins the castle, is a large slab, erected to the memory of Alexander Devereux or De Ebroico, the last abbot of Dunbrody, who was consecrated Bishop of Ferns in 1539, and died here in 1566. He is called by Grose, in his *Military Antiquities*, “a sacrilegious plunderer.”

§ If tradition speak truth, poor Rose erected her light-house in vain, for her three sons, returning to Ireland, and seeing the strange beacon-fire at Hook, mistook their bearings, and were lost, together with their vessel.

|| It is much to be lamented, that so little attention has been paid to the preservation of the most interesting ruins in Ireland. Lamentations are now raised, when too late, that steps were not taken, some years since, when a very few pounds (!) would have saved the fall of the fine west window of Dunbrody.

pious Norman, Harvey de Montemarisco, uncle to the Earl of Pembroke*, about 1182, and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. The rugged rock of Carrickburn, frowning on the atrocities committed in the barn of Scullabogue,* where two hundred and twenty-one unfortunate beings, male and female, young and old, were slaughtered with savage fury on the morning of the 5th of June, 1798. The site of the rebel camp on Sliebh-Quilter, and many other spots made memorable during that eventful year. Sliebh-Grian,† or the hill of the sun, where the citizens of Waterford were wont to assemble and worship the glorious orb of day. Sliebh-na-mann, the hill of fair women, the scene of Beauty's contest for the hand of the gigantic Fin-mac-Coul. The lofty tower in the park at Curraghmore, commemorative of the violent death of the Lord Tyrone. Newark, the seat of the late venerable Sir John Newport, Bart., the much respected Chancellor of the Exchequer. The spire, more massive than graceful, of Christ Church Cathedral, pointing to the site of the "*Urbs intacta*," founded by Sitoracus the Dane, so far back as 853, and where, in later years, Dermot's lovely child, amidst the reeking horrors of a newly conquered city, became the bride of Pembroke's crafty earl. The flag still waving over the ivy-clad walls of the island castle, erected some time in the sixteenth century. Mount Druid, where the ancient priests of the mistletoe and the oak long since performed their mystic rites. The treacherous bay of Tramore, marked by lofty beacons, the scene of the tragic end of two hundred and ninety-two soldiers of the 59th Reg., together with seventy-one women and children, who were wrecked, in the Sea-horse transport, in the memorable month of January, 1816. The hill of Kilmacombe, crowned with its Cromlech, until within late years, a good specimen of its kind, when the hand of man effected the ruin which time had disdained to perform. New Geneva, the site of the proposed settlement of a Genevese colony in 1785. The shamefully mutilated remains of Crook Castle, once the property of the renowned Knights Hospitallers of St. John. The landing-place of the second Henry, on St. Luke's day, 1171, where the sudden appearance of a white hare was considered, by England's mighty monarch, his five hundred knights, and four thousand men-at-arms, as a blessed omen, and undoubted "*signum victoriae*." The lovely bays, sheltered by the fine headlands of Credau and Knockaveelish. The fast disappearing ruins of Passage Fort and Castle, where Perkin Warbeck, although assisted by the proud Desmond, and a force of two thousand four hundred men, unable, by fair means or foul, to shake the loyalty of the men of Waterford,‡ was forced to embark in haste, and fly

* On a lesser hill, beneath the rock of Carrickburn, is now to be seen a far more pleasing object than the blackened remains of Scullabogue Barn, namely, a fac-simile of Pompey's Pillar, built of fine granite, and rising to a height of 95 feet, 4 inches, erected to commemorate the services of General Browne Clayton, in the campaign under Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

† Tighe, in his "Survey of Kilkenny," speaking of the Druidical remains on Slieve-Grian says, that the words "Belli Divose" are distinctly visible on one of the large stones, referring, as he takes it, to the names of Bel and Dionusos, under which the sun was worshipped in these islands.

‡ The motto, at this time granted to the city, for her unbending fidelity to the crown, "*Urbs intacta manet Waterfordia*," has, of late years, been humorously translated, in consequence of the apathy at times displayed in cleansing the public thoroughfares, "The unswept city."

for Cork, hotly pursued by "four great ships at the citizens' charges." The same banks, which were five times honoured, in days of yore, by the pressure of an English sovereign's foot: in 1185, by John, and again in 1211, and by Richard the Second, in 1394 and 1399. Strongbow's bridge, where the country people assert that he slew his son,* for neglecting to obey his orders, and have "the stream rendered passable for his troops, on their march from Crook to Waterford. The old castle of Faithlegg or Fatlock, the scene of a fierce encounter for its possession, in 1649, and the picturesque ruins of the little church, surrounded by its venerable ash trees, the peaceful resting-place of many generations of the Bolton family. Near these ruins, and at the foot of the hill on which we stand, is situated the house, a plain but substantial structure, well suited in size to the demesne. The grounds fall gently to the river's brink, and possess vast capabilities, but unfortunately the present owner appears to think that, where nature has been so lavish, it is unnecessary for art to interfere, and, consequently, little aid, in the way of embellishment, is afforded to the benignant dame.

The estate of Faithlegg was held for many generations, by the family of Aylward, now represented by James Kearney Aylward, Esq., of Shankill (county of Kilkenny,) descended from Richard Aylward, Esq., of Faithlecke, who married Catharine, sister to Sir Almare Gras. The arms of this family are still to be seen sculptured over the doorway of an old castle at Passage. In the year 1649, the estate changed hands, having been granted, by Cromwell, to Captain William Bolton, an officer of "the old army," and one of those chosen, by lot, at Whitehall, on Friday, April 20th, in the same year, to "go for the service of Ireland."

In the year 1719, the possessor of Faithlegg was the Captain's grandson, the Very Rev. Hugh Bolton, Dean of Waterford, uncle to the Right Rev. James Hawkins, Lord Bishop of Raphoe, and to Sir William Hawkins, Ulster King-at-Arms, grandson of William Hawkins, Esq., Ulster King-at-Arms, who married Elizabeth, daughter of James Mutlow, Esq., of Woodstown House,† in the same Barony. The estate remained with this family until the death of John Bolton, Esq., of Mount Bolton (father of Lieut. Gen. Sir Robert Bolton, G.C.B., Aide-de-camp to his Majesty George the Third,) in 1792. Since then, until comparatively late years, when Mr. Power, one of the county members, became its purchaser, it was in the possession of Cornelius Bolton, Esq., M.P., the following tribute to whose memory is extracted from Ryland's History of Waterford:—"There is a small village here, called Bolton-on-Checkpoint, formerly the Packet station, and the scene of much generous, but unprofitable speculation. Mr. Bolton established a cotton manufactory here, but this, and many other projected attempts of the same spirited individual, were, unhappily for the country, unsuccessful."

* There is probably no more truth in this tradition, than in that which would make him the slayer of another son, after the battle of Idrone.

† Woodstown House, now the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Carew, although much nearer to Faithlegg than many of the places above mentioned, is not seen from the hills, its situation being in a hollow, at the foot of Woodstown Bay. Mr. Mutlow married Elizabeth, relict of Robert Carew, Esq., Lord Carew's great-grandfather.

Mulgrave Castle, co. York.

THE ancient Castle of Mulgrave, four miles nearly west from Whitby, was, according to Camden, the fortress of the Saxon Duke, Wada, whom tradition has represented as a giant. This castle and barony was granted, after the Conquest, to Nigel Fossard, and was, by marriage with the heiress of that family, transferred, in the reign of Richard the First, to Robert de Turnham, whose daughter and sole heiress, Isabella, brought it to Peter de Malo-Lacu, a native of Poitou, in France, in the reign of King John, to whom he remained on all occasions a firm adherent. During the insurrection of the barons, several of them being made prisoners, were committed to the custody of Peter de Malo-Lacu, who rebuilt and fortified this castle, which, through neglect, had fallen into a ruinous state. When finished, the beauty of the fabric and its situation, induced him to call it Montt-grace; but being a grievous yoke to this part of the country, the neighbouring inhabitants, by changing a letter, called it Montt-grave, a name which it after retained. The family of Malo-Lacu, or Mauley, continued in possession till the reign of Henry the Fifth, when through default of male issue it was, by the marriage of heiresses, transferred successively to the Bigods and the Radcliffes. About the year 1625, this castle and manor came into the possession of Edmund, Lord Sheffield, Lord President of the North, who was, by Charles the First, created Earl of Mulgrave. This family became extinct in 1735; but the title was revived in the person of Constantine Phipps, a captain in the royal navy, and a descendant of the Anglesey family, who was created Earl Mulgrave in 1767; and in the year 1774, a lease of the Mulgrave estate was confirmed to him and his heirs for the sum of 30,000*l.* and a quit-rent of 12,000*l.* per annum. His son, Constantine John, was created a peer of Great Britain in the year 1790. By his wife, Eliza Anne, daughter of Nathaniel Cholmley, Esq., he had a daughter, but dying without male issue, in 1792, his English title became extinct; but was revived, in 1794, in the person of his brother Henry, the late earl, father of the Marquess of Normanby.

The ancient Castle of Mulgrave having been garrisoned by the king's forces during the civil wars, in the reign of Charles the First, was afterwards dismantled by order of the Parliament. It is seated on an eminence, the steep declivities of which are beautifully covered with wood, and being strongly fortified by nature according to the taste of the feudal times, was eligibly situated for a baronial mansion; and there is now nothing left from which we can form any just idea of its ancient magnificence.

LINES

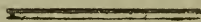
SUGGESTED ON HEARING THAT

POPE'S VILLA AT TWICKENHAM WAS TAKEN DOWN

FOR THE PURPOSE OF IMPROVING IT.

For Britain, not for Pope, I weep the hour,
 His Villa shrank beneath the spoiler's power!
 What though no stone upon a stone be laid,
 To mark the spot by him immortal made;
 Yet silver Thames, while murm'ring on its course,
 Shall fill their tasteless hearts with vain remorse,
 For *him* whose name posterity must bless,
 If but for Homer in an English dress;
 And he possess'd a thousand claims beside,
 Great Britain's boast, fair Twickenham's classic pride.
 Thames shall recall him while it glides along,
 Smooth as his verse, and graceful as his song.

MRS. SOMERS



THE OPERA.

CRITICISM must still continue comparatively silent, or launch into unnecessary praise with regard to her Majesty's Theatre. The delight and interest of the public in Jenny Lind abate no more than her own excellence. There she is, "harmonious charmingly," gladdening and enchanting thousands, night after night, her audience being equally immense whether she appear in a new character, or one of those which her genius makes so peculiarly her own. Her most recent novelties were the part of Susanna in "Le Nozze de Figaro;" and that of Elvira in "I Puritani;" in these she was admirable indeed. But, as we say, it is needless to continue these laudatory remarks. Jenny Lind's performances are to be witnessed, not descanted on. Her ability and her fame have soared aloft to an atmosphere far above the regions of criticism, and they rest in dazzling brightness there. The eagle of literature may follow, but its utmost effort will be to look with eye undimmed, upon the brilliancy of such a sun.

The difficulty Her Majesty's Theatre experiences now is to create sufficient attraction on the nights when Mdle. Lind does not appear. The recent representation of Verdi's famous and best opera, Nino, has overcome the embarrassment to a great extent, and brought crowded audiences to witness its revival. It has been beautifully performed. Signora Cruvelli took, for the first time, the difficult part of Abigail, a character to which she brings all the elements necessary to impart to it that prominence which its dramatic and vocal exigencies demand. The due illustration of the ambitious and energetic amazon, none but a truly great *artiste* may hope to achieve; yet the extremes of the score were surmounted with a facility and an utter absence of apparent labour, perfectly astounding, while the conception and the action equally proved that Mdle. Cruvelli must eventually become, in the sterner characters of the lyrical stage, without rival or compeer. There was great skill evinced in the avoidance of unfeminine energy in scenes where an actress of less talent would be tempted to overstep the line that separates passion from boisterousness—there was intensity of feeling without exaggeration of manner. In the first dress, that of a mailed warrior, Mdle. Cruvelli's fine figure appeared to infinite advantage, and her portion of the duet in the second act was rendered with dramatic spirit and justness of intonation. We know of no living *prima donna* whose physical and vocal means are so admirably adapted to give effect to this difficult character. The Nino of Signor Coletti is a grand lyrical and historical illustration, worthy a place by the side of his splendid picture of the old Doge Foscari. There are the same elevation, the same manly pathos, and the same command over the sympathies of the audience. The beautiful aria, "Ah perdona," elicited a spontaneous encore. The High Priest of Belletti stands out in relief from the dramatic canvass. His fine voice, admirable method, artistic feeling, and perfect repose imparted an imposing solemnity to the character, which greatly conduced to the truthful

realization of the subject. The concerted pieces were enthusiastically applauded, and the celebrated choral lament of the Babylonish captives was sung with wonderful force and unity.

From the ballet department, Carlotta Grisi has just retired for the season, after causing much delight by her charming impersonation of La Esmeralda. Her "truandaise" will not soon be forgotten. Cerito, Taglioni, and Rosati still remain with Perrot: their attraction is irresistible. On the whole, felicitation, not description, must attend this wonderful season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE ST. JAMES'S FRENCH THEATRE.

The company of the Palais Royal are here performing a series of very amusing farces and comediettas. The novelty and drollery of their style are singularly striking. Among the actors Luguët, Alcide Tousset, and Levassor, especially the latter, are truly excellent. M. Lavassor's impersonation of an English baronet in "Un Poisson d'Avril" is an exquisite specimen of histrionic ability. The house is deservedly crowded every night of performance.

LITERATURE.

THE FEMALE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED:
with Copious Selections and Critical Remarks. By FREDERIC ROWTON,
Author of the "Debater," "Capital Punishment Reviewed," &c.
Longmans and Co., Paternoster Row, 1848.

THIS is a very delightful volume, and one which must be welcome, for it enlists the reader's gallantry as well as his admiration. Here are presented some of the richest specimens of the beautiful powers and fancies of our British female poets. The Editor has taken a wide range, commencing with a poetess of the year 1460, and ending with the present time. In his introductory chapter, the editor enters with some warmth into the cause of female poetry, and though his gallant and praiseworthy ardour may lead him a little too far, yet there is a great deal of truth and sense in his observations. We extract the following portion of his essay:—

"In presenting to the reader a History of the Female Poets of Great Britain, the Author feels called upon to make a few general remarks upon the subject.

"First, he would express his profound conviction that the Poetesses of our country have displayed a richness and depth of genius which may challenge the admiration, and demand the serious attention, of the world. The following pages offer, in the humble opinion of their Compiler, undeniable evidence in support of this belief; and further shew that the female soul contains inexhaustible mines of precious jewels, the existence of which has as yet been scarcely recognised. The fact that this is almost the first book expressly devoted to the poetical productions of the British Female mind, tends strongly to prove that woman's intellect has been overlooked, if not despised, by us hitherto; and that it is high time we should awake to a sense of our folly and injustice. We have practically, if not professedly, avowed our belief that the thoughts of the feminine soul are not worth preserving: with how little reason we have done so, this work aims to shew.

"It may be true that woman's verse is less exciting than man's; and less 'interesting' to the mass of readers: but I am inclined to think that this is so only because the mind of the world has been hitherto unduly stimulated, and therefore can only relish highly-seasoned food. War, Passion, Glory, and Sensual Pleasures have been the chief subjects of verse down to a comparatively recent period; and not until this false excitement has altogether passed away, can the gentler glow of woman's unobtrusive spirit be fairly felt. The qualities of woman's mind are the *stars* of the mental hemisphere; and during the time that is past, they have been outblazed by fiercer fires; but the heaven is now clearing, and the soft starlight is becoming visible.

"I would go on to observe that other influences have tended to repress the poetical faculty of woman, and to keep it in the background of the universe. Our system of educating females has narrowed their sphere of observation, contracted their experience, and done its best to chain their intellects to the mere

frivolities of life. Further, their poetical attempts have met with discouragement. I do not mean to say that they have not been flattered and applauded,—every Poetess has found her little coterie of admirers, who have fed her to surfeit with their unwholesome adulation; but I mean that the world has on the whole disregarded the mental efforts of woman, or else has looked upon them as something out of the proper sphere of the sex, and therefore to be petted and *protégéed* and lionized, rather than honestly welcomed and carefully cultivated. If I am asked for proof of this assertion, I point to the fact that our female versifiers, though always applauded highly by contemporaries, have never yet been included in the list of our national Poets.

“I know that of late this fault of neglect has been, in part, amended. During the last half-century our Poetesses have received a far healthier kind of regard: indeed their claim to distinction has been so far admitted as to make our wise men ask one another whether they should any longer permit such a word as *Poetess* at all? But this in no degree disproves the assertion which I have made,—that, on the whole, woman’s intellectual efforts have been in effect discouraged. Nay, even the present day, with all its boasted gallantry, has done much to repulse and retard woman’s advancement. Have we not seen that when young Female Poets have by their genius placed themselves prominently before the public, they have been met with shameful malice and slander, and bidden back, wounded in heart, into privacy and retirement? Critics who could not deny their talents, have belied their characters; and a gossiping world has only been too ready to believe the calumniators.

“Indeed, considering the hindrances in woman’s way, the wonder is, not that she has done so little, but that she has done so much. To me there could not be a clearer proof of the strength and excellence of the female intellect, than is found in the fact that woman has persevered so long, and accomplished such great things, in spite of the difficulties she has had to encounter: and I cannot but think that the superior place which woman now holds in the world’s esteem, as compared with her relative position in past ages, is due, not to man’s justice, but to her own determination.

“But not to speculate further upon what woman’s literary efforts might have been under more favourable circumstances, let us now speak of her works as we find them exemplified in the pages before us.

“It may be at once admitted that woman has not soared so high as man has done into the realm of Poetry. We certainly have no female Shakspeare. We have Poetesses who resemble him: Joanna Baillie is often like him; so is Miss Holford; so is Miss Mitford; so are many others who could be named: but the similarity is in single features, not in the whole character. We have no female Milton, either. Many of our lady poets are sublime, many devotional: Mrs. Barbauld has Milton’s solemn sense of adoration; Mrs. Rowe has his meditative calmness; Mrs. Hemans has his gentle, confiding humility:—but where is the female imagination that has mounted such stupendous heights, or penetrated such awful depths? We must remember, however, that there is but one Shakspeare, but one Milton; and that men seem as little likely as woman to furnish their counterparts.

“But what other great British Poets are there with whom we have not poetesses to compare? Have we not a Byron in Miss Landon, a Cowper in the Countess of Winchelsea, a Spencer in Mrs. Tighe, a Goldsmith in Mrs. Grant, a Johnson in Hannah More, a Wycherly in Mrs. Centlivre, a Collins in Mrs. Radcliffe, a Coleridge in Mrs. Browning, a Wordsworth in Mary Howitt, a Scott (and more) in Joanna Baillie? Or if it will still be maintained that some, or even all, of these ladies fail to reach the full height of the Poets they resemble, where is to be found the dogmatist daring enough to say that the difference is sufficiently great to be set up as a mark of distinction between the one sex and the other? I cannot doubt that if woman had been permitted the enjoyment of the same opportunities as man, she would have presented to the world works as lofty in imagination and as noble in sublimity as any that have proceeded from the greatest of the other sex.

"The doctrine of woman's intellectual inferiority is one which I cannot think upon without an impatience bordering on indignation. That our mothers, wives, sisters—that one half of the human race—should be deemed to be endowed with an inferior kind, or degree, of intelligence to that which animates the remaining portion of the species, is a theory so monstrous, that I can only wonder at even a savage age believing it. Woman intellectually inferior to man! Woman, who is man's helpmeet; woman, who has the care of the infant mind, and can impress it as she will; woman, who from the cradle to the grave has power to command, to enslave, to direct, man's intellect at her pleasure! Is it credible that a belief so absurd should have gained footing in the world at all? It may be. But it is incredible that it should form a subject for debate in this, the nineteenth century. It is at least a satisfaction to think that in addition to the immense amount of testimony which the records of all arts and sciences bear to woman's mental equality, the present volume furnishes a further overpowering proof to the same effect.

"I am quite prepared to grant that the mental constitutions of the sexes are *different*; but I am not at all prepared to say that "difference" means "inferiority." It is easy enough to understand that the sphere of woman's duty requires powers altogether dissimilar from those which are needed by man; but that this is any proof of a smaller development of mind, I beg leave emphatically to deny. Woman's qualities may be less conspicuous, but they are quite as important; they may be less apparent, but they are quite as influential. Man has to bear outward, tangible, rule; and his faculties are necessarily of an authoritative, evident, external, commanding order. Woman has to bear invisible sway over the hidden mechanism of the heart; and her endowments are of a meek, persuasive, quiet, and subjective kind: seen rather in result than in action. Man rules the mind of the world; woman its heart.

To man belongs the sway of *FORCE*. To direct and use actual strength, whether it be of the intellect or of the body, is his province. It is his to tame barbarism, to establish law, to control thought, to develop energy: and the senate, the platform, the mart, the pulpit, and the battle-field, are his scenes of action. It is his to explore, to analyse, to judge, to arrange, to provide. It is his to inquire, to test, to determine. Exertion, enterprise, action, and deliberation, are his duties. Reason is his weapon; and the establishment of truth is the great task he has to perform.

"To woman belongs the sway of *INFLUENCE*. Her province is to soften, round off, smooth down, the angularities of life and conduct: to act (gently, but unceasingly) upon the swift-beating heart of the world, soothing it into calmness when violent; mildly stimulating it into action when torpid; and refining, purifying, and exalting its passions and aspirations when excited. Home is her empire, and affection her sceptre. It is hers to endure, to watch, to suggest, to inspire, to reinvigorate, to sustain. It is hers to colour and perfume and beautify the way of life; to adorn existence, and make it musical. It is hers to resist and counteract the deadening influences of the world. Man goes forth to his labour day after day; he performs day after day the same cramping round of duties: it is woman's office to preserve him from becoming a mere piece of animated, but spiritless, mechanism. He comes in contact with villany and selfishness: it is hers to keep alive in his bosom the generous flame of virtue. He falls in with the degraded and deceiving: it is hers to prevent their evil influence upon him, and to keep up a proper estimate of humanity. It is hers, when the world has disgusted him with its hollowness, to restore him by the tranquil delights of home. It is hers, when misfortune overtakes him, to cheer him with hope, and support his sinking spirit. It is hers to preserve in their purity the moral sentiments of his nature. It is hers, while intellectual knowledge makes him wise, by moral persuasion to render him good. It is hers at all seasons to inspire him with a purifying love for the Beautiful, and to anchor his soul firmly in the everlasting rock of Religion."

The work itself is arranged on the plan of a recently successful and

graceful volume, entitled, "Selections from the Modern Poets of France, translated into English Verse, with Biographical Notices," by Mrs. Somers. The extracts from the works of each poetess are accompanied with an account of her life, and a dissertation on her peculiar style and excellence. The remarks are well written, and the poetic specimens are chosen with care and taste. The following examples will go to prove this.

"Katherine Philips, 1631—1664, was the daughter of John Fowles, of Bucklersbury, a London merchant, and was born in 1631. She was married in 1647 to Mr. James Philips, of the Priory, Cardigan, and died of small-pox in 1664.

"Mrs Philips has always seemed to me to be one of the best of our Female Poets. Her versification, though often careless, is chaste and harmonious, and her sentiments extremely pure and excellent. She appears to have enjoyed considerable fame, for Cowley and Dryden celebrated her genius, and Jeremy Taylor dedicated to her his *Discourse on Friendship*.

"That must have been a noble spirit which in such a licentious and gaudy era as the reign of Charles the Second could conceive and embody the following

"ODE AGAINST PLEASURE.

"There's no such thing as pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit;
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controls.

"'Tis true, it looks at distance fair,
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

"For by our pleasures we are cloy'd
And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channels where they run;
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

"We covet pleasure easily,
But ne'er true bliss possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less.
Nay, were our state as we would choose it,
'T would be consum'd by fear to lose it,

"What art thou, then, thou wing'd air,
More weak and swift than fame?
Whose next successor is despair,
And its attendant shame.
The experienced prince then reason had
Who said of Pleasure,—'It is mad.'

"It is from passages like this that we gain a true idea of the power and mission of the female mind. To refine, to exalt, and to purify the soul of the world, is woman's noble office: to keep chaste its sentiments, to spiritualize its affec-

tions, to detach it from the too material pleasures and engagements of life, is her lofty duty: and the poem above quoted is one proof among many in this work, how earnestly and ably, even under the most discouraging circumstances, she applies herself to her allotted task. Great indeed is the debt that morality owes to her!"

"Mrs. Madan; about 1750, one of the Cowper family, and the wife of Colonel Madan.

Verses written in her brother's Coke upon Littleton.

"O thou, who labour'st in this rugged mine,
Mayst thou to gold th' unpolish'd ore refine!
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow!
Doubt not to reap, if thou can'st bear to plough.
To tempt thy care, may each revolving night,
Purses and maces swim before thy sight!
From hence in times to come, adventurous deed!
Mayst thou essay to look and speak like Mead!
When the black bag and rose no more shall shade
With martial air the honours of thy head;
When the full wig thy visage shall enclose,
And only leave to view thy learned nose;
Safely mayst thou defy beaux, wits, and scoffers,
While tenants, in fee simple, stuff thy coffers!"

"Our author's brother appears to have followed this advice very closely, for he became Lord Chancellor of England."

"Beautiful, however, as is the poem of *Psyche*, I am not sure that Mrs. Tighe is not more successful when she is less ambitious. The following verses give a good specimen of her more simple style:—

THE LILY.

"How wither'd, perished, seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm.
It hides secure the precious fruit.

"The careless eye can find no grace
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

"Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

"Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the Spring.

"Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still in undisturb'd repose,
Uninjur'd lies the future birth;

"And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

"Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear,
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promis'd verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

"And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring!
Shalt from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

"Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' flowery light
In the mild breeze unfetter'd wave.

"So Faith shall seek thy lowly dust,
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
And watch with patient cheerful eye;

"And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till Heaven's reviving light
Eternal Spring! shall burst the gloom."

Of Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) the Editor writes thus:—

"I venture to say that Mrs. Butler's poetry may safely challenge comparison with the verse of most female writers in our literature. I do not say that it has the softness of Mrs. Hemans's, the delightful simplicity of Mary Howitt's, or the sweet gracefulness of Miss Mitford's,—'one star *differeth* from another star in glory,'—but it has character and individualism: it displays immense intellectual power; sympathies of a pure, high, unaffected order; and what, in these days (as in all), is one of the greatest possible excellencies, a thorough hatred and avoidance of all hypocrisy, pretence, and cant. I never met with a more natural writer: and, surely, where there is honesty of soul, a few sins against taste may be pardoned. Mrs. Butler's faults proceed not from a deficiency, but from a redundancy of power; which is very excusable, inasmuch as it is a very uncommon failing. I believe that in the course of a few years, when time shall have sobered down the perhaps too-vidently painted lines of her mental character, and shall have corrected her hasty estimates of the world and of humanity, Mrs. Butler will rank with the foremost poets of our land."

He then gives the following elegant example of her poetic ability.

BALLAD.

"The Lord's son stood at the clear spring head,
The May on the other side;
'And stretch me your lily hand,' he said,
'For I must mount and ride.'

"And waft me a kiss across the brook,
And a curl of your yellow hair;
Come summer or winter, I never shall look
Again on your eyes so fair.

"Bring me my coal-black steed, my squire,
Bring Fleet-foot forth,' he cried;
'For three-score miles he must not tire
To bear me to my bride.

“ ‘His foot must be swift though my heart be slow,
 He carries me towards my sorrow ;
 ‘To the Earl’s proud daughter I made my vow,
 And I must wed her to-morrow.’

“ ‘The Lord’s son stood at the altar-stone,
 The Earl’s proud daughter near :
 ‘And what is that ring you have gotten on,
 That you kiss so oft and so dear ?

“ ‘Is it a ring of the yellow gold,
 Or something more precious and bright ?
 Give me that ring in my hand to hold,
 Or I plight ye no troth to-night.’

“ ‘It is not a ring of the yellow gold,
 But something more precious and bright ;
 But never shall hand, save my hand, hold
 This ring by day or night.’

“ ‘And now I am your wedded wife,
 Give me the ring, I pray.’—
 ‘You may take my lands, you may take my life,
 But never this ring away.’

“ ‘They sat at the board, and the lady bride
 Red wine in a goblet pour’d :
 ‘And pledge me a health, sweet sir,’ she cried.
 ‘My husband and my lord.’

“ ‘The cup to his lips he had scarcely press’d,
 When he gasping drew his breath ;
 His head sank down on his heaving breast,
 And he said ‘It is death ! it is death !

“ ‘Oh, bury me under the gay green shaw,
 By the brook, ‘neath the heathery sod,
 Where last her blessed eyes I saw,
 Where her blessed feet last trod !’”

The Editor promises an additional volume to this on the same subject. We trust that the success which he so well merits, may speedily induce him to continue such agreeable labours.

EGYPT’S PLACE IN UNIVERSAL HISTORY. BY CHRISTIAN C. G. BUNSEN D.P., AND D.C.L.

FOR these last fifty years the monuments of Egypt, of which its bewildering Labyrinth and Sphinx might be considered the emblem, have exercised the sagacity of the learned antiquaries of Europe. The progress, though slow, which has in that department signalized the painful career of Science, would fill us with amazement, if we could fully appreciate the almost invincible obstacles against which it was, at the very outset, called upon to contend. Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa, and killing the monster that was to devour the beautiful Andromeda, performed a less wonderful deed than Champollion, the first who entered that intellectual

area: for the hero was assisted by the gods, and the man of genius was not even cheered on by the powerless voice of his contemporaries, unable to suspect that the fantastic, incomprehensible, and according to appearances, absurd and nonsensical works of Egyptian art, were historical records of the highest importance. What a mighty man of genius must Champollion have been! He discovered the key which opened an insight into the meaning of the monuments and hieroglyphic signs of the Egyptians, and thus created a new domain for Science, and placed within our reach the means of ascertaining the antiquity, customs, and religious institutions of the most renowned nation of the earth.

Champollion was followed in the same career by men worthy to be his disciples. Indefatigable energy, undaunted perseverance, and great vigour of mind were certainly exhibited by the different learned men who have made Egypt the field of their researches. But the Chevalier de Bunsen has displayed a sagacity that places him upon a level with his countryman, the mighty Niebuhr. And if the work of the latter on the Roman history strikes at first more powerfully the imagination by its colossal dimensions, it is probably because the monument raised by the former, being more highly finished, requires a more cultivated understanding to appreciate the admirable symmetry of the whole, and the uncommon skill which worked massive blocks into elegant proportions.

Our author, possessed of independence, leisure, and finding, on account of his high political functions, a free access to every source of information, was enabled to give us in his book all the knowledge which lays scattered in the pages of the voluminous works written on the same subject by his predecessors. And we do not hesitate to say that the superior judgment which presided at the execution of the performance will create a new era in the German authorship.*

Had the Chevalier de Bunsen confined himself to the mere task of bringing under our view, in a condensed, clear, and regular form all the discoveries of Science, he would yet have produced a noble work that would have given him just claims to the gratitude of the present generation, and to the respect of posterity. But though he has avoided to broach new theories, and has not lifted up the veil of darkness under which some monuments still lay covered, yet he has considerably added to the mass of information already possessed. His remarks on the ancient Egyptian language, his dictionary of all the words which have until now been discovered, and, above all, his new view of the personifications of Typhon, Isis, Osiris, and Horus, would be more than sufficient to entitle his book to the merit of important novelty. The services he has rendered to Science extend farther. He has dispelled some of the doubts which, like formidable barriers, oppose the advance of the inquirer. He has satisfactorily demonstrated that the Coptic dialect has many roots in the old Egyptian language. So the former, notwithstanding its mutilated form, has in many instances preserved a likeness to the latter, and is likely to become a safe guide to a more complete knowledge of it. He has, moreover, succeeded in tracing also an affinity between the language spoken by the Pharaohs, and that which prevailed in several parts of Asia. Hence he has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian language and mythology were of an Asiatic origin; and that the Egyptian, far from being the most ancient nation of

* In general, German authors, it is well known, display in the arrangement of their materials less taste and art than the English and the French.

the earth, belonged only to the middle ages of mankind. His opinion is, we think, well founded with regard to the tribes, that out of the unproductive and pestilential marshes of Lower Egypt, created a salubrious and fertile country. But we have strong reasons to believe that the more ancient inhabitants of Upper Egypt, the genuine Egyptians, whose domination disappeared in the reign of Menes, were Ethiopians, and the inventors of their own commemorative ceremonies. Our Author admits, in fact, that a previous civilization had preceded Menes, who, uniting Lower and Upper Egypt, brought them under his sway, and based his empire upon a venerable and intellectual foundation which had long before existed in the valley of the Nile itself.

M. de Bunsen rejects the chronology of Herodotus, according to which, about eleven thousand years had rolled on since the time of Menes till the Persian invasion; and he reduces the chronology of Manetho to 3555 years. So Menes would have lived only 1500 years before Abraham. But as even this circumscribed antiquity of Menes is not in accordance with our own more limited chronology, our author, after having spoken reverentially of the great respect which is due to the general chronological statements of scripture, adds:—"History demands an entire freedom of thought and judgment—to her alone in the long run we must look for protection from the greatest of all evils, a disbelief in truth itself; which is, as it were, a paralysis of conscience, and a derangement of the historical judgment."

Similar sentiments were expressed in the Asiatic Researches by Sir William Jones, whose name is held in great respect throughout all Europe.

The limits within which we are confined do not allow us to follow the author in his historical researches. We are therefore compelled to conclude, but not without repeating that in this first volume the reader will find judiciously disposed and expressed in a clear and lucid style a great variety of important and new information. We will also add, that this book must necessarily find its way into the libraries of all noblemen and gentlemen who consider a highly cultivated mind and the acquisition of the most advanced knowledge possessed in their age, as the noblest accomplishment of the aristocracy.

R. A.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

- Adams. On the 5th July, of influenza, at the house of her niece, Mrs. R. Pilkington, 4, Chester-terrace, Chester-square, Elizabeth Moore, eldest dau. of the late Thomas Adams, Esq., of Swifts, near Cambrook, Kent, aged 74.
- Agnew, Patk. Alexander, second son of the late Colonel Vans Agnew, C.B., of Barnbarroch, 20th April, aged 25.
- Agnew. On the 23d June, on his way home from Italy, the Rev. T. R. Agnew, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford, and son of Captain T. R. Agnew, Tipner, Portsmouth.
- Aldridge, Mrs., at Nottingham, 12th July, aged 84.
- Allhusen, Frederick, Esq., of York-ter., Regent's-park, 28th June.
- Allnutt, Mary Lea, wife of George S. Allnutt, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, 29th June.
- Aplin, Benjamin, Esq., 2d July, at Leamington.
- Atkinson, Thomas Varman, Esq., of the Borough and Sydenham, 3d July, aged 41.
- Baker. On the 1st July, at Haslar Hospital, Lieutenant Horace Mann Baker, R.N., son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Baker, K.C.B., aged 28.
- Barnes, the Rev. William Maule, 3d June, at Naples.
- Barnett, Thomas Arthur, eldest son of Adolphus Barnett, Esq., M.B., of Limehouse, 19th June, aged 14.
- Barnett. On the 24th June, at Lansdowne-place, New Cross, after much bodily suffering, in the 35th year of her age, Jane Barnett, second daughter of the late Mr. William Barnett, of Castle-ton and New Court, in the county of Hereford.
- Bell, Lieutenant-Colonel C. H., late of the Bengal Artillery, 20th April.
- Bevan, Mary, relict of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Bevan, 18th June, aged 67.
- Bidwell, Caroline Emma, wife of Alfred Clarke Bidwell, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, 27th April, at Calcutta, aged 19.
- Birch. On the 24th June, at the Vicarage, Little Marlow, Bucks, the Rev. Samuel Birch, D.D., 42 years rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, and also vicar of Little Marlow, aged 67.
- Bourdoloin, John, Esq., 30th June, aged 78.
- Boyce, Major, late of the 2d Life Guards, 14th June, at Rome.
- Brandon, Sarah, relict of Henry Brandon, Esq., of Bemas-street, 6th July.
- Brereton, Ann, wife of Major Robert Brereton, 2d July.
- Brown, Mr. James Boyer, 15th July, at Elms Hall, Colne Engaine, Essex, aged 37.
- Browning, Mrs. Jane, relict of Robert Browning, Esq., 4th July, at New Cross, aged 78.
- Caldwell, the Rev. George, late of Jesus College, Cambridge, 25th June.
- Carew, Captain Hallowell, R.N., 27th June, at Beddington Park, Surrey.
- Chauvel. On the 13th July, aged 18 years, Mademoiselle Marie Antoinette Pauline Chauvel, the eldest daughter of Monsieur F. M. Chauvel, of 37, Somer-street, Portman-square.
- Clark, Nathl., Esq., formerly of London, 12th July, at Newcastle, aged 84.
- Clarke. On Saturday, the 8th July, at Abberley-hall, Worcestershire, after a few days' illness, Clara, only daughter of the late Nathaniel Gooding Clarke, Esq., of Handsworth, Staffordshire, K.C., and Chief Justice of the Brecon and Carmarthen Circuit.
- Clarkson, Augustus, Esq., of Brixton, 13th July.

- Cobbett, Ann, widow of the late Mr. Cobbett, M.P., 19th July.
- Cockerton, Joseph, Esq., 18th July, at Austin Friars, aged 77.
- Coe. On the 27th June, Maria Elizabeth, the beloved wife of W. M. Coe, Esq., of Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, and eldest daughter of the late Gabriel Wirgman, Esq., of Kentish-town.
- Collingwood, Ann Jemima, of High Wycombe, relict of Samuel Collingwood, Esq., of Oxford, 12th July.
- Cootc, Caroline, Marquise de Massingy, daughter of Charles H. Coote, Bart., 9th June, at Nice.
- Cox, Mary, second dau. of the late John Cox, Esq., of Peterborough, 5th July.
- Cracknell, Sarah Norman, only surviving child of Thomas Cracknell, Esq., of Halesworth, 2d July, aged 23.
- Darnell. On the 13th of May, in Jamacia, Francis Rix Darnell, third son of the late Anthony Mead Darnell, Esq., of Hall Weston, Huntingdonshire.
- Dawson, Jane, wife of Robert Dawson, Esq., 1st July, at Dawlish.
- Dawson, Author, Esq., Paymaster of Her Majesty's Ship Collingwood, 14th June.
- De Grey, Countess, 2d July. Henrietta Francis, Countess de Grey, was fifth daughter of William Willoughby Cole, first Earl of Enniskillen, and niece, maternally, of Armar Lowry, Earl of Belmore. Her ladyship was born 22d June, 1784, and married 20th July, 1805, Thomas Philip, Lord Grantham, who eventually succeeded to the Earldom of De Grey, at the decease of his aunt. The surviving issue of this marriage consists of two daughters; viz., Anne Florence, Countess Cowper; and Mary Gertrude, wife of Henry Vyner, Esq. Lady De Grey presided at the Vice-Regal Court in Dublin, during the time the Earl was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and gained universal esteem.
- De la Feld, Count Edward Henry, 25th May, off the Island of Tercira, on board the Victoria, aged 23.
- Dod, Henry, Esq., of the Colony, Burnham, Somerset, 10th July, aged 68.
- Douglas, Mary, wife of Major Claude Douglas, 14th Bengal Native Infantry, 14th June.
- Ebbs, Mrs. John, of Maida-hill, 14th July, aged 50.
- Ellerby. On the 5th July, aged 35, Emily Waring, wife of Thomas Ellerby, Esq., of Gerrard-street, Soho; and third daughter of the late Mr. Edward W. Jenkyns, of the Stock Exchange.
- Ellison. On the 6th July, at her residence, 20, Belitha-villas, Barnsbury-park, Islington, in the 48th year of her age, Mary Ann, relict of the Rev. Robert Ellison, rector of Slaughman and Southease, in the county of Sussex.
- Fitz George. On the 8th July, Richard Fitz George, Duc de Stacpoole, of Montigny-Lencoup, in the department of the Seine and Marne, France, and of Glasshayes, in the county of Hants.
- Flint, Mary Anne Sophia, only daughter of the late Captain W. Flint, R.N., 9th July, aged 25.
- Forsyth, the Rev. John Hamilton, 25th June.
- Forward, William, Esq., of Turnham Green, 4th July.
- Fowler, Mary Alice, wife of Robert Fowler, Esq., of Lambridge, Bath, 20th July.
- Frankhum, Charles, eldest son of the late George Frankum, Esq., of Wolverhampton, Berks, 20th June, aged 52.
- Fuller, William, Esq., of Upper Tooting, late of the firm of Child and Co., 12th July, aged 92.
- Geast, Mary Anne, relict of John Geast, Esq., formerly of Woolwich, 29th June, aged 64.
- Gill, Mrs. Anne, relict of William Gill, Esq., formerly of Hastings Old Bank, 29th June, aged 97.
- Gordon. On the 16th June, at Bath, in her 100th year, Mary, relict of Francis Grant Gordon, Esq., of Argyle House, London, and daughter of the late Sir Willoughby Aston, Bart., M.P. for Nottingham.
- Gordon, John, Esq., formerly of Belfast, and for some years of Mexico, 19th July.
- Gordon, Mrs., of Ellon, co. Aberdeen, 7th July, aged 61.
- Gould, John, Esq., of Bruges, 30th June, aged 64.
- Gower. On the 10th July, at Godstone, after a short illness, Emma G. Gower, of Brompton, only sister of C. J. G. Gower, in the 28th year of her age, sincerely regretted.
- Granville. On the 16th June, at his residence, Leamington Spa, from an attack of paralysis, aged 69, Court Granville, of Willesbourne, county Warwick, Esq., a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of the counties of Warwick and Stafford. This gentleman was the descendant of the renowned Sir Bevil Granville, of the Civil Wars.
- Gray, Mrs. Mary Musgrave, at Linden Grove, Bayswater, 17th June.
- Green. At the Rock-cottage, near Newtown, Montgomeryshire, on Saturday, 24th June, aged 62, Mrs. Elcanor Green, widow of the late George Green, Esq.

- Hall. On the 18th July, at Birmingham, aged 38, Ann, the wife of Mr. Benjamin Hall, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Townshend, Esq., of Walworth.
- Hamilton, the Rev. Richard Winter, L.L.D., D.D., of Leeds, 18th July, aged 54.
- Harcourt, John, eldest son of J. J. Harcourt, Esq., 16th July, at Brighton, aged 29.
- Harward. On the 5th July, at her residence in Launceston, Cornwall, Charlotte Augusta, relict of the late Charles Harward, Esq., of Hayne House, Devon, and only surviving daughter of the late Sir William Chambers, Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Works.
- Harwood. On the 8th July, at Dunkerque, the Rev. Charles Harwood, aged 59, British Chaplain at Dunkerque, late of Hayne House, near Cullompton, in Devon.
- Hawkins. On Monday, the 3rd July, at 8, Somers-place, Hyde-park-square, William Brown Hawkins, Esq., Madras Civil Service, eldest son of the late William Hawkins, Esq., late of the Madras Civil Service.
- Hewett. On the 19th July, at No. 15, Endsleigh-street, Tavistock-square, Caroline Elizabeth, second daughter of the Rev. Philip Hewett, rector of Binstead, in the Isle of Wight.
- Hewett, Annette, eldest daughter of the Rev. Philip Hewett.
- Hill, William, Esq., of Manchester, 16th June, aged 63.
- Hingeston, John, Esq., late of Finsbury-place, 29th June, aged 80.
- Hitchin. On the 29th June, at his residence, Pembroke Villa, King's-road, Clapham-park, the Rev. Isaac Hitchin, M.A., late principal of the Collegiate School, and assistant minister of St. Mary's, Glasgow.
- Holmes. Drowned, near his residence, Llangoed Castle, Brecon, South Wales, while fishing in the river Wye, on Friday, the 16th June, J. K. Egerton Holmes, Esq., aged 28, eldest son of the late Colonel George Holmes, 3rd Dragoon Guards.
- Hordern. On the 20th July, in the 20th year of his age, James, only child of Alexander Hordern, Esq., of Oxley House, Staffordshire.
- Horner, Mrs., 1st July, at Camden Road Villa.
- Horsley. On the 8th July, in the 45th year of her age, Sarah, the beloved wife of Mr. J. T. Horsley, of Peckham-park, Surrey, and the last surviving daughter of the late Richard Richards, Esq., of New Park-street, Southwark.
- Howell, Joseph, Esq., Surgeon, of Southwark bridge Road, 14th July.
- Hubback. On the 13th July, at the house of his son, Everton, near Liverpool, Joseph Hubback, Esq., of Berwick-upon-Tweed, late Mayor of that town, in the 75th year of his age.
- Hughes, William, Esq., of Hartley House, Hampstead, 13th July, aged 76.
- Hughes, Sarah Perring, relict of Sir Richard Hughes, Bart., 15th July.
- Hunt, Miss Sarah, of Stoke Doyle, co. Northampton, 6th July.
- Hunt, Maria, relict of Atlee Hunt, Esq., of Heathrow, co. Middlesex, 9th July, aged 79.
- Hurley, John, Esq., of Argyll-place, 11th July, aged 72.
- Irons, Thomas, Esq., of Brompton, 2nd July.
- Isacke, Margaret, relict of Matthew Isacke, Esq., 15th July, at Greenwich, aged 75.
- James. On the 13th July, Richard Christopher James, eldest son of Mr. Richard James, of Clifford-street, aged 30, deeply regretted.
- James, William, Esq., of Norfolk-street, Strand, 3rd July, aged 69.
- Jameson, John M. M., M.D., late of Enfield, 24th June, aged 47.
- Johnes. On the 25th June, at Dolancothi, Elizabeth, the wife of John Johnes, Esq., and daughter of the late Rev. John Edwards, of Gileston-manoir, Glamorganshire.
- Johnson, the Rev. Charles Thomas, 29th June, at Enborne Rectory, aged 61.
- Jones, Jane, relict of William Jones, 5th July, at Upton-place, Essex, aged 70.
- Jones, Richard, Esq., of Morden Lodge, Surrey, and Parliament-street, 10th July, aged 80.
- Kennedy, Thomas, Esq., of Camden town, 17th July, aged 86.
- Kent, Simon, Esq., late Captain 98th Regt., 1st July, aged 62.
- Kershaw, the Rev. John Kemp, B.A., 12th July, at Kingsland, aged 35.
- Kilner, Frances, second daughter of the late George Kilner, Esq., of Ipswich, 6th July, aged 32.
- Kinderley, John, Esq., late Captain 97th Regt., 20th June.
- Knight Bruce, the Rev. H. L., vicar of Abbotsham, Devon, 27th June.
- Kymer, Capt. Christopher, H.C.S., 14th July, aged 81.
- Lake, Viscount, 24th June. Warwick, third Viscount Lake, whose death occurred a few days since, was the last surviving son of the famous General Lake, who was elevated to the peerage in 1804, in consideration of the high

- military talents and personal valour he had displayed in the command of the army during the Mahratta war. This distinguished soldier was grandson of Warwick Lake, Esq., the younger brother of Sir Thos. Lake, of Canons, whose only daughter and heiress Mary, marrying John Brydges, Duke of Chandos, conveyed to that nobleman her father's splendid seat of Canons. The peer, whose death we record, succeeded to the honours at the decease of his elder brother, Francis Gerard, in 1836, and was the last male representative of his family. The peerage consequently becomes extinct. Lord Lake married, 28th November, 1815, Elizabeth, dau. of James Beveridge Duncan, Esq., and has left two daughters, Isabella Elizabeth Augusta and Elizabeth Georgiana.
- Landreth. At 32, Alva-street, Edinburgh, on the 5th July, Mrs. Katherine Bristow Fraser, relict of the late Richard Landreth, Esq., of Grenada.
- Le Cointe. John Francis, Esq., of Upper Bedford-place, 21st July.
- Leeds, Edward Thurlow, Esq., of Eye-bury, Peterborough, 9th July, aged 45.
- Losacke, Captain George, of the 1st West India Regiment, 20th March, at the Cape of Good Hope.
- Lowson, Peter, Esq., 23rd June, at Pleasance, Dundee.
- Loxdale, Anne, Esq., wife of John Loxdale, Esq., 10th July, at Lyth-hill, Shrewsbury, aged 48.
- Lucy, William Fulk, Esq., of Charlecote Park, county of Warwickshire, 1st July. How impartial are the ravages of death! how sudden is its approach, and how desolating its touch! Born to the inheritance of "the historic land" of famed Charlecote, with its wide spreading park and its princely estate; descended from a family of surpassing antiquity, and only just entering on the bright prospects of life, Mr. Lucy is a sad memorial of the instability of this world's happiness. At the period of his decease, which occurred after a short illness, he had not completed his 24th year. His father, the late George Lucy, Esq., of Charlecote, some time M.P. for Fowey, was son of the Rev. John Hammond, who assumed the surname and arms of Lucy, as representative of the house, at the decease of his kinsman, George Lucy, in 1807. To the estate of Charlecote, so long the residence of this respected family, Shakespeare's early history has imparted an undying celebrity, "Essentially unchanged in its features" (we quote from Mr. Burke's "Historic Lands,")
- "this lovely spot is perhaps the most interesting connected with our immortal bard. The old Elizabethan house remains the same as in the days of good Queen Bess, and the gentle Avon flows, as brightly as of old, beneath its sunny lawns; here are still the venerable oaks under whose shade the poet at times sat, and the richly wooded park through which he loved to roam. Powerful is the magic of genius to be able to give things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn to fairy land the green fields and quiet homes of England."
- Lynch. On the 26th June, of fever, at the residence of his brother, Partry-house, Mayo, George Lynch, Esq., M.D. aged 34, late Physician to the Fever Hospital, Ballinrobe, and fifth son of the late Major Lynch, of Partry-house, Mayo.
- M'Donald. On the 30th June, at Cavan, after a short illness, Doctor M'Donald, one of the oldest as well as ablest practitioners in the north of Ireland. For upwards of 30 years he was physician to the county fever hospital in that town, the ordinary duties of which (together with a most extensive practice) he discharged with that skill and untiring energy that marked his whole life. By his death the medical profession has sustained a severe loss. He will never cease to be deplored by his family and a numerous circle of admiring friends, while his intellectual attainments will long remain the theme of his professional brethren.
- Macvicar, Neil, Esq., late of H. M. Customs, 28th June, aged 72.
- Markham, Adela, second dau. of Col. Markham, 26th June, at Becca Hall, Tadcaster, aged 17.
- Marshal, Nathan, Esq., of Clapham, 8th July, aged 79.
- McEroy, Martha, wife of James McEroy, late of Bermuda, 10th June, at Paris, aged 47.
- Middleton, Fanny, wife of Col. Charles Middleton, 17th June.
- Miller. On the 13th July, at the residence of her father, Glebe-cottage, Woolwich, Amelia Gertrude, the beloved wife of Mr. T. W. Miller, of Her Majesty's Dockyard, Devonport.
- Monger, John, eld. son of W. R. Monger, 2nd July, aged 21.
- Montgomerie. On the 13th July, at Hampstead, aged 39, Harriet Isabella Katherine, wife of Major Duncan Montgomerie, of Hamilton-terrace, St. John's-wood.
- Morris, Lieutenant-General John Wil

- liam, late of the Bombay Army, 3rd July.
- Moseley, Mary, wife of R. Moseley, Esq., of Stratford, Essex, 27th June, aged 36.
- Murray, Anne Mary, youngest dau. of John Murray, Esq., of Touchadam, and Polmane, 1st July.
- Nicholls. On the 27th June, at Wells, Somerset, aged 18, Adelaide Esther, the wife of Cecil Nicholls, Esq., 5th Regiment M.N.I., and daughter of the late C. P. Gordon, Esq., barrister-at-law, Madras.
- Ord. On the 12th July, at Gillingham, Kent, Georgina Eliza, daughter of the late Captain Harry Gough Ord, Royal Artillery, of Bexley, Kent.
- Osborne, Mrs. Mary Eleanor, of Kennington, 18th June, aged 23.
- Pateshall. Edmund Burnam, Esq., of Allensmore, co. Hereford, 11th July. This respected gentleman, a Magistrate and Deputy-Licutenant for Herefordshire, died at his seat, Allensmore House, in that county, aged 69. He was eldest son of the late Edmund Lechmere, afterwards Pateshall, Esq., by Ann, his wife, daughter and heiress of William Burnam, Esq., of Westington Court, and assumed, by Royal license, upon the demise of his mother, in 1820, the additional surname and arms of Burnam. He married, 12th March, 1804, Milborough, eldest daughter and co-heir of the Rev. James Ingram, of Burford, co. Salop, of an ancient Montgomeryshire family, but has left no issue. The families of Pateshall and Lechmere, from which the deceased derives descent, are both of great antiquity, the former being traceable from the reign of Richard I.
- Parker, John Frederick, Esq., of Royal Hill, Greenwich, 9th July.
- Paxton. At Southampton, on the 4th July, James Claudius Paxton, Esq., M.B., and Radcliffe Travelling Fellow of the University of Oxford.
- Payne, Edward, Esq., of Lashlake, Thame, Oxon, 28th June, aged 37.
- Peard. On the 11th July, at Coole Abbey, Fermoy, Ireland, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Henry Hawke Peard, Esq., daughter of the late George Cathrow, Esq., of Hoddesdon, Herts, leaving 12 children.
- Pearson, Ann, relict of John Pearson, Esq., of Greenwich, 7th July.
- Peto, John, Esq., 11th July, aged 77, at Sutton House, near Hounslow.
- Poppleton. On the 21st June, in her 56th year, Ann, the wife of Richard Poppleton, Esq., of Brook Lodge, Brook-hill, Woolwich, and Plumstead, Kent.
- Powell. On the 4th July, Julia Grace, the fourth daughter of Henry Folliott Powell, of Brandlesholm-hall, Bury, Lancashire, Esq., aged 6 years.
- Powys. On the 3d July, in Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, in the 17th year of his age, Henry Lilford Powys, third son of Captain the Hon. Robert Vernon Powys, of the Bengal Military Service.
- Prat. On the 4th July, at Lewisham, Kent, in her 68th year, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Prat, vicar of Monkton and Birchington, in the Isle of Thanet.
- Preston, Miss Elizabeth, at Turnham Green, 7th July.
- Prime. On the 6th July, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Anne, wife of Richard Prime, Esq., M.P., of Walburton, Sussex, and daughter of the late James Shuttleworth, Esq., of Gawthorpe-hall, Lancashire.
- Prothero, Charles, son of the late John Prothero, Esq., of Clifton, aged 62.
- Purchase, William Jardine, Esq., Capt. R.N., J.P., 2d July.
- Raiks, Thomas, Esq., 3d July, at Brighton.
- Remmington, Samuel, Esq., East India Company's Service, 19th June, aged 59.
- Riddell. On the 15th July, at Cheeseburngrange, Northumberland, Margaret Riddell, of 61, Montague-sq., London, widow of Thomas Riddell, Esq., of Swinbourne Castle.
- Rimington, Harriet, wife of Captain Rimington, Royal Engineers, 15th June.
- Ripley, the Rev. W. I., 15th July, aged 24, at Warrington.
- Risdon, Ann, wife of John Risdon, Esq., of Lansdowne-place, 4th July, aged 74.
- Rogers, Henry Robert, of the Consol Office, Bank of England, 7th June, aged 60.
- Roper. On the 4th July, aged 36, of an affection of the lungs, William George Roper, Esq., un membre distingué du corps des Chasseurs de Chatilleurs Beligues, and late Lieutenant in the Royal London Militia, only son of William John Roper, Esq., of 68, Snow-hill, London, and Forest of Sydenham, Kent.
- Ryde, William, Esq., of Bedford-place, Russell-square, 12th July, aged 71.
- Ryle. On the 25th June, at Fredville, Kent, Matilda Charlotte Louisa, wife of the Rev. J. C. Ryle, rector of Helmingham, Suffolk, and youngest

- daughter of J. P. Plumtre, Esq., M.P., for East Kent, aged 24.
- Sawyer, Harriette Sarah, wife of Henry J. Sawyer, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, 18th July, aged 26.
- Seargill, John, Esq., 27th June, at Montague-place, Russell-square, aged 55.
- Schmidt, J. Walter, Esq., late of Camberwell, 8th July.
- Senior, Miss Elizabeth Ann Compigné, 28th June, at Cranbrook, Kent.
- Senior, Harriet, 2d daughter of the late Henry Christopher Senior, Esq., 28th June, at Twickenham.
- Sharpe, Mrs., relict of Richard Sharpe, Esq., at Camberwell, 4th July.
- Sheath, Challis, Esq., of Skerbeck Quarter, Boston, 10th June, aged 62.
- Shute, Stephen, Esq., of Liverpool, of the firm of Gibbs, Bright, and Co., aged 57.
- Simmons. On the 5th July, at the house of his brother, No. 5, Hatcham-terrace, New-cross, Alfred Walter Simmons, late of Lowlands, Carshalton, in the county of Surrey, Esq., third son of the late Nathaniel Simmons, of Gloucester-lodge, St. James's, Croydon, in the said county, Esq.
- Simson, George, Esq., of Lethon and Pitcorthie, formerly of Sillwood Park, Berks, 7th July, aged 82.
- Smith. On the 28th June, at Hammer-smith, greatly beloved and highly respected, Miss Nancy Smith, sister of the late General Sir Sigismund Smith, K.C.H., of the Royal Artillery.
- Sone, John, Esq., 30th June, aged 57.
- Stanford. On the 23rd June, in James-street, St. James's-park, of scarlet fever, Mrs. John Stanford, wife of John Stanford, Esq., of Dublin, and only daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady Green, aged 19.
- Stephens, Mary, wife of William Henry Stephens, Esq., 5th July, aged 44.
- Stevens, Caroline, wife of the Rev. W. H. Stevens, curate of Stoke, near Guildford, 14th July.
- Stone. At Brompton, Dorothea, widow of Edward Stone, Esq., Great Munden, Herts, and sister of the late T. F. Spendlove, Esq., of Abingdon, aged 76.
- Stott, Mrs., late of Castle Dykes, co. Dumfries, 14th June, at Philadelphia.
- Strangways. On the 16th July, at Sandgate, Kent, after a long and painful illness, Jno. Strangways, Esq., of London, third son of the late Richard Strangways, Esq., of Well, in the county of York.
- Suart. At Wellington, aged 40, Mr. George Suart, eldest son of the late George Suart, Esq., of Sutton House, Sutton.
- Tatam, William Hardy, third son of John Tatam, Esq., of Moulton, co. Lincoln, 9th July, at Norfolk-street, Strand.
- Tate, William, Esq., 14th July, at Clapham, aged 72.
- Taylor. On the 16th June, at Crediton, Devon, Eliza Parr, wife of Mr. John Taylor, Paymaster and Purser, R.N., late of Her Majesty's ship America.
- Thomas, Lieut. G. H., R.N., 22nd June, aged 28.
- Thornton, Edward Norton, Esq., 5th July, aged 72.
- Thornton. At his residence in Lowndes-street, on the 24th June, Butler Edmond Thornton, Esq., eldest son of the late Edmond Thornton, Esq., of Whittington-hall, county of Lancaster.
- Tipper, Mrs., of Derby, 10th July, aged 77.
- Totton. On the 23rd June, in the 53rd year of her age, at Debden Parsonage, Essex, Frances Jane, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Jurin Totton.
- Travers, Samuel, Esq., of Peckham, 11th July, aged 57.
- Troughton, Sarah, youngest daughter of the late James Troughton, Esq., 28th June, at Coventry.
- Tuck, John Barber, Esq., of Wellingborough, 9th July, aged 78.
- Tuck, William, Esq., of Hoddesdon, Herts, 20th July, aged 75.
- Turner, Miss Selina, 25th June, at Aylesbury.
- Vandrest, Frederick George, Esq., of Stoekwell Common, Surrey, 9th July.
- Vigurs, John, Esq., of Roschill, near Pezance, 11th June, aged 70.
- Walker, Major-General Edward, aged 73.
- Walter, Miss, 29th June, at Stanhope Place, aged 27.
- Warren, Rd. Benson, Esq., Her Majesty's Second Sergeant-at-Law in Ireland. By the death of this distinguished lawyer the Irish bar has lost its most learned and its ablest member. For many years past his position in the Equity Courts of Dublin was second to none; and since the elevation of the late Chief Justice Pennefather to the Bench, Mr. Warren was deemed the leader of the Chancery bar. His call bears date Michaelmas Term, 1806. In 1824 he obtained the honour of a silk gown, and in 1841 was promoted by Sir R. Peel to the rank of Sergeant-at-Law. From the earliest period of his forensic career, Mr. Warren gave promise of all those acquirements which years of professional labour matured to the highest excellence. As a lawyer he was profound and accurate, deeply imbued with the principles of his pro-

fession, and thoroughly skilled in practical details.

"They who contemplate the late Mr. Warren" (we quote from a contemporary Journal), "merely as a lawyer, can form by no means an adequate estimate of his character and qualities. To learning and ability he united the highest tone of mind and morals, the kindest and the gentlest deportment. Throughout his long and successful career, Sergeant Warren was never known to swerve from the most scrupulous adherence to his principles; he sought no favours, he compromised no opinions which his judgment sanctioned, he made no enemies, though he gained innumerable friends. Of his domestic life, and his discharge of those sacred relations, we speak not. His mourning relatives can best attest the worth of him whom, but for a season, they have lost."

The learned gentleman died at his residence in Leeson Street, Dublin. As a testimony of respect to his memory, neither the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, or Masters in Chancery, sat in their courts the day of the Sergeant's decease.

Watson, Elizabeth, widow of William Watson, Esq., of Kingsland, 8th July, aged 69.

Webb, Henry, youngest son of the late Joseph Lambe Webb, of Miles Lane, London, Esq., at the residence of his mother, Seaton Lodge, Wandsworth Road, on Sunday, the 16th July, in the 23rd year of his age.

Webb, Charles, Esq., Surgeon, at Oxford, 9th July, aged 53.

Webber, Archdeacon, 15th June, aged 87.

Wemyss, Captain Francis, Bombay Engineer, 27th June, aged 36.

Wilkins, Elizabeth Anne, at Hackney, Middlesex, widow of R. Haighton Wilkins, Esq., and daughter of the late John George La Serre, of the same place, 12th July.

Wilson, Rev. Francis Coleman, M.A., Incumbent of All Saints, Islington, at the house of his brother, Mr. John Elliot Wilson, Cranbrook, Kent, on the 19th of July, in the 41st year of his age.

Winchelsea, Emily Georgiana, Countess of, 10th July. Her Ladyship, the second wife of George William, Earl of Winchelsea, born 9th July, 1809, was the second daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., by the Lady Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of William, third Earl of Mornington. Lady Winchelsea was consequently niece of the present Lord Bagot, and grand-niece of the Duke of Wellington. Her marriage took place on the 15th February, 1837, but there was no issue from it. She died at Haverholme Priory, Lincolnshire.

Wood, Lady, widow of Sir Matthew Wood, Bart., 2nd July, aged 79.

Worth, William Henry, Esq., of Kidderminster, aged 46.

Wright, Ann Cecilia, daughter of Robert Wright, Esq., of Kentish Town, 14th July, aged 15.

THE PATRICIAN.

DISCOVERY OF A REMARKABLE PLOT FOR INSURRECTION IN IRELAND, IN 1665, BY THE LADY OF CAPTAIN ROBERT OLIVER, OF CLOUGHANODFOY, Co. LIMERICK.

THE student of family history, in the course of his silent researches, often happens on strange incidents of general importance, which, from their peculiar and personal character, are comparatively unknown. Treading, as he does, in bypaths, he encounters many a tale of romantic adventure that has never been blazoned in the public annals, because the scene of its occurrence was remote and retired. Viewing, as it were, the anatomy of human society in its minutest dissection, he is enabled to trace, through their whole course, the hidden springs of action ; to measure the volume of the brain that has directed empires ; to scan the recesses of the heart whose pulsations may have shaken worlds. Or, in less extended fields, he is called to witness deeds of calm and heroic endurance, of zeal for the public good, of devotion and duty, that have passed away unrewarded by a breath of praise, and now slumber with the dust of those who did them, in unworthy silence and neglect.

One of these we shall now offer to the reader. It is a tale of female heroism, tried in the severest way, too, in sagacity and prudence, and not amid the excitement of action. And when we add that the fate of a kingdom hung in the balance, and that the success or blasting of a bloody conspiracy rested for a season on the judgment of one weak woman, we hope to win a tribute of admiration for our gentle heroine.

The boundaries of the counties of Cork and Limerick, in Ireland, are a noble range of stupendous mountains, which, under different designations, extend themselves in uninterrupted succession for upwards of thirty miles. One of this chain overhung the retreat of the poet of the *Faerie Queene*, Kilcolman Castle, and in verse of exquisite beauty Spenser sings the praise of

“ Old Father Mole, Mole bright that mountain grey
That walls the north side of Armulla dale ;”

by which he means a large double-peaked hill, now known as the Bally-houra Mountain. The scenery around is grand and impressive. The

Alpine heights, thinly planted, but plentifully clad with heather, have lochs of unknown depth on their summit, and "loom misty and wide," in a vast panorama, as the climber's eye gazes from above on their far-spreading immensity. When he descends, the visitor finds himself immured in deep defiles, pierced, generally, by a brawling rivulet; and on all sides sees that he is so hemmed in among the mountains as to need the friendly services of a guide to extricate him. Solitude and deep stillness are around, broken only by the chiming fall of waters, or the light waving of wings, as the wild birds fly away from the presence of an intruder. As for inhabitants, they are few and far between; while such as are casually encountered, have an air of wild uncouthness about them, so as to make them appear, like the figures in Salvator Rosa's landscapes, as accessories put in to heighten the scene.

It was through one of these mountain-passes, on the 6th of February, 1665, about noon, a lady richly dressed, and followed at a little distance by a mounted attendant, took her way. Her palfrey was a small, stout-limbed pony, well adapted for treading on rough causeways, or for making its way through the stony moorland that stretched far and wide in the vast distance. The lady's errand was one of mercy and love. Old Ralph Western, her forester, who, for love of her own self, had quitted her father's service in dear Somerset, was now unable, from palsy and rheumatism, to come down to see her; and he had sent his respectful duty and longing wish to behold his mistress once more, ere his eyes closed on this world for ever. He told her that he knew he was dying; and while he thanked her for all she had done to smooth his pillow in sickness, and ease his footsteps to the grave, he had made but the one petition to see her in person, that he might take his last farewell. And with thoughts of her girlish years, when the old man had fondled her as his own daughter, and meditations on all that had passed since then, and the changes that had converted herself into the staid matron, and the blithe sturdy yeoman into an asthmatic dotard, the lady rode on pensively, and ever and anon in tears.

Her attendant, perceiving his mistress's emotion, dropped yet further into the rear; and the pony, judging from the loosened rein that he might profit by the abstraction of his rider, turned aside from the pathway to crop the herbage of the moor. Just then a tall figure, clad in the leathern doublet and slouched hat of the period, started from behind a crag, and approached the lady, saying,

"Lady! may I speak with thee? The business is—"

A shriek, sudden and wild, interrupted him; and the lady's attendant riding hastily up, scarcely saved his swooning mistress from falling heavily from her palfrey; for the suddenness of the apparition had taken away her senses, and she lay for awhile without reason or motion. On her recovery, she inquired of him had he seen aught?

"No! an' it please ye, madam, naught but grey stones and wild peat-bogs."

"Saw you no man, when you rode up to me?"

"No living creature since we left Cloughanodfoy this morn."

"Well, let us push on to old Ralph's, and there I can have an escort home."

The times were momentous. Though transplanted (we should, perhaps, rather say "transported") to Connaught and the western districts in great numbers, where lands, in lieu of their Munster settlements, had

been assigned to them, the natives yet hung with struggling pertinacity about their olden haunts. Who could blame them? The roof-tree might have sunk in blazing embers, and the foundations of their homes be uprooted with the ploughshare; but what so dear to the exile as the blue mountains that first filled his childhood's mind with awe; as the stream that he plashed in or angled in his boyhood; as the hill side where he first confessed his love, and heard it reciprocated; as the lonely graveyard, where sleep his loving Dead? Unable, however, to cope longer with the invaders in the field, the "kerns," as they were contemptuously called, descended to petty acts of violence and bloodshed. Pillage and massacre marked their steps; and the English colonist was constrained to keep unwearied "watch and ward" for the preservation of his flocks and herds, and yet more for the safety of his own life. In addition to these disturbers, a new class of disappointed fanatics had been let loose by the disbanding of the Parliamentary soldiery. These desperate men, enraged at the recent restoration of royalty, and finding that, though English in blood, they possessed not the confidence of the English crown, were ready for any measures, however extreme. Reckless of life, that had brought with it little of the world's dignities or riches, and strangers in a land they had conquered, they were ready to peril an existence for which they had little care, on the chance of obtaining again the power and influence that had so recently passed away from them. The third party were the Royalists, who had suffered not a little during the civil war of 1641, and who were now slowly recovering the losses they had sustained from both the Irish and Republican attacks on them; and of this party was the husband of the lady we have introduced to our reader.

"Ha, madam!" exclaimed old Ralph; and he raised himself from his pallet with an energy for which his hearer was unprepared. "Ha!" exclaimed he, as he uplifted his withered arm, and clenched his nerveless fist, "and did the villain so startle my sweet lady! Oh! would that I had been with thee, and feeble as is this arm, it should yet have laid him low!"

"But, Ralph, I said not that he spoke unkindly to me. He threatened not. On the other hand, he seemed desirous to communicate something to me; but my thoughts were far away at the time, and the suddenness of his appearance it was that alarmed me."

"Then, madam," feebly gasped the invalid, for the fire with which he had spoken had passed away in utter prostration, "he should have done the matter otherwise, and presented his petition at Cloughanodfoy respectfully. O God!" he reverently exclaimed, after a pause, "I am dying. The light is going out. Lady! dear mistress! farewell—for—ever!"

A tremulous motion, a short, deep throe, a vain attempt at breathing, and the rigid lips parted asunder, and the old man's soul had passed away to its God.

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The day following, the same lady (whom we may now name as the wife of Captain Robert Oliver, of Cloughanodfoy, co. Limerick), sat in the library of her mansion. Before her blazed a fire of wood, crackling and flickering continually; and the light, as it fell cheerily on the hearth, fell warmly also on burnished arms, displayed at intervals on the walls between the bookshelves. She had been reading; for a volume, kept open by an ivory marker, rested on her knee; but her listless air shewed that

her study had ceased to interest her, and her thoughts plainly roamed away to other themes. Hours passed by. The short, imperfect light of winter gradually faded into indistinctness, and gloom thickened on the prospect outside; and still the lady sat there in her meditative fixedness, unheeding the change that was passing over the face of nature. An artist would have rejoiced in so noble a subject for his glorious calling. Her attitude was unconstrained gracefulness. Her brow, on which the lines of thought were traced, wore, for that reason, a spiritual character that seemed almost unearthly. She was no longer young; but, in the summer of her womanhood, had reached the fulness of ripened bloom that stays so short, and preludes only shaken leaves and withered flowers. As the darkness deepened without, the firelight seemed to grow in brilliancy. Its rays were caught by the rich jewels in the lady's stomacher and the brilliant dyes of her brocaded mantle, and displayed a form where matronly fulness had not effaced the grace and beauty of girlhood, but had rather heightened them. The lady's thoughts were with her husband, who, some days before, had been summoned to Dublin by the Duke of Ormonde, the Viceroy, on official duties. They had seldom been parted since the day of their union; and vague wishes and fears now occupied her anxious mind. She meditated on the unsatisfactory state of public affairs, and the dangers to which a military officer, above all others, when travelling, was exposed to. She thought of her own loneliness, and of the unprotected dwelling, far away among mountains, she was now occupying. She dwelt, too, upon the scene of death she had so recently looked on; and the incident that befel her on the way, which, trivial as it would have appeared at other times, now seemed to her to be a kind of warning against coming evil. In the midst of such reflections, a light tapping at the door aroused her, and a female domestic appeared at her mistress's summons.

"Please, madam," said the attendant, handing a letter, "this message has been brought by a strange man, who awaits your commands."

Mrs. Oliver took the note, and read the following words:—

"There is danger hanging over you and yours. It were death to me to tell you more, save by word of mouth. I have already twice perilled my life in seeking to put you on your guard. But being grateful for the past, I would fain preserve you from the future."

There was neither name nor date to this mysterious document.

"Does the messenger yet wait?" was the inquiry made by Mrs. Oliver, after a vain attempt to fathom the meaning of the writing she held in her hand.

"Yes, madam."

"Shew him here. You need not wait. I would be alone."

The stranger was admitted, and the attendant withdrew. He was the same man who had presented himself so suddenly to the lady the preceding day; but, if she doubted his bearing on that occasion, there was now no cause for misapprehension or dissatisfaction. He approached her with studied respect, and drawing himself up to his full height, saluted her with an air, in which military training and gentlemanly breeding were combined. Anxiously and earnestly he apologized for the untoward adventure of the day before, explaining that the nature of his communication made him desirous to see her privately, and that he had risked his life in coming to her mansion now. The interview lasted for an hour, and then the stranger departed, having first taken of Mrs. Oliver an oath of

secrecy with regard to his name. He came again on the morrow ; and continued yet longer in his revelations. And hardly had he gone away the second time, when pens and paper were put in requisition by the lady to whom his secret had been imparted, and a special messenger received orders to get in readiness to proceed to Dublin without delay. What the stranger's communication had been, and how overwhelming its importance, may be surmised from the following epistle, now indited by Mrs. Oliver to her absent husband :—

*To Captain Robert Oliver.**

DEAREST HEART,—You will admire at the strangeness of what I intend to write to you, which is a damnable plot, which has been a hatching this year or two, against his Majesty and all the nobility of the three nations, and the surprising of all the strongholds under his Majesty's command, and to put all them that resist to the sword. This damnable plot was to be put into execution the last new-year's day, at night. But their design not being ripe enough, they put it off for a time ; and, as I understand, is very soon to be put in execution. The party that discovered this to me, confessed that himself was one of the plotters, and that he had laid out a sum of money to the promoting of that devilish design, as I may call it. Vast sums of money are levied for the carrying on of that business ; and that they have corrupted the most part of all the soldiers, that are in any strong holds, which they are sure of, when the time appointed comes for their breaking out ; and that the gaining of the Castle of Dublin has cost them many a piece of gold. It is to break out over all Ireland in one night. The party that told me this, made me take my oath, not to discover him, no, not to you, for then he was sure you would discover all their designs ; but the reason he had to disclose this to me, was, the great respect he had for our family, and that I might secure what I could, but all unknown to you. For, if you should perceive me fearful, or careful, you would force me to tell the cause ; and then, as he said, you would certainly ruin their design. When this man told me first of this business, truly, I thought he was mad, or drunk, that he should tell a silly woman a business of that great weight ; and therefore I made no great reckoning of his words. But a day or two after his occasions drew him hither, and then I began to speak of that business to him, he made me, with a great many more protestations, swear to him to keep his counsel ; and then told me all the above particulars, and much more to that purpose. I seemed something to like his design, on purpose to sift him, as well as I could ; but I could not get from him the names of any of the plotters. For all my oath, my conscience tells me that I ought not to keep secret so damnable a design, that threatened the death of so many innocent souls ; and knowing that the great God of heaven forced him to discover this business, not to conceal it, though I know not what this may avail, by reason I cannot tell any of the plotters' names, and am resolved not to discover him that told me all this, unless I have both his life and what livelihood he has secured to him. For it is not fit that I should, by the discovering of this plot, be the cause of his death, that disclosed this secret, only that I

* This narrative is of so romantic a guise, that we anticipate the reader's suspicions as to the authenticity of the following letters. It will suffice to establish the truth of our whole tale, to refer to the first Earl of Orrery's *State Letters*, among which the communications we quote have been printed.

might provide for the safety of me and mine. And, moreover, that if I should name him, he might deny it; for I had no witness but God. Also, my earnest request is, that if you shew this letter either to my Lord Duke, or Lord of Kingston, as I believe you will, (and my desire is you should, to make some provision), that my name may not come in question, but to pretend that this intelligence came by some other means. I forgot to tell you that their pretences are for liberty and religion; but I am sure murder and treason never came from God. They do believe, surely, that God has a hand in it, since they have not been discovered all this while. You know best what to do in this business, to whose care I commit it; and you I commit into the hands of the Almighty; which is all at present from,

Dear heart, your faithful wife,

Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 8, 1665.

BRIDGET OLIVER.

This expressive letter at once sets before us the writer's character. We trace in it, clear-headed discretion, promptitude, firmness, faith, united with high-souled honor and true womanly tenderness. It was late in the night ere the fair writer had concluded, and early next morning, before her own messenger had taken leave, a horseman rode in bringing letters from the metropolis. Upon this, she added the following words, and folded them as a cover upon the foregoing:—

To Captain Robert Oliver.

MY DEAREST HEART,—Just now I received your letters and papers, and will, by the help of God, observe your directions as well as I am able. I will send immediately away to the county of Kerry. Captain Griffith is not as yet returned, and I believe, if he were, he would not go to Dublin; so that you need not rely upon him. As for the business of Colonel Sadler, if you like the other proffers, I would not have you treat with him, for paying him seven hundred pounds in hand, the Lord, I hope will send it, though I am very sensible you have much money to pay this year. As for the inclosed, I pray God direct you what you ought to do in it. I have resolved, since the writing of it, not to discover it to any creature, until I hear from you again. If you think that I must discover the party, never shew it; for I cannot do it without being perjured. I am sure it is a fanatic plot, and I fear the most of our loving neighbours are concerned therein. Therefore be sure to shew it to no fanatic, nor any other, but those I mentioned in the inclosed; and have a care it be not known from whence it cometh, for fear of drawing a perpetual odium upon you and yours; which is all at present. Praying to the Lord to direct you and us all, I remain,

Your faithful wife, till death,

Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 8, 1665.

BRIDGET OLIVER.

We may imagine the astonishment of Captain Oliver, when, on the third day the jaded messenger placed in his hands such alarming news from the south. We can readily call up what natural feelings of incredulity and faith battled together within him. How slowly at first his mind would give any admission to the truth of the report; then, how it would pass on to conceive its possibility; then feeling the greatness of the intelligence, how his sense of duty in making the story known to the Viceroy, would contend with his fears of the nature of its reception. “At all

events," thought he, "I will do my part; and even should the rumours be groundless, it is just as well the Government should know its nature." He proceeded to the Castle, and immediately was honoured with a private interview by the Lord-Lieutenant. The sagacious Ormonde heard him calmly; and on learning the character of the communicator of the news, how, though a woman, she was strong-minded, and clear in judging, observed—

"I thank you, Captain Oliver: you have acquitted yourself as a loyal man and a true subject; and must now complete the service, by personally investigating the matter, under the direction of my Lord Orrery, the President of Munster. When will you be ready to proceed southward?"

"In half-an-hour, if it please your Excellency."

"Nay, not so soon!" said Ormonde, smiling. "In truth, we must have the advice of our Privy Council on this business; and, although the summonses be issued to-day, we cannot reasonably expect their presence until the morrow. Should their judgment agree with my own, you will be required to leave for Cork immediately after the sitting. Till then, farewell."

The Council met next day, according to the summons; and the result of their deliberation was this efficient letter to the Lord President of Munster, which Captain Robert Oliver was commanded to give into his own hands:—

To the Earl of Orrery.

Council Board, Feb. 12, 1665.

MY LORD,—Captain Robert Oliver will inform your Lordship what the occasion of his sudden journey into the country is, to the end he may receive your directions and assistance, if need shall be, how to govern himself in the discovery he is upon.

The intimation he has given me is yet very dark, but of so high importance, that the least suggestion of such a nature is not to be neglected, or the finding out of the truth delayed. I recommend all to your Lordship's prudence, and remain,

My Lord, your Lordship's most affectionate humble servant,

ORMONDE.

Acting, at the same time, on the judicious hint contained in the lady's letter, that a pardon, under the sign-manual, for such persons as should discover the plot, should be sent down, the Duke of Ormonde also entrusted Captain Oliver with the following:

By the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council of Ireland.

ORMONDE.—I do hereby undertake, that any person who shall discover unto Captain Robert Oliver any treacherous plot or contrivance against the King's Majesty, or the peace of the kingdom, shall be secured in their lives and fortunes for any part, consent, or contrivance, that the said discoverer shall have had, or given, to any such design or plot, provided that such discovery shall be made to us by the last of this present February. Given at his Majesty's castle, at Dublin, under our hand and seal, this 12th day of February, 1665.

G[EOURGE] L[ANE].

Captain Oliver hastened homeward, and arrived at Cloughanodfoy without molestation. Immediately after he addressed this letter to his Excellency :—

To the Duke of Ormonde.

Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 15, 1665.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—As soon as I came home, I did what I could with my wife to discover the party's name, but I could not prevail with her by reason of her oath. I took my son in private, and did inquire of him whether he knew the party. He told me, that he did believe that it was one Robert Taylor, who liveth close by Charleville; this reason to suspect him was, that he saw him in private discourse with his mother twice before she writ, and at another time since. I asked my wife whether she had any discourse with the said party since she wrote to me. She did confess she did send for him, and to the end he should discover the plot himself; and she did tell him, that she was troubled in her conscience, and that she could take no rest night nor day. He told her, that he should be racked in pieces before he would discover it. She told him then, that she would discover that wicked plot, if he did not discover it himself by this night. The party at those words began to change his colour, and seemed to be in a rage, insomuch, that my wife did fear he would kill her. She coming away from him hastily, he called to her, and desired her to give him a fortnight's time, and he would resolve her, whether he would discover the plot and the plotters, or not; and since that time she hath not seen him. To-morrow she will send for him, and shew him your Grace's pardon, to try if that may work upon him. I shall wait on the Earl of Orrery in the morning, and shall acquaint him with what I hear, and by the next post, I hope to give your Grace a better account of this business. Humbly begging pardon, I crave leave and remain,

Your Grace's faithful humble servant till death,

ROBERT OLIVER.

This letter was inclosed in one to Sir George Lane, Clerk of the Privy Council :—

Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 15, 1665.

HONOURABLE SIR,—I have, herein inclosed, sent his Grace what account I was able to give of that business. You know I cannot, as yet, get my wife to tell me the party's name, but I doubt not to find it out ere long. I will leave no stone unturned, till I find out the root from whence those wicked branches grow, that would destroy both church and state. It is not the person I did suspect that gave the account you know. I pray let my Lord Duke know, that I shall be careful in what his Grace hath committed to my charge, or anything else that his Grace may be pleased to command me, though it were to the hazard of my life, which is all at present from—

Your most faithful servant,

ROBERT OLIVER.

We may now introduce the first of two letters from the Earl of Orrery to the Lord-Lieutenant, detailing Captain Oliver's introduction of the writer to him, and his opinions on it, together with some of his lordship's suggestions for the safe keeping of Munster.

*To the Duke of Ormonde.**Charleville, Feb. 16, 1665, at three in the afternoon.*

May it please your Grace, Captain Oliver came hither to me this morning about eleven o'clock, and brought me the honour of your Grace's letter. I have ever since, though very lame of one hand (which, by an unfortunate knock I got on it, has drawn down a sharp pain of the gout into it), been writing several letters, in order to the discovery of that damned plot, to give your Grace notice of it, which I have some ground to think has much in it. I hope by the next post to send your Grace some better information of it. I think Robert Oliver has found out his wife's informer, whom I know to be a desperate fanatic, and as such I turned him out of the town I live in. I have sent to apprehend him without noise. If I take him, he and I will not part, till by fair or foul means I know the bottom of the work. If he be fled, Mrs. Oliver will tell us all. I have sent for some of the chief officers in this province, and I humbly offer three things to your Grace's consideration.

The first is, that with what speed may be, some pay be sent down to the soldiers; for really, my Lord, their wants are not small, and I shall not fear any roguery on foot, while the soldiers are anything tolerably paid. This post brought me a letter from Sir James Shaen, wherein are these words, viz.: If my Lord-Lieutenant desires about thirty thousand pounds to be advanced on the act for subsidies, I will get it done as soon as I receive his Grace's commands therein, if it be thought a service to His Majesty and his Grace. This I thought fit to acquaint your lordship with, which you may improve as your Grace thinks fit.

The second is, that all the officers may be immediately sent to their commands.

The third, that all the chief fanatics of Ireland be immediately secured, which last may break and perhaps discover their whole design, by the fear of some, and the covetousness of others, on promise of rewards.

I shall do my duty cheerfully and faithfully. I continue Mr. Leigh* still here, till I receive the honour of an answer from your Grace to that letter written to you about him by—

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most humble, most faithful,

And most obedient devoted servant,

ORRERY.

The next letter from Captain Oliver to the Lord-Lieutenant is dated five days after his former one, and lays before his Excellency much additional intelligence, with the Captain's discovery of the individual who had come to warn his wife, and some indication of the nature of the intended revolution. It runs thus:—

*To the Duke of Ormonde.**Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 20, 1665.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—In obedience to your Grace's com-

* This Mr. Leigh was grandson to Lord Leigh, and was placed under Lord Orrery's care, by the Duke of Ormonde's orders.

mands, I did what lay in my power to find out the person that did inform my wife of that wicked plot, intended by some giddy trained fanatic people, and, by God's assistance to my endeavours, I soon understood who he was; and by reason of the oath my wife did take, that she would not discover his name, I did prevail with her to send for him, and shew him the pardon, before it was known to any, but some of my family, that I was come home; and he came according to her desire. I left two secret friends, unknown to my wife, in two closets that were in the room where my wife and the man did use to discourse. And when he came, my wife desired to speak in private with him in the aforesaid room, and those persons I left private did hear their whole discourse. My wife, by her persuasion, and threatening she would tell me his name, persuaded him, on the sight of the pardon, to discover to me within three or four days, what he did know, and [he] immediately went his way. Before he came to my house, I went to the Earl of Orrery's, and gave him account of the person I did suspect to be the man that did inform my wife; and immediately I returned homeward, and beset the way he was to return, and met with my wife's messenger, which did confirm my thoughts he was the man I did suspect; and soon after I met with the man himself; and, after I had conversed with him of that bloody, wicked plot, I told him he was the man that did inform my wife of the said plot. He did at first deny it. I being earnest with him, and shewing him the evil of such damnable designs, and especially at this time, when the kingdom was a settling, and war proclaimed between us and the French King and the Hollander, I did work upon him; but he had a desire to defer his discoveries for three or four days. I would take no denial at all, but got him to go home with me, and took his examination upon oath; and, when I had done, I went with him to the Earl of Orrery, and delivered his Lordship the examination, which was read to him, and he did acknowledge it to be truth; and he did inform my Lord more than he did remember to tell me. He hath engaged to my Lord to be a faithful subject to His Majesty, and would do his endeavours to find out the chief promoters of that wicked design, if his name be concealed. My Lord promised him a good reward, and in earnest thereof gave him twenty pounds, and sent him away.

My Lord of Orrery did promise me, that he would send you the examination I took, or the heads thereof, with what other account he can get concerning this plot. I spare writing the man's name, having acquainted your Grace therewith in my last letter. I hope to wait on your Grace towards the latter end of the week, and then shall give your Grace a further account of this business, and what more I can find out concerning the same. Begging pardon for this boldness, I humbly crave leave, and remain,

Your Grace's most dutiful servant, till death,
ROBERT OLIVER.

A letter of the same date, from the Earl of Orrery, furnishes additional particulars, and throws considerable light on the conspiracy:

To the Duke of Ormonde.

Charleville, Feb. 20, 1665.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—The same morning which Captain

Oliver came hither, his wife sent me a letter, which imported the substance of what she had written to her husband to Dublin. And as in my letter to your Grace, of the 16th instant, I told you there was not a little truth in what he had imparted to your Grace, and that this post I could present you with a further account, so now I find what I then writ to your Grace was not groundless. I must give Captain Oliver this right, as to assure your Grace, as he did at Dublin discharge the part of a loyal subject, in acquainting your Grace immediately with what came to his knowledge, so, since his return, he has played the part of an active and honest man; for he has not only discovered who was his wife's informer, but has also brought the person to me, after I had twice sent, without noise, to his own house to apprehend him. But he was gone to Mrs. Oliver's, who had so thereby laid to his conscience the horror of the design, and the duty of discovering it to me, that Captain Oliver found him so well prepared, as he did frankly tell him upon oath several important particulars, which, when he brought him to me, he owned, and told me several more. I did, as well as I could, lay open to him the unexpressible mercy of his Majesty to that vile party he had engaged himself with, not only pardoning to them their past crimes, but also giving them the lands of many, which had served under his royal ensigns abroad, to pay the arrears which had been contracted against his service at home. And then, having to my utmost made him sensible of his sin, I did assure him, if he were ingenuous and serviceable, he should not only have pardon, but good reward.

The man (who is as proper and as stout a fellow as any was in Cromwell's army) acknowledged, with much sorrow, his having been surprised into a consent to so horrid a design, and solemnly vowed to me, after he had thoroughly weighed the consequence and guilt of the design, he could have no quiet in his mind, till he had resolved within himself (which he protested he did) to acquaint me with it, as soon as he could discover the very bottom of it; and, to repair what is past, if I would a while keep his name secret, he would labour night and day to discover all their villany, and, from time to time acquaint me with it. I gave him £20, as an earnest of what should follow, if he were successfully industrious in serving his king and country, which he reiteratedly engaged to be.

I did humbly beg a cypher from your Grace at Dublin, which you promised should be sent me: but having yet not received it, I dare not for want of it, tell the officer's name, who is engaged to me, lest letters might be intercepted, and his service, if not life, lost thereby. I beseech your Grace, hasten down one to me, and let the number for this officer be 666, by which number I shall express him henceforth in this letter.

666 [Ensign Tamler*] being duly sworn and examined, deposeth, that about three weeks past, there came one [Browne*] to his home (whom I shall call by the number 667) who lay there all night, who began to lament the growth of popery (and indeed spoke such rascally things against his Majesty, as it were a shame to write them), the height of the bishops and clergy, and debauchery of most in power: and then told him, he should before long see those English, which were now rejected, would be in request again. 666 seeming to comply with what was said by 667, 667 told him if he would swear to keep secret what he would tell him, he would know more: which oath 666 swore. Then 667 told him that there was

* We insert the names, as they were furnished at a subsequent period.

a general design going on in England, Ireland, and Scotland. That it would be executed in one hour in all places. That those who were engaged in it were called *The Old Blades*; and that every one had sworn not to discover who was of it; but he, who was engaged in it, was to be only known by this appellation, viz.: an honest man. That their design was, to set up again *The Long Parliament*; above forty of whose members were engaged in it by Ludlow, who was to be general, under them, of these three kingdoms. That Ludlow was to be assisted with forces, and arms and money, by the Dutch, and other the King's enemies. That they would all rise in one night, and it should be a bloody one; for they would kill whoever did oppose them, or not join with them in their design, which was to pull down king and lords, and, instead of bishops, to set up a sober and painful ministry. That they had made over all Ireland good collections of money, with which they did work upon the necessities of the soldiery. That they had already bought several men in several garrisons; and that, by great sums of money, they were sure of Dublin Castle, whenever they were ready to declare, which would be in a few weeks. And that shortly he would bring 666 a copy of their declaration. And that he should have a fortnight's warning of the night wherein they were to execute their plot. Then 667 asked 666, how many men he could raise for so good a design? 666 answered, he was sure he could raise forty. Then said 667, I will bring you at my return 40*l.* to give them, for I am now going to Cork, to engage more friends, and will visit you at my return. 666 told him those are good generals, but pray tell me in particular, what certainty have you of other garrisons besides Dublin Castle? and who of my friends are engaged in the plot? 667 replied, I have told you already, that we have bought several in many garrisons, and now I tell you our chief aim in Munster is, to be secured of Limerick, the gaining of which place is immediately committed to Captain [Walcot], who has laid out above 300*l.* there already, and, I hope, has gained the Lord Orrery's youngest sergeant in the king's castle. The whole business of the county of Cork is committed to Colonel [Phaire], and we have in every garrison one gunsmith, who is our friend, who buys old arms for us, and fixes them up privately: the name of him in Limerick is [Richardson], who bought for me this case of pistols (which he then shewed him hid under his coat.)

This, my lord, is the substance of what 666 deposed and told me: and he is now gone to get me a further account, and particularly, whom they have corrupted of Dublin Castle. As soon as he returns, your Grace shall know what he brings: which, that I may the safer present you, I beg you, send me down a cypher, and by the cypher I shall tell your Grace what their names are, which now are in blanks, whom I know to be notorious rogues, and as likely to contrive and join in such a villany as any.

I have had Sir Ralph Wilson and Colonel Jephson with me, to whom on oath I have discovered much of this, and have enjoined them to be most watchful in Cork and Limerick, and particularly to make it their business to gain one honest discreet sergeant or corporal in every company to be their spy in the company, that when any comes to corrupt the men, they may be seized upon, and forthwith brought to me. And I have promised whoever does it a good reward. I hope, if this be carefully observed in all places, there can come none to corrupt the private soldiers (for these villains hope to work on them in their wants), but we shall discover them. I expect other chief officers here, to whom I shall give the like orders: Sir Ralph Wilson, whose company is in the citadel, as mine in the king's castle, told me this, which I had acquainted him with, made him begin to suspect

what one of his own sergeants told him of his other sergeant two days ago ; one of his sergeants is worth 500*l.* and a very honest fellow, and he told him he did not like his brother sergeants so often going to an Anabaptist's house a mile from Limerick. I have taken such a course, that if any sergeant has been tampered with, I doubt not I shall know it speedily. And I hope to get such good spies in every company, as nothing shall stir unknown to me. But I beg your Grace, if any money can be gotten, send down some to the soldiers speedily, for really they are in much want. Though the commissioned officers staid, yet, if the soldiers and uncommissioned officers had three months' pay, it would be a very good advantage.

I beseech your Grace by the next post send me a letter of thanks from yourself to Captain Oliver, who is an honest stout man, and one, I will engage, will serve the king with his life and fortune upon all occasions, and such men deserve to be countenanced in the humble opinion of,

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most humble servant,

ORRERY.

The letter of thanks, recommended in the concluding paragraph, was immediately written by the Lord-Lieutenant. It was brief, but expressive :

To Captain Robert Oliver.

Dublin Castle, February 24, 1665.

SIR,—I have the very good account sent me, in yours of the 15th and 20th of this month, of the affair you were employed into the country about, as also an explanation of some particulars from my Lord of Orrery, to which you referred me. I am in daily expectation of further information, and doubt not, but that you, who have so honestly and so prudently began, will bring the discovery to a full and useful conclusion. This is only to assure you, your endeavours and faithfulness ever are, and will be, well received, rightly valued, and proportionately rewarded ; and that upon all occasions you shall find me to be—

Your very affectionate friend, to serve you,

ORMONDE.

Captain Oliver having discharged his mission in the country, returned to his post at Dublin ; and the last letter, which it will be necessary to give, is from his lady, to whose sense and prudence the three kingdoms were indebted for their deliverance from a formidable insurrection. We know not whether our readers' judgment goes with our own, but to us there seems a depth of tenderness in the quaint old-world salutation of "dearest heart," and, in the parting words "your faithful wife till death," that are employed in this and her other communications. We do not use such phrases now. They seem too homely to our overwrought fastidiousness ; and we borrow terms of endearment from other tongues, that we may speak more smoothly and winningly in the loved one's ear. Have our vows gained in their sincerity by the change ? We think not. Loving the Past in all its guises, as we ourselves do, we cling to the olden words, and contend for their usage ; for they come before us in quiet beauty, invested with a simple loveliness, that appears to us more rich, more full, more sweet than all the jargon of Paris, or the Peninsula. We know and

believe that, behind the thickest plate of the steel corslet, and the taffeta doublets of other days, there beat the self-same human heart that pulsates now both in reader and writer. We are sure that knightly vows were not all words, nor were ladies' tendernesses empty ceremonials. In short, we are satisfied of that truth's reality, which no romancer has painted, or can paint, that the fulness of the heart's overflowing in love and duty from husband to wife, and from wife to husband, existed, with our predecessors in the flesh, in all its rich abundance, just as the most blessed can enjoy it now. The strength of woman's passion, the gentleness of woman's love, have a thousand times gone down to the grave without name or notice; and you walk above their dust, knowing not what deep wishes engrossed the sleepers beneath:—

“The most loved are they
Of whom Fame speaks, not with her clarion voice,
In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice:
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps!—till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye;
And the world knows not then,
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled.”

Remembrances of this have, we confess, often filled us with our most subduing meditations on bygone days. When we traversed some baronial hall, and caught a glimpse of the cold, stiff, portraits looking down upon us from the pannelled side-walls, it was not the memory of the historical achievements in the field, or in the council of the personages represented, that so engrossed us, as the endeavour to call up again the tale of their affections. Here was the golden link that bound them to us. They were men of like passions with ourselves. Individualize their story, and you perceive the truth of our reasoning. Take that full matronly figure near you, the work of Van Dyck or Sir Peter Lely, and mentally run through the changes she experienced from girlhood to marriage, from marriage to motherhood, from motherhood to old age, and decay, and death; and can you help recalling all her changes, all the scenes, sometimes of sorrow, and sometimes of joy, that took place in her domestic career, without a sigh? What is love? is the same thing as to ask, What is life? and the one answer will suffice for both. It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. The treasures of buried love, which the grave hides in its close dark abyss, are as bright and precious as those on which the light of common day falleth continually; and what, though the coronet, in which those jewels were fixed, seems to us unshapen and antiquated, can we doubt its intrinsic value, or its once becoming grace? So, those olden words of affection may now sound strangely in our ears, but their sincerity was deep, and their meaning well understood, and tenderly reciprocated.

To Captain Robert Oliver.

Cloughanodfoy, March 9, 1665.

DEAREST HEART,—I have received yours, and have not much to say of the account you desire of Taylor, and, that he was with me that very

day you left home, thinking to meet with you, and would have been sooner, but that he mistook the day you appointed him to meet you ; all that he told me was, that their arms were a making with a great deal of speed for that wicked design. He shewed me one of the pistols that was given himself, and was to receive more against the time appointed, and some money also, which he was resolved to take. The time that they intend to put this plot in execution, is the five-and-twentieth of this month. Captain Walcot's arms were a making all this week : a great deal of provision for arms and money is a making amongst them. He was somewhat shy in telling me the names of them. I did not much press him to it, by reason that he promised to tell my Lord of Orrery of all that he knew from time to time. There are two sergeants at Charleville, who, as he says, received above two pottles of money from the plotters upon that account. When the time comes, he is resolved to justify it to their faces, and discover as many as he knoweth ; but first he would have himself carried to prison with the rest, fearing he should be known by the rest to be him that betrayed them. I have no more at present to trouble you with, only praying to the Lord to bless you, which is all from her, who is—

Dear Heart, your faithful wife, till death,

BRIDGET OLIVER.

The plot, thus timely communicated to the Chief Governor of Ireland, was providentially frustrated. The arms of the conspirators were everywhere seized, and their preparations in consequence came to nought. Walcot and the other leaders cast themselves upon the royal mercy, as soon as they knew that their plans had been discovered. The vigilance of the English Fleet, at the same time, prevented the landing of the expected succours from Holland ; and although the French Admiral, the Duc de Beaufort, meditated a descent at Kinsale, he found the coast everywhere too well guarded to accomplish his design. In August of the same year, the Duke of Ormonde made a progress through Munster, and, the loyalty of the inhabitants reviving, he was everywhere enthusiastically received.

Cloughanodfoy is now called Castle Oliver. It is the property and occasional residence of MARY ISABELLA OLIVER GASCOIGNE, and her sister ELIZABETH OLIVER GASCOIGNE, the co-heiresses of the late RICHARD OLIVER GASCOIGNE, Esq., of Parlington, co. York, and granddaughters of the Right Honourable SILVER OLIVER, of Castle Oliver, who was lineally descended from Captain Robert Oliver, and Bridget, his wife. The Misses Gascoigne are now building a magnificent castle, near the site of the old mansion of Cloughanodfoy ; and throughout the late famine and pestilence in Ireland, they so distinguished themselves by their *personal* exertions in the relief of the peasantry on their estates in the county of Limerick, as to win universal admiration. One noble Peer, from his place in the House of Lords, made their self-sacrificing and judicious measures the subject of well-merited panegyric. It is happy to find the nineteenth century keeping pace with the heroism of the seventeenth.

MARTIGNAC, POLIGNAC, GUIZOT, AND THIERS.

As the above gentlemen have played a predominant part in the political drama which has for these last twenty years been performed in France, and in which two great dynasties have been overthrown, we think that an impartial review of their deeds, character, and influence over human affairs, will not be unacceptable to that class of English readers who, on account of their high social position, are more particularly interested, to know the real causes that have produced such extraordinary and unexpected events.

A mighty battle was fought at Waterloo, not to obtain but to get rid of the possession of the Bourbons; and France, having been conquered, was compelled to have them. Hence, no wonder if a position so little desired did not gratify the vanity of the possessors.

However, Charles X., an amiable prince, remarkable for his kind feelings, ascended the throne under favourable circumstances.

Towards the unexpected end of his reign, M. Martignac became his prime minister, and was rather popular; and yet he had been the most zealous and most able supporter of all the measures that were passed under Villèle's administration. But the liberal party, nevertheless, fancied it had achieved a mighty triumph, because M. Villèle had been compelled to yield his place to the most skilful continuator of his policy. However it had some ground for shewing a kind of partiality to M. Martignac. This gentleman was indeed a Tory in politics, and sincerely devoted to royalty; but he was a liberal in religion: we mean, he had no fixed principles, and cared not whether those who solicited ministerial and royal favours went to church or not. If to that indifference with regard to religious matters, so precious to those who fancied they knew too much to be bound by any belief, we add that he was a *bel-esprit*—had written pretty verses that were not over moral; was of a conciliating disposition; elegant in his manner; excessively polite towards the Opposition; and had no superior in the art of making brilliant speeches, sparkling with lucid ideas and wonderfully well arranged, we shall easily come to the conclusion that such a premier was highly calculated to carry on smoothly an administration.

But in the meanwhile Charles X., who, like Solomon, had discovered that all pleasures were vanity, grew an enthusiastic radical, and came to the astounding resolution to undertake no less than the religious and moral regeneration of his subjects, to whom, actuated by his good nature, he wished to secure a perpetual bliss in the kingdom to come. M. Martignac, known for jokes very unpalatable to the clergy, could not be an efficient assistant in this praiseworthy mission.

There was at that time in France a nobleman, who, through his devo-

tion to the throne and altar, had several times exposed his life in fruitless attempts against the power of Napoleon. When he saw the mighty empire, that was to last for ever, crumble to pieces, he attributed the fall of the stupendous Colossus to divine intervention, and was confirmed in his belief that religion and royalty could alone secure the well-being of France. There was no hypocrisy about him; his life had been too honourable to allow a doubt concerning his sincerity. This personage, who was the Prince de Polignac, the favourite friend of the King, whose abilities were probably below mediocrity, but who was possessed of that undaunted perseverance which, when successful, is transformed into magnanimous firmness, and when defeated by reverse, is branded as stupid stubbornness, became suddenly the head of a new administration, and was proclaimed to be the Omar of the Jesuits.

The unexpected dismissal of Martignac and his colleagues filled at first France with astonishment, and that astonishment was soon converted into discontent, not only with the liberal party but also with a large portion of the royalists, who professed liberalism with regard to religion. Prince de Polignac, stern in his determination to work out the religious and moral regeneration of his countrymen, began with the higher classes; and his resolute and inexorable hand withheld royal and ministerial favours from those who were known to neglect their religious duties, and live an immoral life. This was a fair opportunity for cunning rogues to play the part of hypocrites, to put on the mask of religion and assume a sanctified appearance. Never churches had been so much crowded. Prince de Polignac, seeing piety revive, was led to the belief that new elections would return a Chamber of Deputies composed of the most religious men of the kingdom. But no sooner was the Chamber of Deputies dissolved, than a coalition was formed between the liberals and those royalists, who considered it a great hardship to go to church, and an unbearable tyranny to require a religious and moral conduct as an indispensable qualification to office. Messieurs Martignac, Guizot, Dupin, and other individuals, distinguished for their attachment to the elder branch of the Bourbons, became leaders of that coalition, the real purpose of which was solely to overthrow the Polignac administration, and thereby to obtain a dispensation from going to church and performing religious and moral duties. The unpopularity of the Jesuits had then reached its highest point, and it proved a powerful engine in the hands of the coalition, which, not to frighten the electors, assumed the name of *Constitutional party*. It carried many hard-contested elections with the cries of "Down with the Jesuits." The Deputies consisted of 432 members; the coalition succeeded in obtaining the return of 221, which reduced the supporters of Polignac to 211 and to a minority of 10.

Prince de Polignac, as we have stated, was a man of a fearless perseverance, which originated in his profound conviction that he was fighting for the right cause. Therefore, far from yielding to adverse fortune, he dissolved again the Chamber, and made a new appeal to, what he considered, the better feelings of the electors.

Again he was defeated, and again the coalition mustered 221 members. Persons who are not thoroughly acquainted with the political opinion of the electors of France at that time, fancy, no doubt, that liberalism formed a powerful body. Not at all. It was composed of some Buonapartists, some Orleanists, and individuals who, having no fixed principles, took the name of liberals, because their services had been rejected by royalty.

When discontent was the most general, and liberalism on the ascendant, it never could return more than about eighty deputies, and it was almost annihilated by the influence exercised by the successful invasion of Spain.

When Louis XVIII. had given the curious spectacle of a constitutional king, sending an army of 100,000 constitutional soldiers, and spending 100 millions of constitutional francs to overthrow the constitution of another constitutional country, M. Villèle, to ascertain how far the constitutional electors of France cared for constitutions, dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. Liberalism displayed all its resources, in order to return a large number of deputies disapproving the overthrow of the Spanish constitution. Posterity will hardly believe that it returned 15 members, and no more; that Lafitte was defeated, and that General Foy, the most brilliant orator of the *Côté Gauche*, was nearly beaten at Paris by an obscure vinegar merchant, and had only a majority of *three* votes. M. Villèle was afterwards overthrown, not by the liberals but by the royalists, whose income had been diminished by his reduction of the interest to three per cent. And we can safely assert that among the 221 there were not 40 liberals, composed of Buonapartists, Orleanists, and a few individuals inclined to republicanism. The immense majority of these 221 were stanch royalists and firm supporters of Charles X. The purpose of the 221 was solely to obtain the restoration of Martignac's administration, and to get rid of Polignac and of the obligation to go to church. On the other side the 211 were determined to support Polignac and uphold religious and moral duties.

Now, had Prince de Polignac not been a man of such uncompromising integrity, it would have been an easy task for him to bring over to his side a part of the 221 royalists; but he disdained to buy persons of a rotten conscience, whom he despised, and preferred to have recourse to a *coup d'état*, as he was authorized by an article of the charter. However, he was deficient in foresight, for had he allowed the Chamber of Deputies to meet once or twice, the legality of the ordonnance by which the chamber was again dissolved, would not have been questioned; and the 221 lawfully divested of their character of deputies, and deprived of their most powerful weapon, would have been reduced to private individuals and to a complete insignificance. Another fault of Polignac was, to give the command of the forces in Paris to Marmont, who had no pretensions to any inflexibility of principle, and who betrayed his trust, as will be seen.

The offices of the newspapers that favoured the coalition having been shut up by the police, and the types made prisoners, crowds of discontented individuals were necessarily thrown into the streets, and were joined by all those who hated the Jesuits, of whom Prince de Polignac was considered the docile instrument. On the two first days of the insurrection, which was carried on solely by working men and students, the troops had decidedly the advantage. It must be indeed stated, that hardly 300 poor national guards joined the insurgents, that not a single member of the 221, not a single military officer appeared amongst them, and that Casimir Perrier, whose name was afterwards placed on the list of the conquerors of July, was so far from favouring the insurrection, that he sternly refused to give shelter in his court-yard to a band of students who were closely pursued by the royal troops.

Whilst the working men and students were fighting, about 70 or 80 members of the coalition who were in Paris met several times; and no-

thing can be more contemptible than the fear and indecision they exhibited, though they protested of their loyalty to Charles X.; in fact the only thing they wanted was to become the ministers of the king, and to divide among themselves the spoils of France without going to church. For that purpose a deputation, composed of Lafitte, Casimir Perrier, Mauguin, &c., was on the 28th sent to Marmont to propose that the coalition would pacify the insurgents, and protect the throne of Charles X., if the ordonnance were repealed and the Polignac administration dismissed. Prince de Polignac, it appears, refused to submit to the conditions. It was in this interview, if we are to credit M. Sarrans, the aide-de-camp of Lafayette, that forty thousand pounds was given to Marmont, as a bribe, to desert the party of Polignac, and the money was advanced by Casimir Perrier.

The next day the battle was renewed; but the royal troops acted very slackly, and about one thousand thieves having joined the insurgents, and fighting like the Roman banditti who were to form the patrician order, contributed powerfully to the victory. Yet not a single one of these modern Romans was raised to the peerage; honours and riches were bestowed only on those who had not fought. Marmont evacuated Paris, and thus there was an end to the royalty of Charles X., for Lafitte, who until then had concealed his game, began to work openly for the Duke d'Orleans. M. Thiers, who had gone to conceal himself at Montmorency, carrying in his pocket the most valuable part of his wardrobe, heard no sooner that the fight was over, than he hastened back to Paris. He and M. Mignet forged in the house of Lafitte, a genealogy of the Duke d'Orleans, in which it was shewn that this prince was not a Bourbon, and would of course make an excellent king; then Lafitte dispatched to Neuilly, M. Thiers, who had an interview with the Duke d'Orleans. His Royal Highness came to Paris, and, as a preliminary step, was appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The immense majority of the two hundred and twenty-one who were royalists, seeing that Charles X. was a doomed man, were easily prevailed upon to worship the new sun, as they were sure to be promoted to the highest offices in the state without being compelled to go to church. The 221, who represented about forty-two or forty-three thousand electors, who had been returned for the purpose of overthrowing the Polignac administration, but likewise for that of maintaining the charter of Louis XVIII., and protecting the throne of Charles X., pronounced the *déchéance* of the elder branch of the Bourbons; and acting contrary to the wishes of the conquerors, placed the younger on the throne, before France knew anything of it. And yet, according to Dupin himself, a great legal authority, they were no longer deputies; and yet we have for the last seventeen years been repeating that Louis Philippe had been chosen by the French people. How long shall we think it expedient to live in an atmosphere of deceit, falsehood, and duplicity? How long shall we connive at knavery, for the purpose of deceiving the ignorant and credulous? The proceedings of the 221 were a downright political jugglery. France was no more consulted about the expulsion of Charles X., and the giving of the crown to Louis Philippe, than the slaves of Jenkins were when Tomkins bought them. The latter were told, "This is your new *massa*;" they bowed to him, and they recognised him as the master of their bodies and of their souls. Such was the case with France.

The conquerors behaved very nobly; they laid down their arms and

placed a generous confidence in the honesty and patriotism of the self-elect legislators ; but every deed of the 221 bore the stamp of deceit. The people were lulled with treacherous promises. They were told, "you shall have a cheap government; for the Duke d'Orleans being very rich and a great miser, is the man to take care of the money of France. This is not all, you shall have a throne surrounded with republican institutions." Now let us come to the fulfilment of those promises. The cheap government of the rich and saving citizen King happened to cost every year near twenty million sterling more than the expensive government of the generous Charles X. had done; and instead of republican institutions, the throne was surrounded by fourteen new Bastilles. Never did a legislative assembly enjoy a more complete freedom than was possessed by the 221; and nevertheless, had they been deliberating under the influence of the Russians, the Prussians, and the Austrians, they would not have produced a more contemptible work than the *Charte-vérité* happened to be. They were so much afraid that some great moral character, possessed of a powerful intellect, should be returned, and inclined to enlighten the nation from the tribune, that they passed a clause by which every representative of the pretended sovereign people was forbidden to make a motion and to develop it publicly, unless it had already been approved by the Chamber sitting in private Committees. What could be expected from an assembly in which it appears that every honourable man acted the part of a fool and a dupe, and those who had some cleverness behaved like knaves? But if the 221 opponents of Polignac and religion were, to use an expression of Sir James Graham, such *shabby* individuals, many noble characters shed lustre on the 211 partisans of the Polignac administration. A great number of them assuming the lofty and fearless language of conscientious men, sent in their resignation with letters thus worded: "Mr. President—Elected by my constituents to support Charles X. and the charter, and having sworn fidelity to both, I shall not usurp the function of fabricating a new king and a new charter." M. Martignac never appeared in the Chamber of Deputies, and died of a broken heart.

Before we proceed any farther we must state that Louis Philippe did not interfere at all with the framing of the new charter; that he accepted it as it was presented to him; and that, judging from several spontaneous expressions, which are seldom deceitful, he was inclined to govern France in a satisfactory manner, and to favour the gradual development of superior institutions. We therefore charge the doctrinaires and the liberals, who seized upon all the places in the administration, with having perverted the good dispositions of the new king, and having precipitated him into the retrograde, oppressive, and disastrous policy which has annihilated him and destroyed the prospects of his family.

The embassy of London was the most important of all. Everybody expected to see there an honourable man. To whom did the doctrinaires and the liberals confide this eminent situation? To the most depraved, and despised individual of Europe, to Prince Talleyrand. This was done to accustom France to see clever rogues in power, and to inform those who were disposed to serve the new dynasty that profligacy would not, as under Charles X. and Polignac, be a bar to their promotion.

Louis Philippe had never displayed any quality which could distinguish him from the crowd of the well-behaved sinners. What did the doctrinaires and the liberals do, to impose upon him a fictitious greatness? As his Majesty had the reputation, deserved or not, of being avaricious, they trans-

formed covetousness and selfishness, the vice of the low-minded part of the community, into transcendent virtues, and the characteristic of an excellent father.

Dialogues like the following were heard throughout all France :—

The Dissatisfied. Louis Philippe has ruined many families by his lawsuits.

The Liberal-Doctrinaire. Oh ! he is such an excellent father ; and he will leave a fine property to his children.

The Dissatisfied. He is very grasping.

The Liberal-Doctrinaire. He is such an excellent father ; his children will be the richest princes in the world.

To be a good father became so fashionable in France, that whenever a rogue was detected in any act of dishonesty, he replied, shrugging his shoulders, *Que-voulez-vous ?* I have acted like a good father, I work for my dear children.

We have not the least doubt that the hard-hearted selfishness and the sordid covetousness that have been encouraged in France under pretence of making good fathers, have given birth to communism, and led well-meaning, but irrational individuals, to the disastrous belief that the right of property and family ties are an invincible bar to the amelioration of the fate of the working classes.

Never was monarch more unfortunate than Louis Philippe in the choice of his ministers and friends. Instead of trying to obliterate every vestige of all ill reports, they seem to have undertaken to keep the remembrance of them alive, and to prove to the nation that they were well founded.

When the amount of the *list civil* was to be fixed, Lafitte, under the direction of M. Thiers, who was, at that time his favourite adviser, demanded eighteen millions. Some members of the opposition exclaimed against the enormous amount, especially as they had been promised a cheap government, and the King was immensely rich.

The friends of his Majesty answered that the *late* Duke d'Orleans was very rich no doubt, but that, like an excellent father, he had given all to his dear children, and that the King was a very poor man, and had nothing to live upon but what the generous nation would grant him. It would have been hard to let a King and a good father starve. So twelve millions of francs were voted besides the crown lands, which might bring three or four millions a-year. As Napoleon, who was rather magnificent, never spent ten millions a-year, it was thought that a sovereign, in the name of whom a cheap government had been promised, and who had no pretensions to generosity, was pretty well provided for.

But not long after, the nation heard a new and very different tale. The ministers demanded a dowry for the Queen of the Belgians, and a pension for the Duke d'Orleans. The opposition expressed its astonishment at such a demand, remembering that his Majesty was a poor man because he had given all his fortune to his children. The friends of the King replied that his Majesty had in fact written his will and fixed the amount each was to receive after his death, but that he was too prudent a father to part with his money, and that his children should not receive a farthing as long as he lived. The Chamber, for the honour of France, granted of course the dowry and the pension. This trick brought great obloquy upon the King, and it was resorted to by his ministers, who

knew that Villèle's administration had been overthrown, and the National Guard of Paris had not fought for Charles X., because the increase of the *rentiers* had been diminished by the *three per cent.*

The ministers did not stop there. His Majesty spent about two millions in furnishing Versailles, and they asked the Chamber to repay *ten* to him. The Deputies, displeased with the overcharge, rejected the demand altogether. Then came the *apanage* for the Duke de Nemours, which was demanded by several administrations and always refused.

The time had gone by when the name of the King was a *passepport* for every thing. M. Thiers was the man who knew best how to shelter himself under his Majesty's infallibility.

During the first years of the reign of Louis Philippe, his ministers happened once to have squandered the money of the nation with such reckless profligacy, that, after having charged several times for the same articles, but under different names, they were at a loss to account for the expenditure of twenty-one millions that had disappeared. Thereupon M. Thiers spoke pretty near in the following terms: "Gentlemen, I will tell you the truth; *eleven* millions have been spent by order of the King; and you could not ask for a better proof that they were wisely employed. With regard to the other *ten* millions it is not worth the while to speak of them. What are ten millions more or less taken into consideration with our large budget? It is not one per cent. Who is the person amongst you, gentlemen, who never spent, without being able to account for it, one per cent. above his income?"

As many deputies were in the habit of spending more than twenty per cent. above their income, this explanation appeared very satisfactory.

Never would an English minister have dared to hold such language in the House of Commons. But Messieurs Thiers and Guizot never concealed the poor opinion they entertained of the intellect and character of their brother legislators.

Not only did the liberals and doctrinaires damage the King in the highest degree, by trumpeting a royal covetousness, which probably was in a great measure the creation of their indiscreet zeal, but they undermined him completely in the public opinion, by investing him with a matchless wisdom, and sheltering their blunders and incapacity under the royal infallibility.

The two men who undoubtedly were the most able advisers, and whose devotion to the dynasty never appeared doubtful, were the very persons who have worked his ruin. It is hardly necessary to name Messieurs Guizot and Thiers.

M. Guizot was born of respectable parents. The grand revolution of 1793 lighted up in his bosom a violent hatred against what is called liberty and freedom of the people; and all his life has been faithfully devoted to the task of keeping down the mass of the people, for the misery and degradation of whom he could feel no sympathy, as they justified his contempt. As a staunch royalist he followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, a circumstance which made him very unpopular with the Buonapartists. In 1821 it was expedient to establish the *censure* of the press. There were unquestionably in France many Catholics who hated violently the freedom of the press; but no one was considered equal to the Protestant Guizot in holding the extinguisher and putting out the light. He was at that time a distinguished DOCTRINAIRE, an appellation which was afterwards dropped for that of JUSTE-MILIEU.

Doctrinaire and *Juste-Milieu* are words known everywhere. But who can boast he understands what they mean? Shall we attempt to say what the *doctrinaires* were? If we can judge of the tree by its fruit, we shall perhaps be able to unravel the enigmatical form of this modern sphinx.

The *Doctrinaires* were partisans of the Bourbons, but considering the ancient *émigrés* as men of too inflexible principles, as men too much strangers to the new habits of the nation, to be able to protect efficiently the throne and the altar, divested of the prestige that formerly surrounded them, they brought forward the doctrine that the King ought to look for support among the wealthy bourgeoisie, and invest it exclusively with all the political privileges. They pretended that through the rich plebeians, and by making an appeal to the material interests, to the selfishness, narrow-mindedness, or conceit of such a numerous body, any government would be able to resist, on the one side, the pretensions of the aristocracy, and, on the other, to crush and keep in perpetual degradation the working classes.

Such was the policy imposed upon Louis Philippe by the *doctrinaires* and the liberals. That such a policy has brought on the most disastrous consequences is visible to any one. That system has kindled a dark hatred between the poor and the rich, the master and the servant, the employer and the employed. How will that end? Let us not anticipate, but merely remark that had not Louis Philippe and Guizot concentrated upon themselves all the hatred of the dissatisfied, never would France be divided into two implacable races—the bourgeoisie and the working men—fighting, not for liberty, not for the republic, not for the monarchy, but for the possession of the land and for the expulsion or extermination of the conquered party.

M. Guizot joined the coalition against Polignac because his *chaire de professeur* had been suppressed. Was M. Guizot shelved because he was a Protestant, or because he was considered no better than his friend the *doctrinaire* Duke de Caze, who had in the Chamber of Deputies been accused publicly with having connived at the assassination of the Duke de Berry, we cannot tell.

M. Guizot was, in 1830, considered as a man of great political knowledge, and as a distinguished author. As an orator Guizot was a superior man. In the tribune he was affluent, acute, versatile, and powerful. Jealousy, hatred, and contempt gave to his words an unusual energy.

M. Thiers, his rival, is at least ten years younger. This gentleman was the son of a blacksmith of Marseilles. He was always remarkable for his uncommon wit, and wears about him something of a roguish appearance, which proclaims that *silly* scruples were never a bar to his fortune. Through the powerful influence of Manuel and Lafitte he was admitted as a collaborateur in the *Constitutionnel*. His work of the *French Revolution* evinces considerable abilities, as the production of a young man. But had not M. Thiers become a minister of state, his book would never have seen a second edition. It is declamatory, verbose, diffuse, and inconclusive. It is a chaos in which the irreflective reader is very often highly entertained with brilliant passages. But since the publication of that work he has reached a great perfection of style. None is superior to him in clearness, elegance, gracefulness, and vivacity.

As an orator M. Thiers stood on a perfect level with M. Guizot. It was an interesting spectacle to see these two men fighting for the domination

of France, and the privilege of leading the monarchy to its ruin. Their policy was the same. Both undertook to crush the working classes by means of the privileged bourgeoisie. But in the difference of their peculiar turn of mind and feeling originated the different line of conduct which each pursued. They remained united until France had been completely subjugated. Then Thiers, though the younger, was made prime minister. From that instant they could be no longer members of the same administration. However, they formed a coalition in 1839, for the purpose of overthrowing Molé's administration. And on this occasion they both tore away with sacrilegious hands the mask of matchless wisdom with which they adorned his Majesty. They both violently assailed the policy of Count Molé as the work of the most deplorable imbecility. But how could they make the Chamber of Deputies believe that Molé, a wise and able man, had acted like a downright imbecile? They accused him of following, not his own ideas, but those of the King. And Louis Philippe, as a constitutional King, was a short time after compelled to have Thiers for Prime Minister, and then to place himself under the guidance of Guizot, the Polignac of the younger branch of the Bourbons, the real—though unwilling—founder of the French Republic.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

XXIX.—THE MURDER OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

For a considerable number of years scarcely any circumstance occurred in the metropolis which created a greater degree of consternation and interest than the tragical event here recorded. At an early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 6th of May, 1840, Lord William Russell, an aged and esteemed member of the illustrious house of Bedford, was discovered to have been barbarously murdered in his bed, at his house No. 14, Norfolk-street, Park-lane. The noble deceased was the posthumous child of Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, eldest son of the fourth Duke of Bedford, by Lady Elizabeth Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albermarle. He was the third and youngest brother of the two late Dukes of Bedford, and uncle of the existing Duke, who was the seventh of the family who succeeded to the title. He was uncle also to Lord John Russell, who at the time of this melancholy catastrophe held the office of Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs. By his marriage with Lady Charlotte Villiers, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Jersey, Lord William Russell had seven children, several of whom were still alive and married into other noble families; but at the time of his death he was a widower, his wife having died in the year 1806. His lordship having been born in August, 1767, was consequently in the seventy-third year of his age.

Allied as the noble lord was to so many of the families of the nobility, the horrible event of his murder created an extraordinary degree of alarm; and inquiries the most eager and the most scrutinizing were immediately set on foot, with a view to the discovery of the person by whose hand the dreadful deed had been committed. The result of the preliminary investigations which took place, tended to fix strong suspicion upon the valet of the unfortunate nobleman, François Benjamin Courvoisier, which, however, was so little supported by positive evidence, as to leave his guilt of the crime a matter of the greatest doubt; and it was not until the second day of his trial for the murder, that circumstances were discovered, in a manner, which appeared to denote the presence of the hand of the Almighty, by which his conviction was secured.

The first discovery of the murder, as already stated, took place upon the morning of the 6th of May; but, in order to render what then happened more intelligible, it is better to first describe the family of his lordship, and the proceedings of the day preceding this outrage. Lord William Russell resided, attended only by his servants, at the house in Norfolk-street, Park-lane. At the age at which he had arrived, it is not to be supposed

that he was unaffected by indisposition or weakness ; but although he suffered slightly from deafness and bodily infirmity, his health was sufficiently good to enable him to enjoy life with comparative comfort. His family consisted of two female servants ; a housemaid, Sarah Mancer, and a cook, Mary Hannell, besides his valet, Courvoisier, and a coachman and groom, all of whom lived in the house, with the exception of the two latter individuals. The house was small, and consisted of only two rooms on a floor. On the basement story were the kitchen, and the usual offices, and a room used by Courvoisier as a pantry. On the ground floor were two parlours, used as dining-rooms ; on the first floor were the drawing-room and library ; on the second floor were the bed-room and dressing-room of his lordship ; and in the story above were the sleeping apartments of the servants. His lordship was a member of Brookes's Club, in St. James's-street, and usually spent a considerable portion of the day there ; but he generally dined at home, and then having passed several hours in reading, commonly retired to rest at about twelve o'clock. The valet had been in his lordship's service during a period of five weeks only ; and in the course of that time had been heard by his fellow servants to express himself in terms of dislike to his master, whom he described as testy and dissatisfied, and to declare that if he only had his money, he should soon return to Switzerland, of which country he was a native. Upon the 5th of May, his lordship rose at nine o'clock, and breakfasted at the usual hour ; and at about noon he went out, proposing to go to Brookes's, in accordance with his usual habit. Before he quitted the house, however, he called his valet, and gave him several messages to deliver, amongst which was one to the coachman, to prepare his carriage and to be in readiness to take him home from his club at five o'clock. Upon Courvoisier going into the kitchen after this, he declared his fears that he should forget some of his errands ; and in recounting them, he omitted that to the coachman. At half-past five his lordship returned home to dinner, in a cab, and shewed some dissatisfaction at the neglect of his servant ; but it does not appear that he exhibited any such anger as could well excite a feeling of hatred or ill will. Dinner was served at about seven o'clock ; tea and coffee were subsequently handed to his lordship, and at about nine o'clock he retired to his library. At this time, the three house servants only were at home. Some other persons had called in the course of the day, but they had all left ; and Courvoisier, Sarah Mancer, and Mary Hannell, only were in the house. Hannell had been out, but upon her return Courvoisier admitted her, and it was observed that he locked and chained the street door after her entrance. Supper was, at about ten o'clock, prepared in the kitchen, and some beer was fetched by Courvoisier ; but he quitted the house, and returned by way of the area, and the gate and kitchen door were fastened by Hannell upon his re-admission. The means of access to the house, from the street, therefore, were closed, and the only entrance from the back, on the basement story, was through the pantry.

At about half-past ten, the women-servants went to bed, leaving Courvoisier to attend upon his master, and it was not until half-past twelve o'clock that his lordship rang his bell for him to assist him in retiring to his apartment. It was the custom of his lordship to have his bed warmed, and it was the duty of the valet to perform this duty for him, and then to return the warming-pan to the kitchen. The bed appears to have been warmed as usual on this occasion ; but as the subsequent events of this dreadful night remained in mystery until after the discovery of the

murder and the conviction of its perpetrator, it will be better to abstain from describing them at present, in order that they may be laid before the reader in the words which Courvoisier himself employed in recounting them.

On the following morning, at about half-past six o'clock, Sarah Mancer, the housemaid, rose from her bed, and, having dressed herself, quitted her bed-room. As she passed the door of the prisoner's room she knocked, in order to wake him, and then proceeded down stairs. The first circumstance which she remarked was, that the warming-pan had been left at her master's bed-room door, as if indicating that the valet had gone to rest immediately after having attended upon his master, without subsequently going below; but, upon her proceeding to the lower floors of the house, she found everything in such a state of confusion, as to excite a suspicion in her mind that thieves had entered the house with a view to the commission of a robbery. She hurried through the drawing-room, the parlour, and the passage on the ground-floor, and there she found the furniture strewn about, the drawers and boxes open, a bundle lying on the ground, as if ready packed up to be carried off, while the street-door had been unfastened, and was only upon the latch. A momentary examination of these matters was sufficient to excite alarm in her mind, and, hurrying up-stairs again, she repaired to the cook to inform her of what she had seen, by whose directions she at once proceeded to the apartment of the valet. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed since she had before knocked at his door, and half-an-hour was ordinarily occupied by him in dressing, but to her surprise, she now found him dressed and ready to descend. Hastily informing him of what she had witnessed below, he accompanied her down stairs; and, upon his seeing the state in which the lower part of the house appeared to be, he exclaimed, "Oh, God! somebody has robbed us." Mancer now suggested the propriety of their ascertaining whether anything had occurred to his lordship, and they went together to his bedroom.

Immediately upon their entrance, Courvoisier proceeded to the window to open the shutters, but Mancer, going to the bed-side, saw the pillow saturated with blood, and his lordship lying in bed, quite dead, with his throat frightfully cut. His face was covered with a towel or napkin, but upon this being removed, his countenance was found to be perfectly placid, while the position of the body, undisturbed, and as if in a state of repose, betokened the suddenness with which the death-stroke had been inflicted. The woman suddenly screamed and ran out of the room, and, rushing from the house, she obtained the aid of some neighbours and of the police, by whom a surgeon was called in. Upon the entrance of these persons, Courvoisier, whose conduct throughout the whole transaction was of the most singular description, was found dreadfully agitated, leaning on the bed where the body of his master lay; and although questions were asked him, he made no answer, and took no part in the proceedings which succeeded. The death of the deceased nobleman was too evidently the result of violence from another hand to render a suggestion of suicide possible. One gash only had been given, which extended to the very back of the neck, and nearly severed the head from the body; and the absence of any instrument by which such an act could have been committed, at once negatived any supposition of that description.

In a few minutes Courvoisier appeared to recover from the agitation by which he had been affected, and at his suggestion an intimation of the

dreadful occurrence was conveyed to the son of the deceased nobleman, who resided in Belgrave-square. Upon Courvoisier going down stairs, he immediately took Sarah Mancer into his pantry, and pointing to some marks of violence which were perceptible upon the door, which was open, remarked, "It was here they entered."

The police now took possession of the house, and the mysterious nature of the transaction fully warranted them in the first step which they adopted—the detention of the three servants. A minute examination of the premises took place, the result of which was, a firm conviction on their minds that the murder had been perpetrated by an inmate of the house, and that a simulated robbery had been got up, for the purpose of raising a belief that the diabolical crime which had been committed was the act of a nocturnal plunderer and assassin. Upon the street door there were no marks of violence perceptible, while the indentions which were observable upon the door of the pantry had been so clearly produced from within, instead of from without, as to leave no doubt of the truth of their supposition. Their belief was further supported by the position of the back part of the house and the contiguous dwellings. It was so surrounded by buildings and high walls, as to render approach from that quarter next to impossible; and a minute examination of the neighbouring roofs of houses, &c., clearly negatived the suggestion that any person had obtained access to the house of Lord William Russell by clambering over any of them. In the house, the appearances were such as to indicate that the work had not been done by any practised housebreaker or marauder; and, furthermore, instruments were discovered, in the pantry, a poker, and a chisel which was found in the drawing-room, which had been known to be in the kitchen for some weeks before, exactly corresponding with the marks in the pantry door, and which, as they could not have come into the possession of any stranger, must have been employed by some person having access to, and being well acquainted with, the premises.

The parcel which had been observed by the woman Mancer was examined, and was found to contain many articles of his lordship's property. A cloth cloak, which had been hanging up in the hall, was found rolled up, and within it were his lordship's gold opera-glass, his gold toothpick, a silver sugar-dredger, a pair of spectacles, a caddy spoon, and a thimble belonging to the cook; but it was remarked, that the latter articles were of a nature which a thief would rather have put into his pocket than have packed up in so large a parcel; and although the drawers of the sideboard in the parlour, and of the writing-desk in the drawing-room, were pulled open, nothing was found to have been extracted. In his lordship's bedroom a state of things presented itself which tended to confirm the suspicions of the police, and to supply a motive for the crime. His lordship had been in possession of a case containing ivory *rouleau* boxes, which are usually employed to contain gold coin. The boxes belonging to his lordship would hold about five hundred sovereigns, and it had been remarked by Courvoisier, that although he was entrusted with the keys of his master's drawers and trunks, his lordship would never permit him to go to this case. Upon examination by the police, the *rouleau* case was found to have been opened, and the *rouleaux* having been searched, fruitlessly, for money, they had been placed on one side. The jewel-box and the note-case of the deceased had also been opened, and while from the former several articles of small value had been taken, from the latter a 10*l.* note, known to have been in the possession of his lordship, had

been carried off. A purse containing gold had also disappeared. The rushlight, which had been lighted by the valet, according to his own statement, when his lordship went to bed, was found to have been extinguished within about an hour and a half after it had been left ; his lordship's gold watch, together with its appendages, had been removed ; and, futhermore, an attempt had been made to give an appearance to the room as if his lordship had been attacked while reading in bed. A book which his lordship was known to have been reading in the course of the evening, " The Life of Sir Samuel Romilly," who, by a most remarkable circumstance, came to his death by cutting his throat, was lying by his bed-side, and near him was a wax-candle, burned down into the socket of the candlestick, but placed in such a situation as that it would not have afforded sufficient light to enable his lordship, in the position in which his body was found, to read one word by it. These circumstances induced a strong suspicion against Courvoisier, and his boxes were searched, but without anything being discovered tending to fix upon him the guilt of the crime ; but it was nevertheless thought advisable that he should remain in custody, or under *surveillance*, until an examination of the drains of the house should have been made. For reasons of precaution, the women servants were also detained, and the most active exertions were made by the police to discover evidence which should lead to the discovery of the murderer. The commissioners of police, and several members of the nobility, were indefatigable in their efforts to render assistance throughout the whole investigation, and through their instrumentality some discoveries were made.

On Friday, the 8th of May, it was thought that a more comprehensive search ought to be made through the house, and particularly in the pantry, and some most important disclosures took place. Some appearances were observed on the mortar and on the skirting-board of the room, which induced a police-officer to remove them. He examined the floor, the skirting, and the sink, and behind the skirting-board he found five gold rings, most undoubtedly the property of his lordship. In the same place were also found five pieces of gold coin and a piece of wax. Behind another part of the skirting was found a Waterloo medal, which was known to have been in the possession of his lordship, with a ribbon attached to it ; and there was also found the 10*l.* note which has been mentioned before. The fact of the discovery of this note was a most important feature in this case. If it had been removed from the note-case, in which it had been placed, by any ordinary thief, it would undoubtedly have been carried off by him. Found as it was, however, concealed within the skirting-board of this pantry, it was taken as almost conclusive of the guilt of the valet, because no hand but his could have placed it in that position ; for it is to be observed, that, from the moment of the discovery of the murder, he was placed under surveillance, and could not, therefore, have conveyed away anything from the house. A further search was subsequently made, and a split gold ring, on which his lordship kept his keys, and which had been attached to his watch by a ribbon, was found ; and then, on the evening of the next day, a locket was taken from Courvoisier's pocket.

The discovery of this small article was one to which very great attention was paid, and which formed a very singular feature in the case. Upon its being taken from the pocket of the valet, he claimed it as his own. It was well known amongst the family and domestics of the deceased nobleman, that he had always carried a locket about him, containing a small

portion of the hair of his deceased lady. A short time before his murder, he had missed this relic, to which he attached great value, under circumstances of considerable mystery. He had been staying at Richmond, accompanied by no other servant but his valet, and during his sojourn there he occasionally went to Hampton, to visit his relative, Lady Sarah Bailey. In course of a conversation which he had with her ladyship, he dropped the locket out of the case in which he usually kept it, and quitted her ladyship's apartments, without having discovered his loss, to attend divine service at the chapel at Hampton Court. On his return the locket was presented to him, and he placed in his pocket, but from that moment he never saw it again. It was missed, and the most diligent search was made for it, but in vain ; and his lordship, grieved at his loss, eventually returned to London without having recovered the relic of his former affections. Upon the discovery of a locket in the possession of Courvoisier, a presumption was raised that it was that of his deceased master, with which it corresponded in every particular ; but, in obedience to his repeated asseverations that it was his own, it was returned to him. On the next day, by a most remarkable accident, the same locket, of the identity of which now no doubt any longer remained, was found concealed in a small hole under the hearth-stone in the pantry, the room in which Courvoisier remained. Upon this the police thought fit to take him into custody, and he was conveyed away from the house ; and, after he had been taken off, still further discoveries were made. On the 11th of May, a chased gold-key was discovered ; and, on Wednesday the 13th, it was determined to examine the sink in the pantry. A part of the sink was covered with lead, and that portion having been removed in the course of the investigation, it occurred to the police-officer that there was something extraordinary in the appearance of the lead. He turned it up, and there he found the watch, which had been placed at the noble lord's bed-head on the night of the murder, but which on the next morning was discovered to have been removed.

These were the material facts adduced in evidence against Courvoisier upon his various examinations before the magistrates ; but strong as were the suspicions excited against him, it was felt that there was still good reason to believe that he would escape conviction. An experienced attorney, Mr. Flower, was engaged to conduct his defence ; and so strong a feeling had been excited in his behalf, that a liberal subscription was raised among the foreign servants in London to defray the expenses of employing the necessary counsel to appear for him at his trial. Mr. Hobler, an attorney, was engaged on behalf of the prosecution ; and at length on Thursday, the 8th of June, the trial of the prisoner came on at the Central Criminal Court, before Lord Chief Justice Tindal and Mr. Baron Parke.

The court was then crowded with persons whom curiosity had drawn together to procure a sight of the prisoner, and to hear the evidence adduced against him ; and, amongst those present were, the Duke of Sussex, who remained during the whole of the day, and appeared to take great interest in the proceedings ; the Countess of Charleville, Lady Burghersh, Lady Sondes, Lady A. Lennox, Lady Granville Somerset, Lady Julia Lockwood, Lady Bentinck ; the Earls of Sheffield, Mansfield, Cavan, Clarendon, Lucan and Louth ; Lords Rivers, Gardner, and A. Lennox ; M. Dedel, the Dutch ambassador ; Marshal Saldanha, the Portuguese ambassador extraordinary ; Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Sir Strat-

ford Canning, Sir W. Montagu, Colonel Fox, Lord Frederick Gordon, Hon. Mr. Villiers, &c. As a proof that every part of the court was brought into requisition, it may be mentioned, that the prisoners' dock was filled with chairs, every one of which was occupied.

Mr. Adolphus, Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Chambers, appeared for the prosecution. The prisoner was defended by Mr. C. Phillips and Mr. Clarkson.

The prisoner, who was an alien, elected to be tried by a jury of Englishmen; and the indictment having been read, he pleaded "Not guilty."

Evidence in proof of the circumstances detailed was then produced, and the first day's proceedings had closed, when the new and important testimony already referred to, affording conclusive proof of the guilt of the prisoner, was discovered.

In the course of the inquiries which had been made subsequently to the murder, some articles of plate were found to have been removed from the house of his lordship; but, after the minute examination of the house which took place, there was good reason to believe that this portion of the transaction had occurred long before, and not after, the murder. All the efforts of the police to discover this stolen property had proved ineffectual; and although large rewards had been offered for its production, it was not until the evening of the first day's trial that it was brought forward. An intimation was then conveyed to Mr. Hobler of the fact of its being in the possession of Madame Piolaine, the keeper of a French hotel in Leicester-place, Leicester-square; and upon its being inspected by persons who were competent to speak to its identity, they at once most positively proved that it was the same which had been formerly in the possession of his lordship. The circumstance of this most extraordinary discovery was directly notified to the prisoner's attorney; and Courvoisier being by him consulted as to the truth of the allegations made, he at once admitted his guilt. At this stage of the proceedings, it was felt that such a confession placed the advocates who had been employed on his behalf in a condition of the greatest difficulty. For them to have thrown up their briefs would have been at once to admit the uselessness of any efforts to save their client from an ignominious death—a duty to the performance of which they had pledged themselves; and it was therefore determined that they should continue their defence of the prisoner, although the line of conduct which it became proper to pursue was necessarily much altered by the discovery which had been made to them. The instructions which they had originally received, went to the extent of calling upon them to endeavour to procure the implication of the female servants of his lordship, and of the police, who were to be charged as their companions and associates in crime in the murder of Lord Russell, and in a conspiracy to secure the conviction and execution of the valet; but although the former portion of this defence was of course deemed fit to be withdrawn, some remarks made by Mr. Charles Phillips, in his speech for the defence, gave rise to considerable discussion at the time, but it has since been pretty generally allowed that the learned counsel was misrepresented, and consequently too harshly commented on.

To proceed, however, to the new evidence which had been obtained, it will be well, in order to make it more easily understood, to lay it before the reader in the terms in which it was produced at the trial at the end of the second day's proceedings.

After being sworn, Charlotte Piolaine deposed as follows:—"My husband keeps L'Hôtel de Dieppe, in Leicester-place, Leicester-square. I know the prisoner at the bar. I knew him about four years ago. He came to our hotel in the situation of waiter. I don't recollect that he gave me his name, nor did I know it. We used to call him John in the hotel. French is generally spoken in our hotel; and we called him Jean. He lived with me as a servant for about a month or five weeks, not longer. I never saw him since that time till about six weeks ago. He came to me at the Hôtel de Dieppe on a Sunday morning. He merely asked me how I was, staid a short time, and went away. I did not recognise him when he first came. As it had been some time since I saw him, I could not recall his features to memory. He said, 'Don't you remember me? I am Jean, who lived with you some time ago.' He staid but a few moments and went away. I asked him in the bar if he was in a situation, and he said 'Yes;' and I said 'I am very glad of it.' I saw him again on the Sunday week or fortnight afterwards, I cannot remember which. He came in and asked me how I was. It was in the evening, and he had a parcel in his hand—a paper parcel. He asked me to take care of it till the Tuesday following, and he would call for it. I said 'Certainly I would,' and he left it and went away. I put up the parcel in a closet. I did not know at that time what the parcel contained. It was a sort of brown paper parcel, about eighteen inches long, and it was tied up and sealed. He did not call for it on the Tuesday following, and I never saw him since till to-day. I heard once or twice of the murder of Lord William Russell. The parcel had certainly been left with me before I heard of the murder, but I did not suppose it to be connected with that event. I took it out of the closet for the first time yesterday morning. I kept it at the bottom of the cupboard. I was induced to take it out in consequence of an account which my cousin read in a French newspaper, and shewed to me. I communicated with my cousin, and with Mr. Gardine, for whom I sent. He lives in King-street, Soho, and is a chaser and modeller, and I sent also for Mr. Cumming. He is a solicitor, I believe, and is a very intimate friend of ours. My cousin Vincent is my husband's partner in the hotel. The parcel was opened in the presence of these persons. It was never opened before from the moment it came into my possession. (Mr. Cumming, who was subsequently examined, here produced the parcel, which was about eighteen inches long by six wide.) That is the parcel, and that is the paper that was on it. (The witness, by the direction of the counsel, opened the parcel.) It contains spoons and forks of silver, two pairs of new stockings, a pair of gold auricles for assisting the hearing, a pair of dirty socks, and an old flannel waistcoat and jacket. The jacket was wrapped round the other articles, and there is also some tow or yarn which would have the effect of preventing the plate from being felt or rattling. When we discovered these things, Mr. Cumming immediately put it up again, having first put in an inventory which he took down on paper, and which we all signed, and took it away. He brought it here I believe."

Louis Gardine: "I am a chaser and modeller, and live in King-street, Soho. I know M. Piolaine, who keeps the Hôtel de Dieppe in Leicester-place. I remember a man bringing a parcel to the hotel on a Sunday, but I do not recollect the exact time. I was only a visitor, and did not take much notice. The parcel was wrapped up in brown paper. I do not know the man who brought it, I had not, to my knowledge, ever seen him before. I cannot identify the prisoner as the man. I was fetched by

Mr. Vincent yesterday about some news that was in the paper, and I went to the hotel. We went directly to Mr. Cumming in the city. We found him there, and he came back with us to the hotel. A parcel was then produced, and Mr. Cumming cut the string and opened it, and it was found to contain some silver and some other articles; and a list was made out of its contents."

Mr. Richard Cumming: "I am a solicitor, and carry on business in the Old Jewry. In consequence of a communication I received from Gardine and Joseph Vincent yesterday, I went with them to M. Piolaine's, in Leicester-place; and a brown paper parcel was produced. I was consulted as to the propriety of opening it, and it was ultimately opened by me. I made out a list of the articles, which I now have, and fastened the parcel up again. Before doing so I observed the crest on the spoons, and proceeded to Ridgway's the booksellers, where I learned that the crest, a goat, was that of the Bedford family. I immediately proceeded to Marlborough-street police-office, to seek the magistrates' advice and to be relieved of the possession of the parcel. I had an interview with the clerk to the magistrates, and in consequence of what transpired, I came down to the Old Bailey in a cab. I arrived here about six o'clock, and sent in a note to the solicitors for the prosecution, Mr. Wing and Mr. Hobler, to whom I made a communication. The paper brought in some time ago contains a portion of the contents of the brown paper parcel, but having placed my initials upon it and the articles, I gave up the brown paper and the remaining contents to an officer by direction of Mr. Hobler. The paper produced is the covering of the parcel, and the articles I produced were contained in it. On the back of the cover there has been an address, which is nearly erased. Besides the spoons and forks there was some ear apparatus, made of gold, in a box. I produce the list signed by myself and the other parties. The articles consisted of four silver table-spoons, four silver dessert-spoons, two silver tea-spoons, four silver forks, one leather box containing two instruments for the ears, two pairs of white stockings, with no mark on them, one pair of white socks, each marked C 4, one flannel jacket, another jacket which I have called a flannel jacket, and a small quantity of tow or yarn."

Other evidence, by which the stockings were proved to have belonged to the prisoner by his washerwoman, and by which the brown paper in which the parcel was wrapped was proved to have been sent to Lord William Russell, around a framed print of the "Vision of Ezekiel," from the shop of Mr. Molteno, a printseller in Pall Mall, was then produced, and the trial was again adjourned to Saturday.

On that morning, Mr. C. Philips addressed the jury at very great length on the part of the prisoner, contending that the evidence was that of suspicion only; but Chief Justice Tindal having summed up, a verdict of "Guilty" was returned.

The learned judge then proceeded to pass upon the prisoner the sentence of death. He said, that he had been found guilty by an intelligent, patient, and impartial jury of the crime of wilful murder. His guilt had been established beyond the possibility of doubt. The circumstances which surrounded the case were not of an ordinary description. It was ordered by the holiness of God that his crime should not go unpunished; and his power was exemplified in no common manner in the course and progress of the investigation. It was ordained that that which was hid in darkness should be brought to light, and that an offence of the greatest magnitude and

the most hateful in the sight of God should not remain concealed. He (the prisoner) had felt no compunction at his conduct; he entertained no regard for the sacred duties which bound a servant to his master; but under his own roof he had committed upon him, aged and unprotected as he was, the awful crime of murder. By this horrid act, domestic and social society received a shock; and, in order to prevent the perpetration of such offences by others, it was necessary that the law in this instance should take its course. He could hold out no hope to him in this world, and he earnestly entreated him to prepare to undergo the last sentence of the law. It was necessary that he should receive that punishment, in order that others should take warning, and abstain from a breach of the law. What had inclined him to commit the horrid act did not appear. The love of lucre first induced him to break the law, and that might have led to the commission of this offence. The learned judge again earnestly entreated him to make the best use of his time, and endeavour to make his peace with the Almighty; and his lordship then passed the ordinary sentence of death upon the convict.

Throughout the whole of the three days occupied by this trial, the court was crowded to excess with persons who most anxiously watched every change of evidence affecting the prisoner. Courvoisier during the first day appeared confident, and surveyed the court with much apparent courage and coolness; but upon the following morning, his altered position was clearly exhibited by the anxious expression of his countenance, and the melancholy hopelessness by which his whole conduct seemed to be characterised. On the last day his demeanour even more plainly exhibited how little he expected to escape from the punishment due to his crime; and he received the last sentence pronounced upon him by the learned judge with little apparent feeling.

Upon his being conveyed from the court to the interior of the jail, he made no hesitation in at once admitting to the governor, Mr. Cope, that he had been justly convicted; and he expressed his greatest anxiety, that the female servants should be relieved from all suspicion. He subsequently became sullen and reserved, and seizing an opportunity when the jailor had quitted him for a few moments, he endeavoured to choke himself by cramming a towel down his throat. This attempt was, however, frustrated by the vigilance of the turnkey; and he became more communicative after he had received spiritual consolation from Mr. Carver, ordinary of the jail, and from M. Baup, minister of the French church in Threadneedle-street.

On the following day, the wretched man made the annexed confession, in the presence of Mr. Flower, his attorney, and Mr. Cope:—

“Newgate, June 22, 1840.

“On the Friday before the murder was committed I began two or three times not to like my place. I did not know what to do; I thought if I gave warning none of my friends would take notice of me again, and I thought by making it appear a kind of robbery he would discharge me; and on the Saturday before I took this plate to Leicester-place. I had a mind to rob the house on Monday, and after I had forced the door down stairs I thought it was not right and went to bed—nothing further happened on the Monday. On Tuesday night, when his lordship went to bed (he had been rather cross with me before about the carriage) he gave me two letters, one for the post, and told me rather angrily, that he was obliged to write those letters in consequence of my forgetting the carriage;

this was in the drawing-room, about eleven o'clock at night. I then went down stairs into the kitchen, and stood reading a book for some time. About twelve o'clock he rang the bell. I went up to him and took the lamp out. After that I thought he had gone up stairs to his bedroom; and when he rung his bedroom bell, I thought it was to warm his bed, and I took the warming-pan up with coals in just as usual, and he began to grumble because I did not go up to see what he wanted, instead of taking up the warming-pan. I told him he always used to ring the bell for the warming-pan, and that it was for that purpose he had rung; and he said that I ought always to go and answer the bell first, to see what he wanted. He took off his clothes, and I came down stairs again with the warming-pan, and I waited there until about twenty minutes past twelve. He rang again for me to warm his bed. He told me rather crossly, that I should take more notice of what I was doing, and what he was telling me, and pay him more attention.

"I did not answer at all, as I was very cross. I went down stairs, and put everything in the state it was found in the morning. As I was in the dining-room with a light, he came down stairs to the water-closet: he had his wax-light. I was in the dining-room, but as he had his slippers on, I did not hear him come down. He opened the dining-room door, and saw me. I could not escape his sight. He was quite struck, and said, 'What are you doing here?—you have no good intentions in doing this; you must quit my service to-morrow morning; and I shall acquaint your friends with it.' I made no answer. He went to the water-closet, and I went out of the dining-room down stairs. He was about ten minutes in the water-closet, and I waited to see what he would do after he came out. While he was in the water-closet I put some of the things to rights again in the dining-room. When he left the water-closet, he went into the dining-room, where he staid about a minute or two. I was on the corner of the stairs that goes from the dining-room to the kitchen. I watched him up stairs. I stopped perhaps an hour in the kitchen, not knowing what I should do. As I was coming up stairs from the kitchen, I thought it was all up with me, my character was gone, and I thought it was the only way I could cover my faults by murdering him. This was the first moment of any idea of the sort entering into my head. I went into the dining-room and took a knife from the side-board. I do not remember whether it was a carving-knife or not. I then went up-stairs. I opened his bed-room door and heard him snoring in his sleep; there was a rushlight in his room burning at this time. I went near the bed by the side of the window, and then I murdered him; he just moved his arm a little; he never spoke a word. I took a towel which was on the back of the chair, and wiped my hand and the knife; after that I took his key and opened the Russia leather box, and put it in the state it was found in the morning, and I took all the things that were found down stairs—the towel I put over his face; I took a purse, I also took a 10*l.* note from a note case, which I put in the purse, and put them in a basket in the back scullery; the day after I thought it would be better to put it behind the skirting board. I had, before I went to Richmond, lost a shilling behind the skirting board, so I thought that would be a good place to put it.

"While at Richmond, Lord William's locket dropped from his coat while I was brushing it. I picked it up, and put it in my trousers pocket, but had not the least idea of taking it. I intended to have returned it to his lordship, while I dressed him in the morning. I put my hand in my pocket at that time, but found I had changed my trousers; this was on the

morning we left Richmond for Camden-hill. I did not put the trousers on again while we were at Camden-hill. I did not recollect the trousers being different, and thought I had lost the locket. I then thought it best to say nothing about it. On the Friday morning I was looking at some of my old clothes, the policeman who had cut his chin was watching me, and in taking the trousers out of the drawer in the pantry the locket fell out of the pocket; it was wrapped up in a piece of brown paper; the policeman opened the paper and looked at it, and said, 'What's that?' I said to him it was a locket; but in the position in which I was, I did not like to say that it was Lord William's locket, as if I told the truth I should not be believed; the policeman then returned it to me, and I put it in my trousers pocket. The watch and seal were in my jacket pocket, which I had on until the Friday morning; and then I undid the ribbon, and took the seal off; it was the day the sweeps were in the house, which was either the Thursday or Friday; having the watch in my pocket the glass came out; I did not know what to do with it, as the police were watching me, so I took the watch from my pocket and put it in between the lining of my jacket, and twisted the pocket until I smashed the glass; after that I dropped some of the pieces about the dining-room; and, at different times, put the large pieces in my mouth, and afterwards, having broke them with my teeth, spat them in the fire-place. The watch I had by me until Friday morning. I then burnt the ribbon, and put the watch under the lead in the sink. I kept the seal in my pocket until they came into the dining-room to shew me the ring they had found behind the skirting board. When I was called to go down to the pantry, I let the seal fall and put my foot upon it, and afterwards put it behind the water-pipe in the scullery. Beresford and Cronin and two masons were there at the time taking the drain up, but did not see me do it. The watch, the seal, and the locket, together with two sovereigns, I had about me until the Friday, and if they had searched me they must have found them; but they did not do so until Friday, after I was taken into custody in my bed-room. The two sovereigns I afterwards (on the Friday, when I slipped the locket under the hearth stone) also slipped down near the wall under the flooring. I had scarcely had any beer all the week, and the ale that I had drunk that night, together with the wine, and some more I took after the cook went to bed, affected me. I turned up my coat and shirt sleeve of my right hand when I committed the murder. I did not use the pillow at all.

After I had committed the murder I undressed and went to bed as usual. I made the marks on the door on the outside, none of them from the inside, for the purpose of having it believed that thieves had broken in. I never made use of the chisel or the fire-irons. I placed the things about the house to give the appearance of robbery. It is not true that the bottom bolt was never used to secure the door; it was bolted that night. I took the jewellery after I had committed the deed. All the marks on the door were made from the outside on the Monday night, for I got out of the pantry window and broke in at the door, and while getting out of the pantry window made a little mark on the wall outside, near the water-pipe, which the witness Young saw, and mentioned in his evidence. I went to bed about two o'clock. I burned nothing. Sarah Mancer knew nothing about it. Neither did the cook, or any of the other servants. I am the only person who is at all guilty.

FRANÇOIS BENJAMIN COURVOISIER.

"(Witness) THOMAS FLOWER.

"WILLIAM WADHAM COPE.

"22nd June 1840."

On the 23rd of the same month, however, he made a short confession, in which he contradicted the statement of his master having threatened to discharge him, and which was in the following terms :—

“ After I had warmed his lordship's bed, I went down stairs and waited about an hour, during which time I placed the different articles as they were found by the police. I afterwards went to the dining-room, and took one of the knives from the side-board. I then entered the bed-room, and found him asleep. I went to the side of the bed, and drew the knife across his throat. He appeared to die instantly.”

“ *Prison of Newgate, June 23.*

“ This declaration was made before me this 23rd of June, 1840.

“ *WILLIAM EVANS, Sheriff.*”

His subsequent admissions tend very materially to shew that a considerable portion of his confession, even as amended, was untrue, and the frequent alterations which he made in his statements, leave room for much doubt as to many of the circumstances related by him.

On the 3rd of July he added another document to those which he had already written. It was headed thus :—“ François Benjamin Courvoisier gives some account of the short duration of his life, which is to terminate on the 6th day of July, 1840.” It was written in French ; and the following is a faithful translation from the original :—

“ I was born of very pious parents, who have neglected nothing on their part for my education and religious instruction ; on the contrary, they have done all in their power ; and if I am not so well informed as I should be, it is my own fault. It has been my evil habit to have always had a falsehood in my mouth ready to excuse what I did wrong, or what I omitted to do. I fancied that it was more disgraceful to have a bad memory than to be a liar. At the age of twelve, when I was very religious, I loved God and my parents, I was kind to my sisters, and took pleasure in doing what was good and right before God ; but unhappily the schoolmaster did not remain in my village, and his successor was not so religiously disposed. I soon forgot all the good I had been taught, and again became such as I was before. It is true that I was not immoral, but I had no longer those holy inclinations in my heart. I confirmed my baptismal vow at the age of sixteen, and afterwards received for the first time the Holy Communion. I now began to be righteous in the sight of men only, and I thought that this was the highest duty of a Christian, and that if I gave satisfaction to men I did so to God also. My parents had a peculiar affection for me, and placed much confidence in my good conduct ; they thought that I was the one in their family who was most anxious to reward the pains they had taken in my youth. I fancied that I loved my parents as myself ; but if I had indeed so loved them, I should not have acted as I have done. It is true that I considered myself a good Christian. I cannot say that I often thought of God, for then I should not have sinned as I have done ; all who knew me believed that I acted uprightly, and I thought so too. I had already acted unjustly towards Mrs. Fector, at the time of leaving her. I know that I should not have dared to act thus a year before. This proves that I had already begun to forget God, and that Satan had already some power over me. After I left Mrs. Fector, and went to my last unfortunate place, I felt confident in my own strength, and began to say within myself, ‘ Next year I will do such and such things,’ but never did I say, ‘ If it

pleases God.' During the first part of the time I was with Lord William Russell, I was tolerably comfortable until we went to Richmond, when Lord William always appearing dissatisfied, especially towards the latter part of the time, I fancied that I should not be able to remain with him, and having heard the other servants speak of different scenes (towns, villages, country-houses), I began to desire an employment which would enable me to travel through England. I afterwards formed an idea that I should be able to travel on foot from city to city for six months. I then intended to endeavour to procure a place or return to Switzerland. I thought I should be able to make my friends believe that I was in place during these six months. This was the beginning of my misfortunes, for I soon commenced to harbour still worse designs. I thought that I could go to a town, take a lodging, and after remaining five or six days I would depart without payment. I thought that 10*l.* or 12*l.* would suffice for this excursion, and began to seek an opportunity for departure. But this was not enough. I began to premeditate the seizure of what this venerable victim had with him in gold, bank notes, and his watch; but this did not satisfy me. Satan, who knew that he had my heart in his power, began to persuade me that it was not enough only to rob my master, and that if suspicion rested upon me the world would be ready to believe it: and as during the time I was at Camden Hill I read a book containing the history of thieves and murderers, being under the dominion of Satan I read it with pleasure, I did not think that it would be a great sin to place myself among them. On the contrary, I admired their skill and their valour. I was particularly struck with the history of a young man who was born of very respectable parents, and who had spent his property in gaming and debauchery, and afterwards went from place to place stealing all he could. I admired his cunning, instead of feeling horrified at it; and now I reap but too well the fruit of those papers and books which I had too long suffered to supplant devotional works; and this book—yes, this book—was read by me with more attention than the holy Bible. Why so? Because my heart was under the dominion of Satan, and I had forgotten for more than a month to pray to God, or to read his word, and perhaps I had not prayed to this Divine Saviour sincerely and from the bottom of my heart for twelve months. 'Thou honourest me with thy lips while thy heart is far from me, wherefore thou honourest me in vain, and thy words condemn thee instead of justifying thee.' But all I have just said did not satisfy the wicked desires of my heart. I have not been contented with robbing my master, having satisfied the devil, whose slave I was. My master thought me the guardian and the protector of his property. Oh, what a Judas I have been!—of what sins have I not been guilty? If I ask myself what commandment have I transgressed? my conscience tells me, all. Alas, I know well that I have taken Satan as my God; this is contrary to the 1st commandment. 2nd.—I have adored the riches and the pleasures of this world, and I have loved them more than God. 3rd.—I have often taken the name of the Lord in vain. 4th.—I have made the day of the Lord my day of pleasure and amusement. 5th.—I have disobeyed my parents. 6th.—I have murdered. 7th.—I have been in company with notorious debauchees. 8th.—I have robbed. 9th.—I have spoken ill of my neighbour. 10th.—I have desired the wealth of others. God says, however, that he who transgresses only one of his commands shall be excluded from the kingdom of heaven. He says that neither hypocrites, nor liars, nor thieves, nor murderers, shall

enter the kingdom of God. I am, however, guilty of all these ; and the good actions that I have done during my short life will not weigh as much in the balance of the justice of God as the wicked thoughts of my heart. If the transgression of a single commandment causes me to be condemned to death by the hand of man, what do I deserve at the hand of God after having disobeyed all the law, which is the commandment of God ? What punishment do I now deserve ? If, when I enjoyed a good character in the eyes of men, I was an abomination in the sight of God, what am I now before the Eternal ? If I am the greatest of sinners in the eyes of my fellow-creatures, how shall I appear in the eyes of Him who knows all my actions, my words, and my thoughts ? Condemnation and eternal sufferings are the portion I deserve."

During the time which intervened between the conviction and the execution of the wretched prisoner, he was once or twice visited by his uncle, a respectable servant in the service of Sir George Beaumont, to whom he made a statement, the substance of which was afterwards reduced to writing, and will be found to be subjoined. His general demeanour was befitting his awful situation, and he received with much attention the pious exhortations of the clergymen by whom he was attended.

On Saturday the 4th of July, two days before his execution, he addressed his final confession to Mr. Carver and M. Baup. It explains several circumstances upon which the public had hitherto been left in the dark.

"Newgate Prison, July 4th.

"After all the false statements which had been published in the newspapers, I feel constrained to tell you again all things as I related them to you when my uncle was here. If there are any contradictions, it is because I did not rightly understand the persons who questioned me, or because my answers were not well understood. It is true that I have not told the truth to Mr. Flower, but I have stated the reason why I did not. The public think now I am a liar, and they will not believe me when I say the truth ; therefore I pray you will correct all misunderstanding on the subject, and I think it is good that I should relate again all that has passed, and how it passed. The evil dispositions of my heart began by a strong dislike (hatred) of my situation, and by the wish for another situation. My next idea was that I could live at the expense of others. Then I thought that if I were to rob my master of 30*l.* or 40*l.* it would be so much gained and I had afterwards the idea that by killing my master the robbery would be better concealed, and that I should have done with him all at once, and be ready for my journey. I took the plate out of the house on Saturday or Sunday evening. I was waiting for a favourable opportunity of accomplishing my design.

"Monday evening the 4th of May, I had an evil thought of putting my hand to the work, but, after I had forced the door, a remnant of conscience told me that I was doing wrong. I stopped about ten minutes without knowing what to do. I vanquished the temptation of the devil, and went to bed, after having put again the door in order. Oh, if I had but determined so, on Tuesday night, how happy I should be ! I ought at least to have prayed to God, and thanked him for having preserved me during that temptation, but I went to bed like a dog, without thinking even that God had seen me. Tuesday evening, the 5th of May, I had some altercation with my master, but it was not worth while to speak of it. When he

was in bed I went down in the kitchen, where I remained about an hour and a half. During that time I placed all things in the state in which they were in the morning, in the passage, &c. I went up stairs, and going by the dining-room, I entered into it, and took a knife, I believe it was a great knife. I went up to Lord W. Russel's bed-room. When I opened the door I heard him asleep, and stopped for a while, thinking of what I was about to do; but the evil disposition of my heart did not allow me to repent. I turned up my coat and shirt-sleeve, and came near to the bed on the side of the window. There I heard a cry of my conscience, telling me, 'Thou art doing wrong;' but I hardened myself against this voice, and threw myself on my victim, and murdered him with the knife I was holding in my right hand. I wiped my hand and the knife with a towel, which I placed over the face of Lord William. I then took his keys, and opened the box in which he kept his bank-notes. The double Napoleons which I found were more than I expected; I put them in a purse with the rings, &c. I took also the watch, and placed them altogether in a basket till the morning. I placed a pair of shirt-buttons, a pair of spectacles, and ten sovereigns under the staircase carpet which goes from the drawing-room to Lord William's bed-room. I went to bed.

"On Wednesday, when the police had searched a little everywhere, I perceived that they watched me more attentively than the other servants, and that they began to examine very carefully; I crept in the bottom of the scullery and seized the parcel I had put there during the night, and put it in my pocket. As soon as I was in my pantry, I placed the purse where it was found. One of the police came then to me, and told me I must go with him, so that I had no time to conceal the watch. I was kept in the dining-room the whole day, excepting the time my room was searched, and I could not get rid of the watch.

"On Thursday, the 7th of May, when I went to bed, I took what I had placed under the staircase carpet.

"Friday morning, I wrapped the sovereigns in some paper, and concealed them in my stocking. I went down to the pantry. Nobody being there, I placed the watch and the ring where they have been found. The policemen came then in the pantry to shave and wash themselves. I went to the kitchen and burned the watch-ribbon. I did not know what I was to do with the seals and two watch-keys. I could not get rid of them for the present, and was replaced in the dining-room. All the morning I entertained the hope that the things I had hidden would not be discovered. I broke one of the watch-keys in three or four pieces, and then threw them in the fire-place. I broke also the top and the bottom (the two extremities) of the other. After they had found the purse, &c., they brought me down into the pantry, where I staid for some time. One of the inspectors went then into the scullery, in which I entered also, thinking of a place where I could conceal the two seals and the watch-key, the two extremities of which I had broken. The inspectors stooping to look under the sink, I placed the great seal where it was found, and threw the broken key among some old rubbish in the bottom of the scullery. I then came near the door. After that, two inspectors and two masons being there, when I saw them busily engaged I let the small seal fall to the ground, and put my foot upon it in order to bend it. I stooped, as if looking under the boiler, took up the seal with the left hand, and rose up. I leaned my hand against the wall for a time, waiting for the moment when those who watched me should turn their heads, and succeeded in placing the seal behind the pipe where it

was found. The inspectors went out thence to the kitchen, excepting one, who remained in the pantry with me for about an hour. During that time I let fall the small locket of Lord William's, and two sovereigns. They took me then to my room, where I was searched, for the first time. I had two policemen with me. They made me draw my boots, but not my stockings. I went not to bed on Friday night, nor on Saturday. On Sunday night I went to bed for five minutes, but I did not draw off my stockings. They made me rise up, and led me into prison. When I was in Tothill-fields prison they searched me very carefully. I feigned to be very cold and shivering, as a person who has the trembling fever, thinking they would let me keep my stockings on, but they told me to take them off, as I had three stockings, two on the right leg. I first took off the stocking which was alone, and then one of the others. When they were feeling if there was any pin or needle I placed my hand under my heel and concealed the ten sovereigns in a paper, under the thumb of my hand. The following morning they made me take a bath, when I had a good opportunity of hiding them on my person, where they remained till the morning of the day I came to Newgate. I thought that I should perhaps be examined more closely, and that, should that money be found on me, it would be sufficient to condemn me to death; but other evidence was found, and this was not wanted. I placed one behind the post of a bench in the cell of Bow-street, the last time I appeared before the magistrates; three on the top of the door, one on the window, as I believe, and four or five in the pit of the water-closet.

"This is, reverend sir, to the best of my recollection, a faithful account of what has passed since the time I conceived the dreadful idea of robbing and murdering my master to the day I came to Newgate. I wish to express to you my deep gratitude for the spiritual instruction you have given me, and your interest in the salvation of my soul.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your humble and thankful servant,

"F. B. COURVOISIER."

On the following day the condemned sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Carver, in terms befitting the occasion on which it was delivered.

The wretched criminal still appeared deeply sensible of his crime, and remained in prayer during the greater part of the day. At about eight o'clock in the evening he retired to rest, but awoke again at twelve, and then he gave directions that he should be called at four o'clock. At that hour he arose and dressed himself, and was occupied until the arrival of Mr. Carver in writing letters in the French language to some of his relatives. The reverend gentleman immediately entered upon prayer with the prisoner, affording him all the spiritual consolation which the situation in which he stood would admit. A few minutes after the arrival of Mr. Carver, M. Baup was introduced to the cell by Mr. Sheriff Wheelton, and the reverend gentleman also joined in prayer with the criminal.

At half-past six o'clock Mr. Newman, the principal turnkey of Newgate, was ordered to take the sacramental bread and wine into the prisoner's cell; and, in a few minutes afterwards, the holy sacrament was administered to him. The prisoner received it with great fervency of manner. After the conclusion of this religious rite, the execution proceeded, and at eight o'clock the 6th July, 1840, Courvoisier perished on the scaffold, in the presence of an enormous crowd of spectators.

Courvoisier admitted, a short time before his death, that he had contemplated self-destruction ; but the vigilant superintendence under which he was kept ever since he was placed within the walls of Newgate, rendered it impracticable for him to carry his meditated scheme into execution. It is related, that he proposed to take away his life by bleeding himself to death, and the following statement was published with regard to the discovery of his object :—

At half-past ten on Sunday night, Mr. Cope went to Courvoisier's room, and told him that he must go to bed. Upon receiving this intimation he seemed dissatisfied, and expressed unwillingness to strip. Mr. Cope, however, insisted that he should pull off his clothes, and the turnkey received directions to take away even his shirt. Mr. Cope then narrowly searched the clothes, and in the coat-pocket he found a strip of cloth folded up carefully. When Courvoisier saw the cloth in the governor's hand, he acknowledged that he intended to use it as a means of destruction. " In what way ? " asked Mr. Cope. " I intended," said he, to tie it tight round my arm, and to bleed myself to death in the night." " But how," said Mr. Cope, " could you have bled yourself ? " " I had made preparation," said he. " I had been looking about for a pin, but not being able to find one, I sharpened a bit of wood which you light your fires with, and I intended to bleed myself with that." " Where is that wood ? " said Mr. Cope. " That, too," replied Courvoisier, " you have deprived me of by changing my bed, in which I had deposited it." He then described to the governor the manner in which he intended to get rid of life ; and he declared he could easily have accomplished the object, if he had not been prevented by the caution of the governor. He stated then that he had, while in the water-closet, torn the extra cloth along the seams in the inside of his trousers, and fastened it together, for the purpose of using it as a ligature. Mr. Cope examined the mattress, which he had caused to be removed on Sunday night, but no piece of wood was found in it ; and it is believed that, in the confusion of removing it, the instrument dropped unperceived and was lost.

The wretched malefactor, at the time of his death, was twenty-three years of age, and was born of decent parents in Switzerland. Having received a moderately good education, he is reported to have come to England to his uncle, who has been before alluded to, through whose instrumentality he obtained several most respectable situations. In his career in the metropolis he does not appear to have been guilty of any conduct likely to draw upon him general attention, and the dreadful crime of which he was guilty seems to have been rather the result of a sudden impulse than of pre-determined malice. The motive which prompted the deed, it is clear from his confession, was that of avarice ; and while the human mind cannot sufficiently abhor an act of so atrocious a character, levelled against an aged and infirm man, unable to make any resistance, by his servant, whose duty it was to protect and assist him rather than assail him, one is at a loss to understand how a man of virtuous and sound mind could quit the path of rectitude, and, with such an object, commit so foul a murder.

It is not a little remarkable, that two members of the Bedford family met with sudden deaths before the noble lord whose destruction we have just related, though in neither instance by the hands of an assassin. A former Duke of Bedford, and the Marquis of Tavistock, the father of the deceased nobleman, were both of them killed while hunting,

CORRESPONDENCE FROM WOOD NOOK.

To the Editor of the Patrician.

DEAR SIR—My hermitage at Wood Nook is well known to you, though I sometimes think you have forgotten the way to it, for it has not lately been honoured by your visits. Perhaps its retirement from the busy world is one cause, for it is three miles distant from any railway, and I do not hear of any one in course of construction or projected that is likely to approach me more nearly. This non-proximity of the world has both its advantages and disadvantages. Among the latter I place the loss of valued intercourse, for I find several of my former acquaintance, who are engaged in the busy world, cannot find in their hearts to travel three miles by horses on a common road without fidgeting about the distance; ten or fifteen years ago the same parties would have ridden twenty miles without a grumble to shake hands with an old friend. I make excuses for all who, like you, are engaged in important public labours, and can only say to them, "Welcome to Wood Nook at all times and at all seasons," when books and business, proofs and printers' devils, wind and weather, will permit.

I had lately a visit from one of my very oldest friends—almost an octogenarian—my senior by thirty years at least. He was well known to your good father, and I believe he is not altogether unknown to you personally. During his sojourn at Wood Nook, our conversation seemed naturally to turn to old times and modern changes. While we were conversing on some events of half a century ago, our friend promised to send me a volume of manuscript letters which he had written from America to various parties, between the years 1793 and 1795, not only to gratify my own curiosity, but to make what use of I might think proper. In due course the volume arrived, and afforded me many an evening's pleasurable employment. It appears that he visited the Western World partly for business purposes—chiefly to make a tour through the United States—that he continued there less engaged in commercial pursuits than in noting down the habits and feelings of that recently severed portion of our English family; and in recording matters respecting both the people and the country that were new and strange to him. How little do we know of America as she was fifty years ago! How much of her present inhabitants and her cities! How few who visited the western shores, at the close of the last century, were qualified to present a true picture of what they saw and heard, or to record their own impressions. The letters now before me are a valuable record of the period: they seem like the voice of a past generation speaking to us. They are written in the fine, free, open spirit of youth; they are generally correct in facts, perhaps sometimes mistaken in references; but they are the mistakes of

a very young man, for the writer could not, at the time, have much exceeded the age of twenty; as a picture of American "Notions" half a century ago, they have a value which is possessed by no published volume with which I am acquainted; as a record of the characteristics of American cities and their population, they possess an interest which must be participated in both by the inhabitants of the Old and New World.

At the time when this gentleman first visited New York, that city contained about 25,000 inhabitants; it now contains not less than 366,000. Baltimore had a population of 15,000; it has now 105,000. Philadelphia had 70,000; and has now more than 200,000. What vast progress these cities exhibit, and how many hundreds, nay thousands of new cities have arisen on lands that were then forests, swamps, or prairies. Nearly two generations have passed away, leaving their works and the traces of their progress behind them. We cannot anticipate the changes that the next half century will produce; but doubtless present modes of thought and present customs are destined to become as antiquated as many of those that are alluded to in the following letters, which have passed away for ever.

It would be improper to bring these letters to light if they breathed unkindly thoughts, or if they would be likely to engender uncharitable feelings. Without any literary pretensions they convey much information; and, in my opinion, they ought not to be returned to the shelves of the magnificent library from which they were taken till this information has been extracted and given to the public. The writer is an honour to our nature and to our country; during many years of his life he merely cultivated his estate and acted as a country magistrate; latterly his life has been passed in retirement and repose, though not in indolence or inactivity. No man has better fulfilled the duties of an English country gentleman, while those of a Christian citizen have been performed with liberality and fidelity. Honoured by many of the greatest and the best, he has contributed to the well-being of all those objects in which the rich, the wise, and the good are interested; thus, much of his income has been devoted to benevolent purposes, while the cultivation of a fine taste in art and literature, and the formation of a splendid library, has claimed no small portion of his time and fortune.

Most of the parties to whom allusions are made in these letters, and those to whom the letters are addressed, are now no more. A few are living, but half a century has scattered some of these and changed others. Party feeling, which was high at the time when these letters were written, is moderated in them by good sense and liberality. A thorough churchman and a Tory, generous alike in thought and action, these letters of a "Young English Gentleman" plainly evince the feelings and character of the "Old English Gentleman," which it is the fashion of our days to admire, as if the race had passed away; though fine specimens are to be met with in every county of England. This character your readers may feel assured, and it is a comfortable assurance, is neither rare nor local,^a much less extinct.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

FRANK WOODBINE.

Wood Nook, August 1, 1848.

LETTER I. (9.) *To Mr. Z—, Liverpool.*

DEAR SIR—To discharge one obligation by soliciting another savours a little of the times; but such is my present aim, to plunge deeper into, instead of extricating myself from, your debt. I am obliged to you for your friendly information, and agree that it would have been better to have departed in March, but as the scheme arose from the turn affairs have taken since then, it could not then have been devised, as to have suspected at that time one-half of what has since happened would have bordered on the extravagant.

Our affairs still hold an unfavourable course, the disagreeable circumstance which you confirmed, was long suspected by us; but what did that avail? A wall cannot be supported in the instant of falling, nor that saved which it threatened to bury in its ruins. This affair may rest, it has arrived at its goal, which is not the case with the two somewhat similar affairs of Mr. S— and Mr. W—. The former daily expected a cargo, which he hoped would be wheat, or a remittance by the first packet, of which remittance we should have partaken; the latter was sorry his powers to assist were not so strong as his inclination. When you next write, my father will be obliged by your opinion respecting these accounts, and as to what dependence may be placed on the parties.

But to return, or rather to begin again. As I could not depart in March, and as it is too late to make the tour you suggest before the winter sets in, I think it will be best to start as early as possible. In July, or by the latter end of June, we shall have a more accurate knowledge of our circumstances, which will make us think and act differently from what we should otherwise have done.

My father, from a conversation he has recently had with a gentleman who has resided some time in America, thinks Baltimore, or some other large town, would be the place in which to pass my first winter; from whence I should be able to make some little excursions before the weather obliges me to take up my winter quarters; but in these matters I shall be guided by your judgment, and I think my letters of introduction will best point out where I should spend my winter to the most advantage.

When a ship is advertised to sail about the time I have mentioned, and to a port which you can recommend, I will thank you for the earliest intelligence, that I may make the necessary preparations. Your kindness on this subject gives birth to the mortifying consideration of my being your debtor for obligations which I can never hope to repay.

May 8, 1793.

I am, &c.

LETTER II. (16.) *To Mr. —, Trinity Hall, Cambridge.*

DEAR D.—Being on the point of my departure from England, our consanguinity, but more our friendship, prompts me to fulfil the pleasing task of wishing you farewell ere I embark for America.

Your expectations have not, I hope, been frustrated of reaping a full harvest from your studies, by cultivating them in a soil congenial to

their growth; and this hope partly reconciles me to the loss of your society and conversation, a gratification which I was more anxious than usual to anticipate this Term, as some time will probably now intervene before I can again enjoy it.

This letter is dated from S——, the pleasant country residence of Mr. Z——. It is a cottage situated on an extensive plain on the coast of Cheshire; * this plain has been long dedicated to the training of the noble courser. The house commands a view of all the vessels frequenting the port of Liverpool, and the situation is remarkably good for sea-bathing.

Misses Z——s, the only nymphs of these plains, make this their summer residence, and here enjoy in great perfection all the charms of rural life, and the benefits of the sea breezes.

The temporary absence of these ladies gives me the opportunity of writing to you, which I should otherwise have found difficult, as the "Sarah," in which I embark, sails in two days for Baltimore; she has accommodations for eight cabin passengers, all which berths are engaged; one of the state rooms is appropriated to my use. All the passengers, except myself, mess apart from the Captain, who appears to me to be a very sensible, agreeable man. The vessel which conveys another of your cousins to America (Philadelphia) is larger and finer than mine, the only superior advantage it possesses; it sails the first week in July.

I was glad to hear of the safe arrival of my aunt and cousins at Exmouth, and hope Betsey will experience the beneficial effects of the climate. I beg to be remembered to Ralph the first time you see him; I learnt from his sister that he was daily expected at Y——. In hopes of a happy meeting after my return,

June 24, 1793.

I am, &c.

LETTER III. (18.) *To Mr. K——, Hull.*

DEAR SIR—Mr. Z—— has this moment brought me your obliging letter; it was not my wish that you should be at any trouble in procuring me letters of introduction; I therefore consider myself as greatly obliged to your exertions. I am doubtful if I shall have an opportunity of delivering your letters to parties here, as the vessel sails to-morrow in which I shall embark for Baltimore. I was hurried from home; the same fate attends me here. By some strange casualty each day brings me two days nearer my departure; this partly proceeds from one of the owners wishing for the vessel's early departure, and consequently hurries the loading of the cargo. The offer of your correspondence is too flattering not to be eagerly seized, though perhaps at the expense of incurring the charge of presumption, but this is not paying dear for the pleasure and advantage attending it. Your small commission will not be neglected. I arrived at Mr. Z——'s of this town on Saturday evening, and accompanied him the next day to his country residence in Cheshire. Though delighted with the place we were obliged to return the following

* Near the present port of Birkenhead.

evening, that I might not lose my passage in the "Sarah," which was then only waiting for a favourable wind. This is an excellent vessel of 250 tons; the Captain dined with us yesterday; he appears to be an agreeable young man.

This port yet offers the gratifying sight of the red flying triumphant over the white flag; two prizes were brought in yesterday, though the one being an American bottom may perhaps ere long be deemed inferior to a blank.* The rumour of the moment is that Martinique is taken.

Liverpool, June 26, 1793.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV. (19.) To C—— L——, Esq., Rotterdam.

DEAR SIR—The vessel in which I have embarked for America, now lying wind-bound on the coast of Cheshire, affords me a favourable opportunity of returning you my thanks for your last kind and friendly letter; this agreeable office would have been sooner executed, had I not been hurried from home under the expectation that the vessel would sail sooner than I was at first led to understand. During the few days of my detention at Liverpool, I had my abode at a friend's house, who luckily for me has his country residence, where part of his family at present reside, near the very place where our vessel is at present at anchor. Here I have for four days been a troublesome guest, and shall probably continue some days longer, as the west winds still blow with unremitted violence.

I beg you will not conclude that I lately asked your advice, with the prior resolution to follow it no further than it agreed with my own determination; on the contrary I should have been swayed by your reasoning, had I not perceived that my intentions were mistaken from their not being expressed with sufficient clearness. It is true that I mentioned *employment*, by which I would be understood, that after making the tour of the States (my first and principal design), I should feel no objection to dedicate eighteen months or two years to any *general* and respectable merchant's counting-house, provided that my time and services, free of all expense to the party, would be acceptable.

Being of a somewhat sedentary disposition, which would be too much encouraged at home, the thought of this voyage pleased me. Perhaps on my return our trade may be more brisk, or something may occur to keep up a spirit of exertion. *Entre nous*, I was dwindling, by a residence at home for five years, to something so tame and domestic, that I might be considered as one who spent one half the year in wasting powder and shot in pursuit of game, and employed the remainder in watching his father's counting-house, and carrying his letters to the post-office.

Were I going upon the "employment hunt," or even to "make a fortune," I should depart with a heavy, anxious heart; my feelings are quite the reverse, and I thought you knew me better than to suppose I should pay any consideration to toil and danger. The entertaining of

* After the above was written, a decision was given in favour of the American vessel, with £2000 damages.

such any idea on an expedition of this kind would raise a smile in nine-tenths of the world; yet your foresight has not conjured up what is yet more terrible—the being shut up in a place nine feet by twelve with disagreeable company; besides men and women we have four children in the cabin and five among the steerage passengers; but this is not all; we are likely to have an increase before we cross the Atlantic, as two of the women have pretty prominent natural pads. Apropos, has this elegant and modest fashion, in its artificial guise, got footing on your continent? No further addition or subtraction of dress can now occasion me any surprise, though, to the credit of the British fair, 'tis a fashion universally eschewed except in London. In the hope of meeting your answer at Baltimore,

Liverpool, July 4, 1793.

I am, &c.

LETTER V. (25.) To Mr. C—— L——, Rotterdam.

I NOW, my dear friend, have the pleasure of announcing my arrival in America, without having experienced any mishaps or extraordinary adventures, during a long though pleasant passage of sixty days. I answered your last kind letter from a villa on the coast of Cheshire; the day after we weighed anchor, and bade adieu to Old England. As my companions on board (except the Captain) were not altogether to my taste, I made the deck my head-quarters, and determined to be interested by the most trivial occurrences. The inhabitants of the deep that chanced to fall in our way consisted of porpoises, whales, sharks, turtles, dolphins, and flying-fish; with the two last I was the most pleased, they yielded us food as well as amusement. Perhaps there is no creature of which such enormous ideas have been formed as the dolphin, for notwithstanding the peculiarity in the prow-like form of its head, to which it perhaps owes its uncommon velocity, it is a well-formed fish, and yields to none in brilliancy of colour. In the water it appears of a fine blue, with golden fins and tail; but in the agonies of death it exhibits every variety of hue. When properly cooked, the dolphin is a good fish, though naturally dry; a full-grown one will weigh upwards of 20 lbs. The flying-fish is not less delicately beautiful than curious; the one that I examined was about eight inches long, of a silver white excepting its back, which was a fine dark blue, its wings or fins were, when expanded, of the breadth of three fingers, and extended to its tail. Notwithstanding these powerful aids to locomotion, the flying-fish is seldom able, when pursued, to escape the jaws of its insatiable tyrant, the swift-finned dolphin.

On the 19th August a sail came in sight to windward, which immediately bore down upon us with all the sail she could crowd, dropped close under our stern, and came along-side; she gave herself out for an English vessel from Jamaica, but the deception was too apparent—every appearance bespoke her a French *lettre-de-marque*; she was French built, had no name on her stern, and, excepting a few British or Americans, her crew were also French; she carried sixteen guns besides swivels. Our answers respecting the war appeared to give satisfaction; she behaved with the greatest civility, and at departure wished us a pleasant

voyage; she could not have pleased us better, for it required a tranquil eye to see unmoved the crowded decks, smoking matches, and projecting cylindricals. Our next adventure, in consequence of the war, was off the Capes of Virginia, when the "Orion," an English 74, sent her boat on board of us, and by this untimely interruption kept us two days longer out of the Chesapeake.

The Chesapeake is one of the largest bays in the world, running nearly 300 miles in a northerly direction; it is the receptacle of those immense rivers which the people of Virginia and Maryland have made subservient to their commercial pursuits. It is twelve miles wide where the Capes Henry and Charles form the entrance, but it expands considerably as you proceed up the bay (being in this respect the reverse of the Delaware), nor does it become more contracted till after you have passed the boundaries of Virginia. The great expanse of the bay till our near approach to Baltimore, prevented us from obtaining a detailed view of its shores, which, however, appeared to present one uniform range of wood, bordered by a narrow sandy beach. Kent's Island, opposite Annapolis, is the only one of the numerous islands in this bay of any importance; it presented us with richly diversified scenes. The island, and the various projections from either shore, gave this part of the bay the appearance of a vast, irregular lake, animated by numerous vessels, whose mazy evolutions afforded a pleasing variety; nor was the adjacent country unworthy the scene. Here we saw the abrupt cliff over whose brow nodded the pendant grove—there the smiling meadow and fruitful orchard—whilst the more distant woods disclosed snug embosomed villas. We had now a succession of beautiful prospects till we arrived at Baltimore. Having conducted you to the American shore, you will probably feel inclined to dismiss your pilot, but I must first tell you that my original plans are deranged in consequence of the dreadful disorder now raging in Philadelphia, with all the horrors of the plague. Since its commencement two or three thousand people have fallen a sacrifice. From seventy to one hundred and twenty die daily, although the greater part of the inhabitants have deserted their houses. Medicine is either totally neglected or little relied upon; resignation or despair prevails. The greater number of the physicians have either deserted their posts or fallen victims to the disorder, thus shewing the little confidence they feel in their art. If any hope remain from human aid, it is centred in the efforts of the benevolent Dr. Rush, whose assiduity still cheers those whom he is able to visit; he devotes the whole day to visiting, and part of the night to planning the means of assisting his fellow-citizens. Many who quit the city are denied refuge elsewhere, and are consequently driven back to breathe again its infected air, where the most common sight is the unattended bier, with the miserable drivers—all blacks; for these poor creatures seem to be as much disregarded by the fever as they disregard its effects.

Baltimore, Oct. 4, 1793.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI. (26.) *To Mr. A—B—, Jun., Baltimore.*

DEAR SIR—Feeling certain that the intelligence of our safe arrival
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at New York will be agreeable to you is one of my inducements to write. A detail of the occurrences of our journey would, I fear, fail to amuse you, especially as they partook of the *Gambian* hue; the epidemical interrogatories, with their trains of oaths, bayonets, and passes, appeared events of considerable magnitude at the time, yet we now cheerfully commit them to oblivion. It is unwise to renew grievances, besides, one fortunate incident of our journey made ample reparation for the numerous discords it introduced into our serene tempers; this was nothing less than meeting with our mutual friend Mr. R——, who found no difficulty in detaining us to dinner at his hermitage. He mentioned his intention of visiting *the busy bottom in the wilderness*, in compliance with an invitation from a *particular friend* of his.

On Thursday, P—— and myself, by kissing the Evangelists, procured the free range of this city, and yesterday we separated upon our different cruises. We however failed in one of our purposes, that of finding better lodgings, that is to say, we could not find any others—to find worse was impossible—having got into a similar berth to one which Noah had in his ark for the accommodation of all manner of creeping things.

Should any letters have arrived for me by the last packet they must ere this be in your possession; please to forward them, directed to me, to the care of Messrs. Haviland and Haydock, and I shall feel further obliged if you will forward my trunk when you can meet with some Captain of a vessel who will oblige you by making it his care. I should wish to be informed when my letter was forwarded to Rotterdam. I beg my best respects to all inquiring friends, but more especially to Mrs. B——, who, I hope, ere this, is perfectly recovered from her cold. P—— takes this opportunity of presenting his respects, whilst

New York, Oct. 12, 1793.

I remain, &c.

(To be continued.)

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

MELPOMENE ! sad Queen of all the Nine,
 Descend in sombre majesty divine !
 Deign t' inspire a votary at thy feet,
 Who woos the Muses in their lone retreat ;
 Leave for a while those solitary groves,
 Which " ever-musing " Melancholy loves ;
 Appear once more, in just poetic rage,
 To banish folly, and improve the age !
 Oh ! weep with me th' immortal Shakespear's doom,
 And strew fresh laurels o'er his with'ring tomb ;
 'Tis thine to mourn, when folly rears her head,
 His plays neglected, taste and feeling fled !
 They tire the critics of our present time,
 Who say, " though splendid, they are too sublime,
 Not to be named with Vestris all divine,
 Nor Taglioni in a *higher line* !"
 But dear Italian music's their delight,
 Love's sweetest language, which they read and write—
 'T would kill them if they understood it quite.
 Oh ! how magnificent that dear Signor,
 But tragedy they vote a perfect bore ;
 " How tiresome " (exclaims old Lady Bluff) ;
 " My Anne's too nervous for such tragic stuff,
 ' *One act of every thing* ' is quite enough.
 Moore's melodies are now quite out of fashion,
 Italian music is her darling passion."
 One act of every thing ! 'tis just the way,
 To suit the taste of this enlightened day.
 Why should this be, when we so proudly boast
 Our March of Intellect ? Alas, it's forced !
 No more we give " the human blossom " time
 By slow degrees to ripen into prime ;
 No more, by exercise, or healthful play,
 Strengthen the plant 'gainst premature decay ;
 No more for children shine the lightsome hours,
 " We burst the buds, and spoil the promised flow'rs ;"
 The joys of childhood, ever on the wing,
 Are lost to them ev'n in their early spring :
 Sweet days of innocence ! already past,
 They're men and women ! yes, the die is cast,
 Which thrusts them forward in their happiest age,
 To act their parts on life's uncertain stage !

To prove "the March" like steam, is on its speed,
 Our prodigies, before they spell, must read ;
 And soon we've hopes some new device from France
 May teach our darlings, ere they walk, to dance :
 Delightful land ! where dear mammas must run,
 To "finish" Misses ere they 're well begun ;
 Each art and language they 've already scanned—
 Doubtless they have—but do they understand ?
 Scraps of each science hammer'd on their brain,
 Give few ideas—fewer they retain,
 And so—our prodigies come home again.
 Nature, great model ! at whose shrine I bend,
 Whence all this taste, its object and its end ?
 Time, so well saved, affords six hours each day,
 In which pale victims strum their youth away,
 It matters not their lacking taste or ear,
 Since execution's all that 's wanted here.
 Oh hapless hours ! in which the ductile mind
 Might be informed, corrected, and refined ;
 Temper prepared to meet the ills of life !
 First, and most needful virtue in a wife !
 For wanting that "the music of the spheres"
 Would sound discordant in a husband's ears !
 Reason improved by books will teach the heart
 Those nameless charms beyond the reach of art,
 From well-chosen books spring thoughts sublime or gay,
 And thought gives fancy intellectual play ;
 Hence conversation "med'cine of the mind,"
 That social link, which souls congenial bind ;
 Nor cards, nor scandal, can those friends require,
 Who thus converse around their evening fire.
 "Music hath charms," when taste and ear unite,
 To cheer a happy father's social night,
 Or when a wife beloved, at close of day,
 Delights her husband with his fav'rite lay ;
 Disdaining every foreign "air or grace,"
 That tends to affectation or grimace ;
 Her ready fingers running o'er the keys,
 Careless to shine, but emulous to please,
 While young companions hail the merry dance,
 Nor miss the waltz from Germany or France :
 That waltz Great Britain's daughter should despise,
 Unsuitable to our manners or our skies ;
 With modest dignity quite out of place,
 Failing in moral or poetic* grace.
 Oh ! could "the March" produce such matchless men
 As have been once, but may not be again ;
 Marchers might halt, schoolmasters stay at home,
 And Dulness weep o'er Affectation's tomb :
 Their genius fostered in the olden schools,
 Aimed not at speed, the boast of modern fools ;

* Lady Morgan has called dancing the "Poetry of motion."

Toiling for years to reach the good they sought,
They gained too much to deem it dearly bought ;
Thus nobly earned, and won immortal fame,
Leaving their works to prove how just their claim.
They wrote not books to live their little day,
And pass like summer butterflies away ;
Whose gaudy covers, like the insect's wing,
Soon lose the gold, but keep the serpent's sting :
Better for some, as butterflies to pass,
Than hide that sting, like serpent in the grass !
With flow'ry language and seductive phrase,
Beguiling youth from virtue and her ways ;
Robbers and murderers as heroes shine,
And vice is worshipp'd as a thing divine :
Guilt well disguised assumes fair virtue's face,
And " nature's laws " miscalled " the law of grace ; "
Alas for them ! may Heav'n avert their doom !
When called to meet the horrors of the tomb !
What hope for those whose sacrilegious hand,
Spread foul contagion o'er their native land !
One hope remains, as little boys at play,
Delight in bubbles, bright with colours gay ;
Ev'n while they gaze, the shadows melt in air,
And soon they wonder why they thought them fair ;
And thus shall perish each ephemeral thing,
That soars aloft on fashion's airy wing !
Alas ! it is a fearful crime to write
Such works as only dazzle and excite ;
Rousing young passion from its peaceful sleep,
To rage like storms that swell the troubled deep :
While infidelity, with serpent care,
Fascinates the victims caught in vice's snare,

MRS. SOMERS.

THE CRAWFORD PEERAGE.

IN 1808, George Crawford, twentieth Earl of Crawford, died without issue. His two brothers, Robert Lindsay Hamilton, and Bute Lindsay, had previously died without issue. Of his two sisters, the Lady Jean, who was Countess of Eglinton, predeceased him many years; and the Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, who was born about 1760, survived her brother.

To the ancient Earldom of Crawford, conferred so far back as 1398, there were annexed large estates in Ayrshire, Fifeshire, and elsewhere; and as there was a very general belief that a male heir to the honours and possessions somewhere existed, our readers will not wonder that several persons of the name of Crawford began to examine their pedigrees, in the hope of establishing a claim to the prize now rendered vacant by the death of the twentieth Earl.

Before we allude to the claimants, it will be right to give a brief sketch of the family pedigree.

The family name of the Earls of Crawford was originally Lindsay; and so continued until the eldest line became extinct on the death of John Lindsay, eighteenth Earl of Crawford, in London, without issue, on the 25th December, 1749.

The title then reverted to Lord Viscount Garnock, who was descended from Earl John's grand-uncle, the Hon. Patrick Lindsay, second son of the fifteenth Earl.

This Hon. Patrick Lindsay had married Margaret Crawford, daughter and heiress of Sir John Crawford of Kilbirnie in Ayrshire, by whom the estates of Kilbirnie came into the family. The descendants of that marriage (which took place on the 27th December, 1664) all bore the surname of Crawford.

Thus, when the Earldom of Crawford passed into the Garnock line in 1749, the family name and the title became, for the first time, identical.

After the death of George, the twentieth Earl, in 1808, a Mr. John Crawford, residing near Castledawson, in the county of Derry, in Ireland, bethought him of certain traditions that seemed to authenticate his connexion with the Earl's family.

He amassed a large amount of very plausible *parole* evidence, much of which was undoubtedly true; and of which the bearing seemed so favourable to his claim that Lord Brougham (then at the bar) and other very eminent lawyers, were of opinion that he was the true heir to the earldom.

A commission was duly issued, and aged witnesses deposed—1stly. That the last Lord Crawford had expressed his belief that the heir to his honours would be found in Ireland; and 2dly. That the claimant's great-grandfather, one James Crawford, had lived at Castledawson as bailiff or land-steward, and that the popular belief had ascribed to this man (who died in 1769, at Anaghmore, near Castledawson) some connexion with the Earl of Crawford's family.

There was no doubt that the claimant's great-grandfather was one James Crawford; the *pinch* of his case was to identify the James in question (who held the humble situation of land-steward) with the Honourable James Crawford, third son of John, first Viscount Garnock.

To account for the degrading position of the Viscount's son, it was alleged that he was obliged to fly from Scotland into Ireland, in or about 1719, to escape the consequences of having killed an opponent unfairly in a duel. Of course, the more humble and obscure his situation in Ireland, the more complete his disguise. The tradition of a Crawford of the Kilbirnie family having sought shelter and privacy under some such circumstances at Castledawson, was vouched for by members of the Dawson family, of unimpeachable integrity.

So far, *one* important difficulty appeared to be cleared away.

Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford became seriously alarmed. The claimant appeared to make such a plausible case, that she began to fear she should ultimately have to surrender to him the princely possessions of which she was life rentrix.

She, however, ascertained, by much labour and research, that her grand-uncle, the Hon. James Crawford, so far from having been Baron Dawson's bailiff at Castledawson, *had never been in Ireland in his life*. It is proverbially hard to prove a negative; yet the evidence her ladyship produced of *this* negation, seems perfectly irrefragable. For the Hon. James Crawford had held *public situations* in Scotland, requiring his constant presence and occasional signature; he had been personally exposed to the censure of the presbytery; he had been defendant in a lawsuit at Edinburgh, of all which transactions the proofs are to be found in the public and judicial records of the country; and the events thus authenticated all occurred during *precisely the period* when the claimant represented him as having lain *perdû* in Ireland.

From Scotland he is traced to London, where he died in 1744; as the entry of his burial in the church books of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields fully testifies.

Thus, it is clearly impossible that the Hon. James Crawford can have been identical with his namesake, the claimant's great-grandfather; who died in 1769, in the county Derry, as the claimant's own witnesses deposed; and who certainly did not combine the incompatible functions of a skulking land-steward to an Irish estate, and a public official in Scotland.

The story of the unfair duel, and the flight to Ireland, to escape its results, is probably true, but referable to another member of the Crawford family; perhaps to Archibald Crawford, a captain in the Army, who, there is reason to believe, was in Ireland about the period specified. Archibald was uncle to the Hon. James, and brother of the first Viscount Garnock of Kilbirnie. He died without issue in 1736.

The House of Lords dismissed the claim of Mr. John Crawford (or, as he styled himself, John Lindsay Crawford) on the production of the entry

proving that the Hon. James Crawford was interred at Saint-Martin's-in-the-Fields in 1744.

The discomfited claimant attacked the authenticity of that entry, and pronounced it to be a forgery. He does not appear to the present writer to have done so on sufficient grounds. But had he even established his accusation on this point, still it seems clear enough that James the Irish bailiff was not James the Viscount's son. We must, however, concede, that the claimant demonstrated that he was, somehow, allied to the Earl's family; but whether illegitimately or otherwise does not appear; and he utterly failed in investing himself with the character of heir.

The reader will remember that we have already stated that the Hon. Patrick Lindsay, younger son of the fifteenth Earl of Crawford, married, in December, 1664, Margaret Crawford, the heiress of Kilbirnie. Of that marriage there were issue,

1. John Crawford, first Viscount Garnock, born 12th May, 1669.
2. PATRICK CRAWFORD, who *d.* 1716.
3. Captain Archibald Crawford, already mentioned.
4. Charles Crawford, who *d.* 1699.
5. Margaret Crawford, *m.* the Earl of Glasgow, and was ancestress of the present Glasgow family.
6. Anne, the wife of H. Maule Esq.; and
7. Magdalene, wife of Dundas of Duddingstone.

The descendants of John, first Viscount Garnock, having failed by the death of the last Earl of Crawford without issue in 1808, the Rev. Doctor Crawford, a clergyman of the established church, residing in Dublin, set up a claim to the peerage, as being the great-grandson of Patrick Crawford, younger brother of Lord Garnock; who, it is alleged, came to Ireland and married a Miss Nangle. This marriage rests upon the evidence of oral tradition; but there seems no reason to doubt it; for the witnesses are persons of unimpeachable character; and the generation is not so remote from the Rev. claimant (being only the *fourth*) as to render an accurate retention of the particulars either difficult or improbable. But church-books were at that time so irregularly kept in Ireland, and in many parishes not kept at all, that documentary evidence is often unattainable.

What seems to corroborate the probability that Patrick Crawford left issue, is the following entry in the Scots Magazine for the year 1740, "Died, July, 1740, Joseph Crawford, Esq., *nephew* to the late Viscount Garnock, lately returned from his travels."

And in the "Daily Post" newspaper for July 9, 1740, there is the following passage: "Yesterday, died, in the 25th year of his age, at his lodgings at Brompton, the Hon. Joseph Crawford, Esq., *nephew* to the late Lord Viscount Garnock, a gentleman lately arrived from his travels, in order to take possession of a plentiful estate."

From a careful collation of the date of Joseph's birth (which, from the above extract, must have been 1715) with the dates of the births, deaths, and marriages of his own and the preceding generation, it is demonstrable that he must (to have been the nephew of the Viscount Garnock who in 1740 was termed "*the late Viscount*") have been the son of one or other

of that nobleman's three brothers, Patrick, Archibald, or Charles. The present writer believes that Archibald is admitted to have died unmarried; Charles died a mere lad in 1699; and there only remains Patrick, who is alleged, on most respectable oral authority, to have married Miss Nangle; and be it observed that the contemporaneous record we have quoted, goes to shew that *one*, at all events, of Lord Garnock's brothers married and left issue.

In 1842 an inquiry was set on foot, on behalf of a certain Mr. William Crawford (who died in the course of the same year, leaving issue two sons, William Henry and Charles) in order to ascertain if any evidence was attainable in support of a family tradition that derived his descent from the Earls of Crawford. The *disjecta membra* of his information were as follows:

HENRY CRAWFORD, Esq. (alleged by oral tradition to have been the son of a Scotch officer in King William's army, who fell at the Boyne) married Elizabeth, daughter of Archdeacon Jasper Brett, who was Chancellor of the Diocese of Down. Henry entered the army at an early age; and on the 22d July, 1715, was appointed to the commission of Captain in the 9th Dragoons. The record of that appointment is at the War Office. By his marriage with Miss Brett he left three sons:

1. Henry, who *m.* a Miss Buckley, and whose issue are exhausted.
2. NICHOLAS, who *m.* a Miss Jane Atkinson, and who was barrack-master of Philipstown and Tullamore from 1756 till his death in 1808.
3. John, born in 1734, who *m.* Jane, sister of Sir Richard Borough, baronet, and who was a captain in the 26th, or Cameronian Regiment. He was subsequently Mayor of Chichester, in England, where he *d.* in 1817, leaving issue the present John Leslie Crawford, Esq., of Grange, near Moy, co. Tyrone.

NICHOLAS (the second son of the elder Henry) left, amongst other issue* by his wife Miss Atkinson, a son WILLIAM, who married in 1788 a Cornish lady named Tretallack, by whom he had two sons, WILLIAM (the proposed claimant, who *d.* in 1842) and Richard; and one daughter, Catherine, unmarried.

* The issue of NICHOLAS CRAWFORD, who reached maturity, were,

1. Henry, who *m.* Miss Matilda Briscoe, of the King's County, and *d.* in 1813, in Tullamore, leaving no issue.
2. Thomas, a barrister, who *m.* first, Miss Du Croq, of a French Huguenot family. He *m.* secondly, Mrs. Barry, the celebrated actress. He left no male issue by either lady.
3. WILLIAM, who *m.* in 1788 Miss Jane Tretallack of Cornwall, by whom he had (as stated in the text) two sons, WILLIAM and Richard, and a dau. Catherine. He *d.* at Cheltenham in 1824.
4. Catherine, *b.* the 16th September 1753, *m.* 1777, Rev. Thomas Wilson, D.D., S.F.T.C.D., and Rector of Ardstraw, co. Tyrone. She *d.* in Feb. 1835.
5. Jane, *d.* unmarried in 1821.
6. Elizabeth, *m.* Captain John Stacpoole, of Newtown Stacpoole, co. Clare. She *d.* in 1843, leaving no issue.

All the descendants of Captain Henry Crawford* had invariably received from their progenitors the tradition "that they were descended from the Earls of Crawford in Scotland;" but as this family reputation did not particularize the links that connected Captain Crawford with his Scottish forefathers, it was totally useless for the purpose of establishing a claim to the dormant peerage.

One very curious circumstance turned up in the search for evidence.

Miss Catherine Crawford, (sister of the proposed claimant) having heard that there was "an old Crawford tombstone" in the churchyard of Derrybrusk, in the county Fermanagh, proceeded to the spot to examine it. There she found a stone bearing the following inscription:

"Here lies the Body of John Lindsay Crawford, 2d son of the Honorable Viscount Garnock of Kilberney, in Scotland, who departed this Life on the 2d of June, in the year 1745, aged 47 years. Also the Body of his Brother James Lindsay Crawford, 3d son of the aforesaid Honorable Viscount Garnock, who departed this life 1st December, 1745, aged 45 years."

Miss Crawford was rejoiced at this discovery. It seemed to her to furnish a presumption that members of Lord Crawford's family must have made a settlement in Ireland. This might, she thought, be inferred from the circumstance of *two* sons of Lord Garnock being buried at Derrybrusk.

It did not occur to her that the tombstones were a rank forgery. Yet such is the undoubted fact.

The Hon. John Crawford, whose name appears upon its lying surface, died in Edinburgh on the 25th February, 1739, and is interred in the Greyfriars' churchyard in that city. The Hon. James Crawford, who is associated with his brother John in the Derrybrusk inscription, died, as we have already seen, in 1774, in London, and is buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

The fabricator of the Derrybrusk tombstone probably intended it to support a line of evidence he meant to invent in behalf of a *certain claimant*; and with this view he appears to have thought that its apparent authenticity would be strengthened by quietly interring *two* brothers together beneath it.

But the proofs of John Crawford's death in Edinburgh in a different year from that stated on the tombstone, transpired subsequently to the fabrication; which was therefore rendered altogether unavailable as evidence, and withal somewhat perilous to its ingenious contriver. The entire case thenceforth required to be recast; and the audacious forgery was left to repose amongst the brushwood and briars of Derrybrusk, where it would have probably lain unnoticed and forgotten, if it had not been accidentally discovered in 1842 by Miss Catherine Crawford, when searching for evidence in her brother's behalf.

Not one of the claimants has, as yet, arrived at anything like legal proof; nor is there any present probability that such will be ever attained.

* His death is thus recorded in the Dublin edition of "The Gentleman's and London Magazine for 1757," p. 496, under the head of "Monthly Chronologer for Ireland:—"

"Died, 5th September, in Dorset Street, Henry Crawford, Esq. He served with reputation as a Captain of Dragoons in the armies of Q. Anne, and K. George I."

He was buried at St. Mary's, Dublin, 9th Sept. 1757

But it is unquestionable that they all have ample moral evidence of some species of connection with Lord Crawford's family; although the irremediable defect of documentary proof, arising from the careless and irregular habits of unsettled times, unfortunately leaves the details of their several claims unascertained.

The descent, vaguely vouched by family tradition, may be both lawful and lineal; and yet the facts, if known, might utterly fail in creating a legal inheritance of honours. For example: Any one of the claimants of the Crawford peerage might descend from the marriage of some *daughter* of the family with a gentleman named Crawford. Of course this species of descent would create no title to the earldom in question: and might in a few generations be easily confounded by oral tradition with a descent creative of inheritance.

There can, however, be little doubt that the true heir to the Crawford earldom exists amongst the Irish families of the name of Crawford.

There was a Henry Crawford of Easterterm, descended of Kilbirnie. May not Captain Henry Crawford of the 9th Dragoons have been of this line?

It only remains for us to observe that the Crawford estates, on the death of Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, passed to the late Earl of Glasgow, who descended in the fourth generation from Margaret Crawford, daughter of the Hon. Patrick Lindsay, and his wife Margaret Crawford, of Kilbirnie in Ayrshire, and sister of the first Lord Viscount Garnock.

Since the above was written, the House of Lords have confirmed the claim of the Earl of Balcarras to the Earldom of Crawford. It must be conceded, that when forty years had elapsed after the death of the last Earl, without the appearance of any descendant of the nearer, or Crawford line, of the family, who was able to prove his pedigree, it was high time for the House to fiat the claim of Lord Balcarras; an undoubted descendant of the more remote, or Lindsay line of the ancient stock of the Earls of Crawford.

PEDIGREE OF THE IRISH BRANCH.

Henry Crawford, Captain 9th Dragoons, = Elizabeth, dau. of Archdeacon Jasper
by commission dated 22d July, 1715; Brett, by Mary, dau. of Dr. McNeill,
d. in Dublin 5th Sept. 1757. Dean of Down.

Miss Buckley = Henry Crawford. Nicholas Crawford, *b.* 1725, = Jane, dau. of
m. 1748, barrack-master of Capt. At-
Philipstown, &c., 1756; *d.* kinson.
1808.

Robt. Crawford, = Jane
d. 1799. No Ross.
issue.

Henry Crawford,
m. Matilda Bris-
coe, *d.* 1813. No
issue.

Thos. Crawford,
a barrister, *m.* No
twice. male issue.

William = Jane Tre-
Crawford tallack.

b. 1753, *m.*
1777, *d.*
1835.

Catherine, = Rev.
Thos. Will-
son.

Jane C.,
d. unm.
1821.

Elizabeth C., wife
of John Stack-
poole, Esq., co.
Clare, *d.* with-
out issue, 1843.

John-Leslie
Crawford,
Esq., of
Grange,
Moy.

Jane, sister of = John Crawford, *b.* at
Sir Richard Killough, 1734, Capt.
Borough, Bt. 26th Regt., Mayor of
Chichester, *d.* 1817.

Catherine Crawford. Mary Pearce = William Craw-
ford, *b.* 1789,
m. 1829, *d.*
1842, in
London.

Richard = Miss
Crawford. Roche.

Jane Wilson, *b.* = Joseph Daunt,
1779, *m.* 1806,
d. 1816. Esq., of Kilca-
scan, *b.* 1779,
d. 1826.

2 other
daus.

Richard Borough
Crawford, Esq.,
Capt. R.N.

William-Henry Charles
Crawford, *b.* Crawford.
in 1829.

Issue.

W. J. O'N. Daunt, Thomas
Esq., of Kilcscan. W. Daunt.

1. Catharine,
and
2. Lavinia
Daunt.

THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE
AND
THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF
SIR JOHN MOORE.

‘*Ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί.*’

EURIPIDES.

PROGRESSION, advancement, improvement; ardent and enthusiastic aspirations after excellence, purity, and happiness, would seem to constitute the original and elementary principles, the veritable and ineradicable instincts, of that highly developed refinement, that shrinking and delicate sensitiveness—that spirituality—which may, perhaps, be regarded as forming the essential foundation of the poetic temperament: that temperament which is kindled into rapturous excitement by the contemplation of the embodied representatives of the beautiful; the material symbols of the grand, the vast, the indefinite, in which the prophet-spirit riots, careers, luxuriates; thus arriving at that exaltation of its powers, that anticipative development of its being, through which, “upborne by indefatigable wing,” an intellectual altitude is achieved, where, bathed in the living lustre of immortality, it is enabled to read and recognise the divine impress which conveys the assurance of its own quenchless existence, and to win, as it were, a foretaste and earnest of that pure, abstract, and passionless enjoyment, of which the present is the antithesis, and the future the realization. Philosophy once taught, that “nature abhors a vacuum.” However this may be, mind, most unquestionably, and with an energy proportioned to its development, is opposed to the idea of reduction to nothingness, and shrinks with uncontrollable and spontaneous emotion from the drear prospect of annihilation. The mysterious union of intellect and matter, of which humanity consists, necessarily presents various aspects and diversified combinations, exhibiting in proportion, to the predominance of either element, an instinctive horror of extinction, an inborn loathing of the “jaws of darkness,” or an apathetic indifference with respect to the negation of futurity, which, when contemplated in the extreme direction of the descending series, presents successive indications of continuous diminution, until the glories of the “*mens divinion*,” either feebly linger, or altogether cease, in the wretched degradation of the Australian aborigines. The seraph sources, the spirit-fountains, of the sacred streams of genius and inspiration, tend, in the meaning affixed to the motto of this paper, onwards, *upwards*, heavenwards, in the direction of their home amongst the stars, which are the “poetry of Heaven,” and “peopled with beings bright as their own beams.” Viewing these,

their "bauty and mystery," from afar, the spirit-life, instinct with the promptings of immortality, impelled by those destinies, which would

"O'erleap their mortal state,"

labours for extrication from this world's atmosphere, which is alien-gloom ; from the incarnate prison which is living sepulture, until, alas !

"This clay will sink
As spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it soars ;"

and like the "barr'd up bird" that beats

"His neck and breast against his wiry dome,
Till the blood tinge his plumage,"

it falls exhausted, and is disenthralled.

The most vigorous stem first struggles through the superincumbent mass of resisting soil, into beauty, warmth, and sunshine ; so "transcendental spirituality," obeying those impulses which constitute the source of "longing sublime and aspirations high," and in antithetical disdain of *that clayey* influence, whose companionship is endured for a season, first wins its emancipation, and mounting upwards, realizes, as it were, that beautiful theory, which exclaims, "whom the gods love, die young." Nature is replete with analogies ; her ample volumes, her illustrated pages, her illumined and imperishable characters, invite investigation, and charm, whilst they instruct the studious mind, which, amidst the stupendous revelations which burst upon its view, soon learns to appreciate the multiplied evidences, which continually present themselves, of unity of design, adaptation of means, and perpetual benevolence of purpose ; to recognise in the majestic movements of the multitudinous ocean, and gentle descent of the fertilizing rain-drop, mere diversities in the action and effects of the same grand principle ; and to refer the vivid pageantry, and thousand varying hues, with which the "sun's gorgeous coming," and "setting indescribable," can embellish the cloud-curtained heavens, to the self-same cause which lends to the flower its beauty, and to the diamond its lustre.

Original tendencies have reference to the accomplishment of certain definite purposes, and exhibit conclusive analogical proofs of pre-existent and directing intelligence ; the tendency, in obedience to which an apple falls, is not intelligential, it is merely instrumental ; the heart's pulsation proceeds not from its own volition, and yet the end for which it is designed is effected with undeviating fidelity. Planets circle round their primaries in orbits, on whose ellipticity is dependent the succession of the seasons, and those various phenomena, without which the stability of the system could not be maintained. Mind desires knowledge, because such is its proper aliment, whilst its wondrous functions of reasoning, reflection, comparison, analysis, and memory, constitute the means, the adaptation of which is so admirably calculated to minister to the gratification of the intellectual appetite. Mind desires eternity of being, in reference to which the faculty of hope would seem, in a peculiarly pre-eminent degree, to exercise its highest functions. Is this the only instance in which a distinct power, an inextinguishable impulse, an original and ever active tendency, will have existed in vain ? In all things else, shall instrumentalities be abundantly capable of commanding the realization of

their respective objects? Shall this, the most lasting, most powerful, and most universal result of mentality, alone operate ineffectively, and be subjected to ultimate and irremediable frustration? Shall this fond desire, this pleasing hope, this "longing after immortality," which is co-extensive with the distribution of the human race, and manifested in every clime, and at all periods, "by saint, by savage, and by sage;" shall this "something foreign, and more foreign, which is ever clinging to the noblest conception," and of whose irregular working, ambition's wealth, "storied urn, and animated bust," the mausoleum's stately bulk, and "uncouth rhyme" of the country churchyard are so many attestations; shall this alone be regarded as an incapable attempt, an abortive effort, on the part of Him "who inhabits eternity, and holds the universe in the palm of his hand;" of Him, "whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere?"

The follies of superstition, the fanciful creations of mythology, the self-sacrificing devotedness of chivalry, but, above all, the love of the beautiful, and promptings of the ideal, are irresistibly calculated to establish the proposition that, though

"Man is dust, ethereal hopes are his;"

of which futurity, that futurity which gleams above the damp gloom of the sepulchre, is the true province and legitimate theatre; and though

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths—
Now, live no longer in the faith of reason."

Yet the source of these fascinating imaginings, which "bodied forth the forms of things unknown," as unequivocally referred to the instinctive strivings of the undying spiritual essence, as do the fragmentary reflections of the solar beam to the parent orb whence their existence was primarily derived;

"As sunshine broken on a rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still."

The Rev. Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., of Blackhall, co. Kildare. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Peter Lombard. He was born in Dublin, on the 14th of December, in the year 1791. The family from which he was descended has not been undistinguished. The military achievements of the illustrious hero of Quebec, conferred on the name a glorious prominence in the records of British renown. It has also been rendered memorable in the person of the much-lamented Lord Kilwarden, one of the same family, whose professional ability procured his elevation to the dignity of the judicial bench. At an early age Charles Wolfe lost his father, shortly after which, the family removed to England, where they resided for some years. In the year 1801, the subject of this notice was sent to school in Bath, from which, in the course of a short time, he was obliged to return home, in consequence of the delicacy of his health, by which his education suffered an interruption of upwards of a year. He was subsequently placed under the tuition of Dr. Evans, in Salisbury, from which, in the year 1805, he

was transmitted to Winchester School, where his proficiency in classical knowledge, and in Latin and Greek versification, soon conferred on him, a very considerable degree of distinction.

In the year 1809, he entered the University of Dublin, under the tuition of the late Rev. Dr. Davenport, who immediately conceived the highest interest in his behalf, which he continued to shew, by special proofs of his favor and regard.

The first English poem which attracted general attention was written early in his college course, on a subject proposed by the heads of the University.

The prison-scene of Jugurtha (which is the subject of the poem) afforded the author full scope for a masterly exhibition of the darkest and deadliest passions of human nature in fierce and tumultuous excitement. To disappointed hope, baffled ambition, insatiable revenge, reckless despair, hatred and remorse, fitting portraiture was to be given. The captive is represented as successively tortured by these terrible emotions; each by turns seeking domination in his mind, and struggling for expression. The subject was proposed in the following words:

“JUGURTHA INCARCERATUS, VITAM INGEMIT RELICTAM.”

Well—is the rack prepared—the pincers heated?
 Where is the scourge? How! not employed in Rome?
 We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome!
 I'm sorry for it; I could enjoy it now;
 I might have felt them yesterday; but now,—
 Now I have seen my funeral procession:
 The chariot-wheels of Marius have rolled o'er me:
 His horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph,—
 I have attained that terrible consummation:
 My soul could stand aloof, and from on high
 Look down upon the ruins of my body,
 Smiling in apathy: I feel no longer;
 I challenge Rome to give another pang.
 Gods! how he smiled, when he beheld me pause
 Before his car, and scout upon the mob:
 The curse of Rome was burning on my lips,
 And I had gnawed my chain, and hurl'd it at them,
 But that I knew, he would have smiled again.
 A King! and led before the gaudy Marius,
 Before those shouting masters of the world,
 As if I had been conquer'd; while each street,
 Each peopled wall, and each insulting window,
 Pealed forth their bawling triumphs o'er my head.
 Oh! for a lion from thy woods, Numidia!
 Or had I, in that moment of disgrace,
 Enjoyed the freedom but of yonder slave,
 I would have made my monument in Rome.
 Yet am I not that fool, that *Roman* fool,
 To think disgrace entombs the hero's soul,
 For ever damps his fires, and dims his glories;
 That no bright laurel can adorn the brow
 That once has bowed; no victory's trumpet sound
 Can drown in joy the rattling of his chains:
 No; could one glimpse of victory and vengeance
 Dart preciously across me, I could kiss
 Thy footsteps' dust again, then all in flames,

With Massinissa's energies unquenched,
 Start from beneath thy chariot-wheels, and grasp
 The gory laurel reeking in my view,
 And force a passage through disgrace to glory—
 Victory! vengeance! glory!—Oh! these chains!
 My soul's in fetters too; for, from this moment
 Through all eternity I see but death;
 Then come and let me gloom upon the past—
 So then Numidia's lost; those daring projects
 (Projects that ne'er were breathed to mortal men,
 That would have startled Marius on his car),
 O'erthrown, defeated! What avails it now,
 That my proud views despised the narrow limits
 Which minds that span and measure out ambition
 Had fix'd to mine; and while I seemed intent
 On savage subjects and Numidian forests,
 My soul had passed the bounds of Africa!
 Defeated! overthrown! yet to the last
 Ambition taught me hope, and still my mind
 Through danger, flight, and carnage, grasp'd dominion;
 And had not Bocchus—curses, curses on him!
 What Rome has done, she did it for ambition;
 What Rome has done, I might—I would have done;
 What *thou* hast done, thou wretch! Oh! had she proved
 Nobly deceitful! had she seized the traitor,
 And joined him with the fate of the betrayed,
 I had forgiven her all; for he had been
 The consolation of my prison hours;
 I could forget my woes in stinging him;
 And if before this day his little soul
 Had not in bondage wept itself away,
 Rome and Jugurtha should have triumph'd o'er him.
 Look here, thou caitiff, if thou canst, and see
 The fragments of Jugurtha; view him wrapt
 In the last shred he borrow'd from Numidia;
 'Tis covered with the dust of Rome; behold
 His rooted gaze upon the chains he wears,
 And on the channels they have wrought upon him;
 Then look around upon his dungeon walls,
 And view yon scanty mat, on which his frame
 He flings, and rushes from his thoughts to sleep.
 Sleep!

I'll sleep no more until I sleep for ever:
 When I slept last I heard Adherbal scream.
 I'll sleep no more! I'll *think* until I die:
 My eyes shall pore upon my miseries,
 Until my miseries shall be no more.
 Yet wherefore did he scream? Why, I have heard
 His *living* scream—it was not half so frightful.
 Whence comes the difference? When the man was living,
 Why I did gaze upon his couch of torments
 With placid vengeance, and each anguish'd cry
 Gave me stern satisfaction. Now he's dead,
 And his lips move not; yet his voice's image
 Flashed such a dreadful darkness o'er my soul,
 I would not mount Numidia's throne again,
 Did every night bring such a scream as that.
 Oh! yes 'twas I that caused that *living* one,
 And therefore did its *echo* seem so frightful.

If 'twere to do again I would not kill thee ;
 Wilt thou not be contented ? but thou say'st,
 ' My father was to thee a feather also ;
 He watch'd thy infant years, he gave thee all
 That youth could ask, and scarcely manhood came
 Than came a kingdom also ; yet didst thou—"
 Oh, I am faint !- they have not brought me food—
 How did I not perceive it until now ?
 Hold ! my Numidian cruse is still about me—
 No drop within. Oh faithful friend ! companion
 Of many a weary march and thirsty day,
 'Tis the first time that thou hast fail'd my lips—
 Gods ! I'm in tears ! I did not think of weeping.
 Oh, Marius, wilt thou ever feel like this ?
 Ha ! I behold the ruins of a city,
 And on a craggy fragment sits a form
 That seems in ruins also ; how unmov'd,
 How stern he looks ! Amazement ! it is Marius !
 Ha, Marius ! think'st thou now upon Jugurtha ?
 He turns ! he's caught my eye ! I see no more !"

An attentive perusal of this beautiful graphic effusion can hardly fail in demonstrating the author's possession of poetic powers, not only of a very high order, but of such a character as would have rendered him fully equal to the production of any poem, in which power of imagination, vigour of thought, chastity of expression, and a truthful perception of dramatic proprieties, would be regarded as constituting the genuine ingredients of beauty and excellence.

His powers in descriptive poetry will be attested by the following specimen of that species of composition. The subject is "Lough Bray," the romantic magnificence of whose scenery has never failed to excite the most enthusiastic admiration in the minds of all who have been fortunate to visit this locality, which is situated in the northern part of the county Wicklow. In this lonely mountain scene there are two lakes, called the upper and lower, which lie near the summit of an abrupt, and almost precipitous, hill, or more properly speaking, mountain. Immediately adjoining occurs a precipice of several hundred feet, near the crest of which is a huge, frowning, impending cliff, known by the denomination of the "Eagle's Crag ;" the lake itself sometimes inundates its margin, on which occasions its superfluous waters roll down the declivities in the opposite direction. These observations respecting the peculiarities of this wild and sequestered region, may perhaps be deemed illustrative of the poet's description and reflections.

"Then fare thee well ! I leave thy rocks and glens
 And all thy wild and random majesty,
 To plunge amid the world's deformities,
 And see how hideously mankind deface
 What God hath given them good :—While viewing thee,
 I think how grand and beautiful is God,
 When man has not intruded on his works,
 But left his bright creation unimpair'd.
 'Twas therefore I approached thee with an awe,
 Delightful, therefore eyed with joy grotesque—
 With joy I could not speak ; (for on this heart
 Has beauteous nature seldom smiled, and scarce
 A casual wind has blown the veil aside,

And shewn me her immortal lineaments),
 'Twas therefore did my heart expand, to mark
 Thy pensive uniformity of gloom,
 The deep and hollow darkness of thy wave,
 And that stern rocky form, whose aspect stood
 Athwart us, and confronted us at once,
 Seeming to vindicate the worship due,
 And yet reclined in proud recumbency,
 As if secure the homage would be paid :
 It look'd the genius of the place, and seem'd
 To superstition's eye, to exercise
 Some sacred unknown function. Blessed scenes !
 Fraught with primeval grandeur ! or if aught
 Is changed in thee, it is no mortal touch
 That sharpen'd thy rough brow, or fringed thy skirts
 With coarse luxuriance :—'twas the lightning's force
 Dash'd its strong flash across thee, and did point
 The crag :—or with a stormy thunderbolt
 Th' Almighty Architect himself disjoined
 Yon rock ; men flung it down where now it hangs,
 And said, 'do thou lie there ;'—and genial rains
 (Which e'en without the good man's prayer came down,)
 Called forth thy vegetation. Then I watched
 The clouds that coursed along the sky, to which
 A trembling splendor, o'er the waters moved
 Responsive ; while at times it stole to land
 And smiled amongst the mountains' dusky locks.
 Surely there linger beings in this place,
 For whom all this is done ; it cannot be
 That all this fair profusion is bestowed
 For such wild wayward pilgrims as ourselves.
 Haply some glorious spirits here await
 The opening of heaven's portals ; who disport
 Along the bosom of the lucid lake ;
 Who cluster on that peak ; or playful peep
 Into yon eagle's nest ; then sit them down
 And talk of those they left on earth, and those
 Whom they shall meet in heaven : and haply tir'd,
 (If blessed spirits tire in such employ,)
 The slumbering phantoms lay them down to rest
 Upon the bosom of the dewy breeze.
 Oh ! whither do I roam—I dare not think,
 Alas ! I must forget thee ; for I go
 To mix with narrow minds, and hollow hearts—
 I must forget thee—fare thee, fare thee well."

The following stanzas convey a vivid description of the emotions occasioned by a return from the wild scenery, to which the preceding lines refer, to the comparative gloom of the university, and sombre occupation of collegiate pursuits :—

SONG.

Oh ! say not that my heart is cold,
 To ought that once could warm it—
 That nature's form, so dear of old,
 No more has power to charm it ;

Or that th' ungenerous world can chill
 One glow of fond emotion—
 For those who made it dearer still,
 And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view,
 In apt and dreamy sadness;
 Oft look on those who lov'd them too,
 With fancy's idle gladness;
 Again I long'd to view the light,
 In nature's features glowing;
 Again to tread the mountain's height,
 And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and frowning, flung
 His leaden chain around me;
 With iron look and sullen tongue,
 He muttered as he bound me—
 "The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
 Unfit for toil the creature;
 These for the free alone are given,—
 But what have slaves with heaven?"

The scenic beauty and enchanting adjuncts of the far-famed Dargle, or "Glen of the Oak," near Bray, in the county Wicklow, will be a sufficient apology for the introduction of a brief description, which, in addition to the interest derived from the graphical accuracy, and elaborate minuteness, characterising the delineation of almost every observable feature of that romantic spot, will be appreciated as a charming specimen of that species of composition, on which the appellation of poetical prose, or prose poetry, is sometimes conferred.

THE DARGLE.

WE found ourselves at Bray, about ten in the morning, with that disposition to be pleased which seldom allows itself to be disappointed; and the sense of our escape from everything, not only of routine, but of regularity, into the country of mountains, and glens, and valleys, and waterfalls, inspired us with a sort of gay wildness and independence, that disposed us to find more of the romantic and picturesque than, perhaps, nature ever intended. If, therefore, gentle reader, thou shouldest have met with any extravagances, at which thy sober feelings may be inclined to revolt, bethink thee, that the immortal Syntax himself, when just escaped from the everlasting dulness of a school, did descry a landscape even in a post,—a circumstance which, probably, no one had ever discovered before. We proceed to the Dargle, along the small river, whose waters were flowing gently towards us, after having passed through the beautiful scenes we were to visit.

It was here a tranquil stream, and its banks but thinly clothed; but at the opening of the Dargle gate the scene was instantly changed. At once we were immersed in a sylvan wilderness, where the trees were thronging and crowding around us; and the river had suddenly changed its tone, and was sounding wildly up the wooded bank that sloped down to its edge. We precipitated ourselves towards the sound, and when we

stopped and looked around us, the mountains, the champaign, and almost the sky had disappeared. We were at the bottom of a deep winding glen, whose steep sides had suddenly shut out every appearance of the world which we had left. At our feet a stream was struggling with the multitude of rude rocks, which nature, in one of her primeval convulsions, had flung here and there in masses into its current; sometimes uniting into irregular ledges, over which the water swept with impetuosity; sometimes standing insulated in the stream, and increasing the energies of the river by their resistance; sometimes breaking forward from the bank, and giving a bolder effect to its romantic outline. The opposite side of the glen, that rose steeply, and almost perpendicularly, from the very brink of the river, was one precipice of foliage from top to bottom, where the trees rose directly above each other (their roots and trunks being in a great degree concealed by the profusion of leaves in those below them), whilst a broken sunbeam now and then struggled through the boughs, and sometimes contrived to reach the river. The side along which we proceeded was equally high, but more sloping and diversified; the wooding at one time retiring from the stream, while at another a close cluster of trees of the freshest verdure advanced into the river, bending over it, in attitudes at once graceful and fantastic, and forming a picturesque and luxuriant counterpart to the little naked promontories of rock which we before observed. Both sides of the glen completely enclosed us from the view of everything external, except a narrow tract of sky just over our heads, which corresponded in some degree with the course of the stream below; so that in fact the sun seemed a stranger, only occasionally visiting us from another system. Sometimes while we were engaged in contemplating the strong darkness of the river as it rushed along, and the pensive loveliness of the foliage overhanging it, a sudden gleam of sunshine quietly, yet instantaneously, diffused itself over the scene, as if it smiled almost from some internal perception of pleasure, and felt a glow of instinctive exhilaration. Thus did we wander from chasm to chasm, and from beauty to beauty, endlessly varying, though all breathing the same wild and secluded luxury, the same poetical voluptuousness. This new region, set apart from the rest of the creation, with its class of fanciful joys attached to it, seemed allotted to some creature of different elements from our own, some airy being, whose only essence was imagination. As the thought occupied us, we opened upon a new object which seemed to confirm it. The profuse wooding which formed the steep and rich barrier of the opposite side of the river, was suddenly interrupted by a huge naked rock which projected itself into the stream, as if it had swelled forward indignantly from the touch of cultivation, and, proud of its primitive barrenness, had flung aside the hand that was dispensing beauty around it, and which would have intruded on its craggy, and original majesty. It was here that our imagination fixed a residence for the Genius of the river, and the Spirit of the Dargle. A sort of watery cell was formed by the protrusion of this bold figure from the one side, and the thick foliage which met it across from the other, and threw a solemn darkness over the water.

In front, a fragment of rock stood in the middle of the current, like a threshold; and a spreading tree hung its umbrageous branches directly over it, like a spacious screen in face of the cell. From this we began gradually to ascend, until *our* side became nearly as steep as the opposite, while the wooding was thickening on both at every step; so that the glen

soon formed one steep and magnificent gulf of foliage. The river at a vast distance, almost directly below us; the glad sparkling and flashing of its waters, only occasionally seen, and its wild voice mellowed and refined as it reached us through innumerable multitudes of leaves and branches; the variety of hues, and the mazy irregularity of the trees that descended from our feet to the river, were finely contrasted with the heavier and more monotonous mass which met it in the bottom, down the other side.

In stepping back a few paces, we just descried, over the opposite boundary, the summit of Sugar-loaf, in dim and distant perspective.

The sensations of a mariner, when, after a long voyage without sight of shore, he suddenly perceives symptoms of land, where land was not expected, could hardly be more novel and curious than those excited in us by this little silent notice of regions which we had literally forgotten, so totally were we engrossed in our present enchantment, and so much were our minds, like our view, bounded by the sides of the glen. This single object let in a whole train of recollections and associations; but the charm could not be more gradually and more pleasingly broken.

The glen, still retaining all its characteristic luxuriance, began gracefully to widen, the country to open upon us, and the mountains to rise; and at length, after a gentle descent, we passed the Dargle-gate, and found ourselves standing over the delightful valley of Powerscourt. It was like a transition from the enjoyments of an Ariel to those of human nature, from the blissful abode of some sylphic genius to the happiest habitations of mortal men, from all the restless and visionary delight of fancy, to the calm glow of real and romantic happiness.

Our minds, that were before confused by the throng of beauties that enclosed and solicited them on every side, now expanded and reposed upon the scene before us. The sun himself seemed liberated, and rejoicing in his emancipation. The valley indeed "lay smiling before us;" the river, no longer dashing over rocks, and struggling with impediments, was flowing brightly and cheerfully along in the sun, bordered by meadows of the liveliest green, and now and then embowered in a cluster of trees. One little field of the freshest verdure swelled forward beyond the rest, round which the river wound, so as to give it the appearance of an island. In this we observed a mower whetting his scythe, and the sound was just sufficient to reach us faintly, and at intervals. To the left was the Dargle where all the beauties which had so much enchanted us were now one undistinguishable mass of leaves. Confronting us stood Sugar-loaf, with his train of rough and abrupt mountains, remaining dark in the midst of sunshine, like the frowning guardians of the valley. These were contrasted with the grand flowing outline of the mountains to our right, and the exquisite refinement and variety of the light that spread itself over their gigantic sides. Far to the left, the sea was again disclosed to our view, and behind us was the Scalp, like the outlet from Paradise into the wide world of thorns and briers.

* * * * *

The following pathetic tale is well calculated to illustrate the feeling and refinement of taste with which he entered into the spirit of the national melodies of Ireland. It was designed as a characteristic introduction to the well-known and much-admired song, "The Last Rose of Summer."

"This is the grave of Dermid;—he was the best minstrel among us all—a

youth of romantic genius, and of the most tremulous, and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description. According as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village resembled a camp or a funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into dance with a giddy and irresistible gaiety. One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without a response; and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid, and the song and dance were silent; when one of our little boys came running in and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled in the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them—it was the merriest of his collection. The ring was formed—all looked eagerly towards the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favourite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared; he came slowly and languidly and loiteringly along; his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive cheerfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments: his harp was swinging heavily upon his arm—it seemed a burden to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments—then relapsing into vacancy, advanced, without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends—he first looked up sharply in our faces, next down upon his harp—then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it. Again we paused—then, knowing well that if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen. We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray, that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part; it was like the sea in a dark calm, of whose motion, slow and solemn surgings afford the only indication. He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had got in their stead, that one dreary, single melody; it was but a lovely rose that had outlived all his companions; this he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village. He seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the church-yard, and remained singing it there to the period of his death.

“The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learned it, and still chant it over poor Dermid's grave.”

Another of his favourite melodies was the popular Irish air “Gramachree,” (Darling of my Soul.) Its pure and exquisitely tender expression invariably and deeply affected him. In speaking on the subject, he was in the habit of observing that no words had ever been written for it, which equalled his conception of the peculiarly touching pathos by which the entire strain is pervaded and characterized; the deficiency, in his opinion, being principally attributable to the absence of *individuality* of feeling. In the following lines, the simple reading of which can hardly be unaccompanied by deep and melancholy emotions, his own ideas of the melody are beautifully embodied.

SONG.

Air—"Gramachree."

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou could'st mortal be :
 It never through my mind had past,
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain !
 But when I speak—thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary, thou art dead !

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene,
 I might still press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee :
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore.

In reply to a question as to whether these verses had been suggested by any occurrence which had taken place within the range of his own personal experience, he observed, "they were not ; but that he had sung the air over and over, till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

Although the author of various poems of great power and unquestioned originality, which have been made very generally known by the publication of Archdeacon Russell's book, it is conceived that the object of this paper will be sufficiently realized by the insertion of the following song, which is chosen, not on account of its superiority to his other poetical effusions, but merely because, in conjunction with those already quoted, it will serve to indicate the nature and extent of his genius. It appears that it was "written at the request of a lady of high professional character as a musician, for an air of her own composition."

Go, forget me : why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling ?
 Go, forget me—and to-morrow
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
 Smile—though I shall not be near thee ;
 Sing—though I shall never hear thee !
 May thy soul with pleasure shine
 Lasting as the gloom of mine ;
 Go, forget me, &c.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
 Clothes the *meanest* things in light ;
 And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
 All things look'd so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee ;
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Earthly things were too refined.
 Like the sun, &c.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell ;
 Go, for me no longer beaming —
 Hope and beauty ! fare ye well !
 Go, and all that once delighted,
 Take and leave me all benighted :
 Glory's burning, generous swell,
 Fancy, and the poet's shell.
 Go, thou vision, &c.

The celebrated ode on the burial of Sir John Moore was suggested by the perusal of the following paragraph in the narrative of the circumstances connected with that interesting event, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808, p. 458.

“ Sir John Moore had, often said, that if he were killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him, on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened ; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave ; the funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with earth.”

Archdeacon Russell, writing on this subject, observes :—

“ For some years past, this poem has excited considerable interest in the literary circles ; and it was mentioned by a highly respectable authority, as having been long a matter of surprise that its author had not revealed his name, or published any other similar production. Subsequently to this account, it has obtained a very general popularity, from the splendid eulogiums pronounced upon it by the late Lord Byron. The noble poet's enthusiastic admiration of this nameless and unpatronised effusion of genius is authenticated in a late work, entitled *Medwin's Conversations with Byron*. The impress of such a name upon the poetic merits of such an ode, deemed not unworthy his lordship's own transcendant powers, is too valuable not to be placed on record.”

The passage in question occurs in volume ii., p. 154, of that publication, and is as follows:—

“The conversation turned after dinner on the lyrical poetry of the day; and a question arose as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, beginning, ‘Ye clouds,’ &c.; others named some of Moore's Irish Melodies, and Campbell's Hohenlinden; and had Lord Byron not been present, his own invocation in Manfred, or the Ode to Napoleon, or on Prometheus, might have been cited. ‘Like Gray,’ said he, ‘Campbell smells too much of the oil: he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over-polish. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced. I will shew you an ode you have never seen, which I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth.’ With this he left the table almost before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine, from which he read the following lines on Sir John Moore's burial.

“The feeling with which he recited those admirable stanzas I shall never forget. After he had come to an end, he repeated the third, and said it was *perfect*, particularly the lines,

‘But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.’

“‘I should have taken the whole,’ said Shelley, ‘for a rough sketch of Campbell's.’ ‘No,’ replied Lord Byron, ‘Campbell would have clamed it, if it had been his.’”

The poem found its way to the press without the concurrence or knowledge of the author. It was recited by a friend, in presence of a gentleman travelling towards the north of Ireland, who was so much struck with it, that he requested and obtained a copy; and immediately after, it appeared in the Newry Telegraph, with the initials of the author's name. From that it was copied into most of the London prints, and thence into the Dublin papers; and subsequently it appeared with some considerable errors, in the Edinburgh Annual Register, which contained the narrative which first kindled the poet's feelings on the subject, and supplied the materials to his mind. It remained for a long time unclaimed: and other poems, in the meantime appeared, falsely purporting to be written by the same unknown hand, which the author would not take the pains to disavow. It lately, however, seemed to have become the prey of some literary spoilers, whose dishonest ambition was immediately detailed and exposed. Indeed, it is hard to say, whether the claims were urged seriously, or whether it was a pardonable stratagem to draw out the acknowledgment of the real author. However, the matter has been placed beyond dispute by the proof that it appeared in an Irish print, with the initials C. W., long prior to the alleged dates which its false claimants assign. It is unnecessary to enter into further particulars on this point, as the matter has been set at rest; and as Captain Medwin, who at first conjectured the poem to have been written by Lord Byron himself, has avowed, in the second edition of his work, that “his supposition was erroneous, and that it appears to be the production of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe.” The following passage from a letter addressed to Archdeacon Russell, by the Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, is very conclusive, in reference to the origin of the poem.

“Phoenix Park, 22d April, 1841.

“I think it was about the summer of 1814 or 1815 (I cannot at the moment say for a certainty which), I was sitting in my college rooms. I then occupied

the ground floor of No. 26, and was reading the Edinburgh Annual Register, in which a very striking and beautiful account is given of the burial of Sir John Moore. Wolfe came in, and (as you know my custom was) I made him listen to me as I read the passage, which he heard with deep and sensible emotion. We were both loud and ardent in our commendations of it; and after some little time, I proposed to our friend to take a walk into the country. He consented, and we bent our way to Simpson's Nursery, a place about half-way between Dublin and the Rock. During our stroll, Wolfe was unusually meditative and silent; and I remember having been provoked a little by meeting with no response or sympathy to my frequent bursts of admiration about the country and the scenery, on which, on other occasions, he used so cordially to join.

"But he atoned for his apparent dulness and insensibility on his return, when he repeated for me the first and last verses of his beautiful ode; in the composition of which he had been absorbed during our little perambulation. I expressed a rapturous approbation, with which he seemed greatly pleased. My brother (Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan) was present when this took place, and was also greatly delighted. These were the only verses which our dear friend at first contemplated; but moved, as he said, by my approbation, his mind worked on the subject after he left me, and in the morning he came over to me, with the other verse, by which it was completed."

Archdeacon Russell also received the subjoined communication from the late Bishop Dickenson, on the same subject:—

"Ardracran, August 28th, 1841.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I distinctly remember that I read to Hercules Graves, Charles Wolfe's poem on Sir John Moore, 'Not a drum was heard,' in my rooms, No. 5 in College. This must have been between 21st March, 1812, and 23rd December, 1815; for it was during that time I resided in those rooms, as appears by the College registry of chambers. I can fix a limit of date so far. I remember *distinctly* poor Hercules' position in the room, and my own, when we were thus engaged. For my part, however, I think it unnecessary to assign an exact date. Many others, beside you and myself, can aver that Charles Wolfe gave it to us as his own composition. Those who knew him, would want no further proof that he was fully capable of writing it. I cannot but think that his sermons frequently present even more of poetic fire than this ode.

"Believe yours sincerely,

"CHARLES MEATH."

In the year 1841, a case was got up with a plausible array of circumstantial evidence, in support of the pretensions of a schoolmaster to the authorship of this ode. Mr. Muir, Assistant Minister of Temple, near Edinburgh, rendered himself extremely conspicuous by his warm advocacy of this person's representations on the subject. All the circumstances connected with this proceeding were published in the Edinburgh Advertiser (19th of March, 1841). The result of the investigation instituted on this occasion, was the candid acknowledgment upon the part of the Editor of the paper in which these false claims had been urged with a very considerable degree of ingenious artifice and ability, "that Mr. Wolfe's claim, *from the evidence in hand*, was so clearly and unequivocally established, that all doubt or mystery on the subject was for ever removed."

Mr. Muir hesitated not in publicly avowing the extent and shameless effrontery of the imposition which had been practised on him, nor abated his creditable efforts, until a confession of guilt had been ultimately extracted from the offending schoolmaster. The following is Mr. Muir's letters on the subject, which is addressed to the Editor of the Edinburgh Advertiser.

“ Temple 5th May, 1841.

SIR,—It is with no little concern that I obtrude myself again on your notice and that of the public. A few weeks ago I came forward, with simplicity of design and desire, to vindicate the rights of an unbefriended individual, who had given me the assurance, and presented me with strong presumptive evidence, of his claim, to a piece of literary property of high value, about the authorship of which not a little discussion was at one time carried on. Under impressions, strong and deep, of Mr. Mackintosh's to the authorship of the celebrated poem on Sir John Moore—having his own repeated assertions to that effect; not being satisfied, besides, with such evidence as had then come to my knowledge, to prove the claims of Mr. Wolfe to it, and having also had presented to me several proofs by Mackintosh, which gave, in my view, the utmost credibility to his pretensions, I acknowledge that I hastened, with the zeal of anxiety, to vindicate the property of one, who had appeared to me to have been excluded from his due, by the circumstances of his obscure lot, and the modesty and diffidence of his nature. Feeling this, I cannot say that there is ground of regret with me, that I betook myself to the supporting of the supposed right of one whose place under me gave him a hold on my attention and care. And surely, when I look back on the terms in which I advanced his pretensions, I have no cause to regret the mode in which I stated them: but I hasten now, *with deep regret*, on account of the unhappy position in which Mackintosh now stands, as well as equal regret at having been unintentionally the means of occasioning annoyance to any friends to the memory of Mr. Wolfe, to convey to you, and through you to the public, that first, upon new evidence successively, during these weeks past, brought forward to me, and this at length, leading, alas! to the confession of the pretended author himself, that the previous statement is without the *shadow of a foundation*. Painful as this communication must be to the individual so deeply implicated in it, I have his authority, along with avowed sentiments of his contrition for what he has done, to make it, and in the explicit terms now used.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM MUIR,

Assistant Minister, Temple.”

“ This letter was read by Mr. Muir to Mackintosh in my presence at Temple, on the evening of the 5th of May, 1841.

“ THOMAS C. LATTO.”

John Anster, Esq., LL.D., who is so well-known to the literary world, by his metrical translations of Goethe's *Faustus*,—a work exhibiting, not only, the utmost refinement of taste and feeling, but genius of the very highest order, and in every way calculated to constitute a permanent and most important addition to English literature,—and who, besides being the early friend of Wolfe, enjoyed the rare privilege derivable from intimate association with a mind of similar sympathies and kindred endowments, read on the 26th of April 1841, before the Royal Irish Academy, a letter found by Dr. Luby (Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin), amongst his brother's papers, containing a complete copy of the poem, in the author's hand-writing. It was addressed to his friend, J. S. Taylor, Esq.,—the superscription is as follows:

John S. Taylor, Esq.,

At Mr. Armstrong's,

Clonoulty,

Cashel.

It begins by playfully stating, that as Mr. John had so praised a portion of

the elegy which he had recited to him some time previously, he had only himself to blame for being, on that occasion, subjected to the infliction of the entire poem. The following is transcribed, *in extenso*, from No. 29 of the Proceedings of the Academy, 1841 :—

“Dr. Anster, on the part of Dr. Luby, F.T.C.D., read a letter of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore. The letter, or rather fragment of a letter, had been found by Dr. Luby among the papers of a deceased brother, who was a College friend of Wolfe and Mr. Taylor, to whom the letter was addressed.

“The part found had the appearance of having been torn off from the rest of the letter. It contains the address; a complete copy of the ode; a sentence mentioning to Mr. Taylor, that his praise of the stanzas first written led him to complete the poem; a few words of a private nature at the end of the letter; and the signature. There is no date on the part preserved; but the post-mark of September 6, 1816, fixes the time at which it was sent. Dr. Anster read passages from Captain Medwin's ‘Conversation of Lord Byron’ and Archdeacon Russell's ‘Remains of Wolfe,’ in which mention is made of the various guesses as to the author, when the poem first appeared, without the author's name, in the newspapers and magazines. It was attributed to Moore, to Campbell, to Wilson, to Byron, and now and then to a writer equal in many respects to the highest of those names, whose poems have been published under the name of Barry Cornwall. Shelley thought the poem likely to be Campbell's; and Medwin believed Byron to be the author. When Medwin's book appeared, in which this was stated, several friends of Wolfe's, among others Mr. Taylor, to whom was addressed the letter, of which an important part has been fortunately found, stated their knowledge of Wolfe's having written the ode. One gratifying result of the controversy, was the publication, by Archdeacon Russell, of the Remains of Charles Wolfe, with memoir written with great beauty, and, what constitutes the rare charm of the work, describing with entire fidelity the character, and habits, and feelings of one of the most pure-minded, generous, and affectionate natures that ever existed. The question as to the authorship of the Ode was for ever set at rest to any one, who had seen either the letters of Mr. Wolfe's friend, at the time of Captain Medwin's publication, or Archdeacon Russell's book. Were there any doubt on the subject of authorship, the document now produced would completely remove it; but for this purpose it would really not be worth while to trouble the Academy with the communication, as it would be treating the insane pretensions, now and then put forward in the newspapers for this person or the other, with too much respect, to discuss them seriously, or at all; but another and a very important purpose would be answered by the publication of this *authentic* copy of the poem, from Wolfe's *autograph*, in their proceedings. The poem has been reprinted more frequently than almost any other in the language; and, an almost necessary consequence of such frequent re-prints, it is now seldom printed as it was originally written. Every person who has had occasion to compare the common editions of Milton, or of Cowper, or of any of our poets, with those printed in the life-time of the authors, is aware that no dependence whatever can be placed on the texts of the books in common use. Every successive reprint from a volume, carelessly edited, adds its own stock of blunders to the general mass. Wolfe's Ode has been, in this way, quite spoiled in many of its best passages. The Academy had now the opportunity of correcting these mistakes, by publishing an authentic copy of the poem. Dr. Anster stated the fitness of this being done by the Academy, not only for its being the natural and proper guardian of every thing relating to the literature of Ireland,—which alone would seem to him a sufficient reason; but even yet more, from the circumstance that the Academy's proceedings must command a circulation over the Continent, which it would be vain to expect from any private publication. The poem has been often translated; and the

strange blunders which have got into our copies are faithfully preserved in the translations. In a German translation of the Ode, three stanzas of a poem, consisting of but eight, are spoiled by the translator's manifestly having read an imperfect copy of the original. In one it is quite plain that the stanza, which closes with the lines—

‘And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing;’

and in which the word ‘suddenly’ is often substituted for ‘sullenly,’ was printed falsely in the copy before the German translator. In the second stanza, ‘The struggling moonbeam’s misty light,’ is lost, probably from some similar reason. The general effect of Wolfe’s poem is exceedingly well preserved in the translation; but there are several mistakes in detail, most of which, perhaps all, arise from the translator having used an incorrect copy of the original.”

The following is copied from Wolfe’s autograph as it occurs in the letter to which the preceding observations refer; the German translation is that of which Dr. Anster speaks; the French, one of the ingenious Father Prout’s versions.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O’er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam’s misty light,
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow’d his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o’er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they’ll speak of the spirit that’s gone,
And o’er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he’ll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory!

“DAS BEGRABNISS DES SIR JOHN MOORE”—*Nach Woolfe.*

Klein Glockenton, klein Trommelschall
 Erklang, als nach dem Festungswall
 Die Leiche wir brachten in Eile;
 Dem Helden ward zum Abschiedsgruss
 Nicht eines einzeln' kriegers Schuss
 Ob seinem Grabe zu Theile.

Er ward in stiller Mitternacht,
 In Finsterniss zur Ruh' gebracht,
 Es gruben das Grab Bayonette;
 Trüb brannte der Laterne Licht,
 Des mondes bleiches Angesicht
 Beschien die traurige Stätte.

Kein überflüss' ger Sarg umschloss
 Die Heldenbrust so frei und gross
 Mit Linnen nicht ward er umwunden;
 Im Reitermantel eingehüllt
 Lag er, der kriegers stark und mild
 Wie zum Schlummer von wenigen Stunden.

Nur kurz und rasch war das Gebet
 Mit welchem wir für ihn gefleht,
 Und es ward nicht von kummer gesprochen;
 Fest blickten wir den Todten an,
 Und knirschend dachten wir daran:
 Bald sei der Tag angebrochen!

Wir dachten auf der Trauerstätte
 Als wir gehölt sein enges Bett,
 Und geglättet sein einsames küssen:
 Des Freundes Fuss, des Freundes Schritt
 Bald über dieses Haupt hintritt
 Doch von hinnen segeln wir müssen.

Sie sprechen bald wohl kech und kühn
 Vom Heldengeiste der dahin—
 Am Grabe selbst schallet ihr Schmähen;
 Doch lassen schlummern nur im Grab
 Sie ihn, das ihm ein Britte gab
 So lässt er's achtloss geschehen

Das Werk voll Pein war halb gethan,
 Da kündet uns die Glocke an,
 Die stunde sei kommen zum Scheiden;
 Und hier und dort, in Feld nud Wald,
 Kanonendonner einzeln schallt:
 Es rüstet eer Feind sich zum Streiten.

Wir senkten mit bestrübtem Muth
 Ihn ein, bedeckt mit frischem Blut,
 Und frischer Ehre, den Sieger.
 Nicht eine Schript, noch urn' und Stein,
 Ward ihm geweiht; er blieb alle in
 Mit seinem Ruhme, der kriegter.

* * * * *

Ni le son du tambour ni la marche funèbre,
 Ni le feu des soldats ne marqua son départ,
 Mais du brave à la hâte à travers les ténèbres,
 Mornes nous portâmes le cadavre au rampart.

De minuit c' était l' heure, et solitaire et sombre,
 La lune à peine offrait un débile rayon;
 La lanterne luisait peniblement dans l' ombre
 Quand de la baïonette on creusa le gazon.

D'inutile cercueil, ou de drap funéraire,
 Nous ne daignâmes point entourer le héros;
 Il gisait dans les plis du manteau militaire,
 Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de repos.

La prière qu' on fit fut de courte durée,
 Nul ne parla de deuil, bein que le cœur fut plein,
 Mais on fixait du mort la figure adorée,
 Et avec amertume on songeait au demain.

Au demain; quand ici où sa fosse s' apprête
 Où son humide lit on dresse avec sanglots;
 L' ennemi orgueilleux marchera sur sa tête
 Et nous ses veterans, serons loin sur les flots.

Ils terniront sa gloire, ou pourra les entendre
 Nommer l' illustre mort, d' un ton amer ou fol;
 Il les laissera dire—oh qu' importe à sa cendre
 Que la main d' un Breton a confiée au sol.

L' aurore durait encore, quand retentit la cloche
 Au sommet du beffroi, et le canon lointain
 Jire par entervalle, en annonçant l' approche
 Signalait la fierté de l' ennemi hautain.

Et dans sa fosse alors nous le mîmes lentement
 Près du champ où sa gloire a été consommée—
 Nous le mîmes à l' endroit, pierre ni monument
 Le laissant seul à seul avec sa renommée.

Although each successive attempt which had been made to deprive Wolfe of his laurels only eventuated in complete prostration, yet undeterred by these results, or perhaps utterly ignorant of the facts, the exhibition of which would directly operate in producing a shameful exposure of that malignant credulity which is ever willing to lend its feeble aid in giving force and impetus to any idle tale, or puerile fabrication, which may happen to possess the recommendation of having for its object the invasion of literary rights or infliction of injury, very many persons

sought on a comparatively recent occasion, to revive those charges of plagiarism, by representing through the newspapers, that the French translation (which has just been quoted, and which, as has already been stated, was nothing more than a jocular sally of the well-known Father Prout, having been printed for the first time, in No. 1. of Bentley's Miscellany, 1837), was in reality the *original*, and to be found in MS. in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris, where it was discovered by the biographer of Count Lally Tollendal. It was furthermore represented that it was written in praise of a Breton chieftain, named Beaumanoir. This circumstance is not now adverted to at all for the purpose of refutation, the whole story being too ridiculous to need any serious or formal contradiction, the object contemplated being limited to a simple exposure of the mingled folly and impudence of the assertion. In making a representation of this kind, two circumstances will suggest themselves, even to the most ignorant, as being indispensable preliminaries; namely, place and person; a *locus in quo*, and a *Clarum et venerabile nomen*. Bretagne, in this instance, afforded the one, and Beaumanoir the other; whilst Lally Tollendal, and the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, furnished the veritable accessories of the story. But the hero himself, the redoubted Beaumanoir, evinces especial repugnance to do battle, nay, he absolutely refuses to draw a sword, to break a single lance in the cause. How undutiful! how ungrateful!! The pet chieftain, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, would not suffer it to appear that he fell in battle, was buried

“By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,”

or that those companions in arms who “smoothed down his lonely pillow,” were on the following day “Far away on the billow.” The Philomaths who had *counted* on his services, unfortunately for themselves, “reckoned without their host.” Although influenced by no inconsiderable degree of that feeling, which would ascribe merit and honour to any other rather than the legitimate possessor, and which would not shrink from compassing an object, by descending even to the employment of that species of detraction, whose votaries are ever *willing* “to believe a lie,” yet, in this particular instance, and notwithstanding their ingenious “appliances,” and unworthy instrumentalities, utter and complete failure was the result of the attempt, insanely made to damage the fame, honor, and reputation of, to use the words of Dr. Anster, “one of the most pure-minded, generous, and affectionate beings that ever existed.”

Scathless have his character and integrity come through the ordeal which malignant perversity had constructed, and the priestess who

“Still supplies
The spotless for a sacrifice,”

most signally deprived of her intended victim.

The following brief, but very interesting memoir, is transcribed from the *Biographie Universelle*, with which the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*, perfectly agrees. Other French chronicles have also been examined by the author of these observations, between the particulars given in which, and those set forth in the memoir, no discrepancy is observable.

“Jean de Beaumanoir, chevalier Breton, ami et compagnon d'arms du Guesclin, embrassa le parti de Charles de Blois, epoux de Jeanne de Penthievre

contre son compétiteur Jean de Montfort, dans la guerre civile qui desola la Bretagne au 14^e siècle. La fortune sembla d'abord sourire aux drapeaux de Charles.

"Les Anglais qui protégeaient Montfort, furent chassés de plusieurs places importantes, et Beaumanoir leur enleva de vive force la ville de Vannes. Chargé de la défense de Josselin, il gémissait de voir la garnison Anglaise de Ploermel parcourir les campagnes, et aggraver par le brigandage et le meurtre, les maux inséparables de la guerre. Au moyen d'un sauf conduit, il alla trouver le commandant, Sir Brembro et lui, reprocha de faire *mauvaise guerre*. L'Anglais répondit vivement; la querelle s'échauffa. Le résultat de l'entrevue fut qu'un combat de trente contre trente aurait lieu le 27 Mars suivant (1351) entre Ploermel et Josselin, au chene de mivoie.

"Chaque parti fut exact au rendezvous. Une foule de spectateurs, curieux d'assister à ce sanglant tournoi, s'était portée sur le champ de bataille. Au moment d'en venir aux mains, Sir Brembro parut hesiter. Ce combat livré sans l'autorisation des souverains respectifs, était, disait il, irrégulier. Beaumanoir répondit qu'il était trop tard pour rompre une partie si bien liée, pour perdre une si belle occasion de prouver, *qu'il avait plus belle amie*. L'action s'engagea. Les Anglais obtinrent d'abord quelque avantage; mais Sir Brembro ayant été tué, les Bretons firent de nouveaux efforts, et remportèrent une victoire complète. On rapporte que vers la fin de la mêlée, Beaumanoir blessé et dévoré d'une soif ardente, demandait aboire. 'Bois de ton sang' s'écria un de ses chevaliers, 'ta soif se passera.' Ce combat ne pouvait influer sur le sort de la Bretagne, qui ne fut fixé, qu'en 1364. Dans sa longue carrière, illustrée par des ambassades importantes; et des commandements difficiles, il se fit toujours remarquer par sa loyauté et son courage; mais son premier titre de gloire, est d'avoir été le chef des Bretons à la bataille des Trente. Pendant long-temps, en Angleterre, en Bretagne, dans toute la France, on disait, pour exprimer qu'une action avait été terrible, 'Jamais on ne combattit plus vaillamment apres la bataille des Trente.'

"Enfin, les Anglais, dont le temoignage en cette occasion n'est pas suspect, ont élevé un monument religieux à la mémoire de ceux de leurs guerriers qui périrent à la bataille de Trente. Cambri a fait graver ce monument en 1805. Il mourut à Paris 1391."

Another of the same family, Jean de Beaumanoir, was raised to the rank of Marshal of France, by Henry IV. He was born at le Maine in 1551, and died at Paris in 1614. Charles de Beaumanoir, the Marshal's father, lost his wife at Paris, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

"Henri Charles de Beaumanoir, Marquis de Lavardin—petit fils du Maréchal, chevalier des ordres du Roi, &c. &c., fut envoyé ambassadeur de France à Rome en 1687. Il mourut à Paris âgé de cinquante-huit ans, le 29 Août, 1701.

"Le Baron de Beaumanoir, arcien mousquetaire, et littérateur, né en Bretagne vers 1720. . . . Il est mort pendant l'émigration."

"Philippe de Beaumanoir; bailli de Tours; puis bailli de Senlis, en 1293 et 1295. Il mourut à Senlis en 1296."

It would appear by the foregoing list, that none of the Beaumanoirs ever died in battle, or under any circumstances which would have rendered applicable the statement embodied in the elegy.

The Rev. Charles Wolfe died of consumption, at the early age of 31. He was buried in the old ruined church of Clonmel. His grave, covered by a flat slab, occupies the south-west angle of the edifice, on the left of the entrance door. The following inscription is engraven thereon:—

Here lie
 The Remains of
 The Rev. Charles Wolfe,
 Late curate of Donoughmore,
 Who died at Cove, 21 Feb., 1823,
 Aged 31.
 The Record of his genius,
 Piety, and virtue,
 Lives in the hearts
 Of all who knew him.
 Looking unto Jesus he lived,
 Looking unto Jesus he died.
 "He is not dead but sleepeth."

What an eloquent interpretation, his life, virtues, and poetic talents afford of the passage—"ΠΑΤΗΡ μετρον ρυθμος και Θεος."

HIPPEUS.

A PRAYER FOR THE LAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

ALMIGHTY FATHER ! hearken—
 Forgive, and help, and bless,
 Nor let thine anger darken
 The night of our distress ;
 As sin and shame and weakness
 Are all we call our own,
 We turn to Thee in meekness,
 And trust on thee alone.

O God, remember Zion—
 And pardon all her sin !
 Thy mercy we rely on
 To rein Thy vengeance in ;
 Though dark pollution staineth
 The temple Thou hast built,
 Thy faithfulness remaineth—
 And that shall cleanse the guilt !

To Thee then, Friend Allseeing,
 Great source of grace and love,
 In whom we have our being,
 In whom we live and move,
 Jerusalem, obeying
 Thy tender word " draw near,"
 Would come securely, praying
 In penitence and fear.

Thou knowest, Lord, the peril
 Our ill deserts have wrought,
 If earth for us is sterile
 And all our labour nought !
 Alas ! our righteous wages
 Are famine, plague, and sword,
 Unless Thy wrath assuages
 In mercy, gracious Lord,

For lo ! we know Thy terrors
 Throughout the world are rife,
 Seditions, frenzies, errors,
 Perplexities and strife !

Thy woes are on the nations,
And Thou dost scatter them,
Yet, heed the supplications
Of thy Jerusalem !

Truth, Lord, we are unworthy,
Unwise, untrue, unjust,
Our souls and minds are earthy,
And cleaving to the dust:
But pour thy graces o'er us
And quicken us at heart,
Make straight Thy way before us
And let us not depart.

Turn us, that we may fear Thee,
And worship day by day,—
Draw us, that we draw near Thee,
To honour and obey ;
Be with us in all trouble,
And, as our Saviour still,
Lord, recompense us double
With good for all our ill !

Though we deserve not pity
Yet, Lord, all bounty yield,—
All blessings in the city
And blessings in the field,
On folded flocks and cattle,
On basket and on store
In peace, and in the battle
All blessings evermore.

All good for earth and heaven !
For we are bold to plead
As through thy Son forgiven
And in Him sons indeed !
Yea, Father, as possessing
In Thee our FATHER-GOD,
Give us every blessing
And take away Thy rod.

August 6, 1848.

M. F. T

LITERATURE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.
 BY WILLIAM J. O'NEILL DAUNT, ESQ. Chapman and Hall, London: 1848.

O CONNELL was one of the most remarkable men of this, or of any age. The complete mastery he was enabled to acquire by purely peaceful means over the minds of the Irish people, the ready alacrity with which his commands were obeyed, the intense veneration with which his name was regarded by six millions and a half, out of the eight millions who inhabit Ireland, are utterly without parallel in modern history. His public character has been, and will be, estimated according to the political bias of his censors. By one party he is regarded as a great apostle of evil, a subverter of all that was true, pure, and Protestant in the State. By another he is looked on as the grand reformer of abuses—the enemy of monopoly, oppression, and slavery; the foe of every scheme of force or wile, whereby men invaded the privileges of their fellow-men.

His great achievement was the liberation of his Catholic brethren from their civil disabilities. He hoped, he prayed, to live for the triumph of the second task in which he had engaged—the restoration of the Irish Parliament. But this was denied him by Providence.

It is remarkable that his ardent wish for the Repeal of the Union was manifested at the outset of his struggle for emancipation, and at intervals throughout the entire of that stormy agitation.

He occupied a prominent place in the struggle for Parliamentary Reform; for the abolition of Negro Slavery; and for the Repeal of the Corn Laws. His name was familiar in men's mouths all over the civilized world.

Many, no doubt, of his immediate friends and disciples, are competent to present to the public, copious and highly interesting details of his private life. *One* of his political confederates has performed this task in the very agreeable book now before us. Mr. Daunt's plan resembles that of Boswell, and in presenting a vivid portraiture of the mind, manners, and habits of the subject of his biography, he rivals the faithful and accurate writer of the *Life of Johnson*.

Mr. Daunt possessed many opportunities of intercourse with O'Connell. In 1832 he joined the Repeal Movement, and was returned to the Imperial Parliament; in 1840 he became an original member of the Repeal Association, founded in that year by his political chief; and he took an active and prominent part in the debates of that assembly. In 1842 and 1845 he was appointed Repeal Director for the Province of Leinster, and Head Repeal Warden for Scotland.

We may remark that the gentleman who displayed all this activity in acquiring "Ireland for the Irish," descends from a very ancient and

honourable *English* family; his paternal progenitors having had estate, for many centuries in Gloucestershire. So that the prejudices of race and cast, which in Ireland are too frequently hereditary, appear to have been in his case, perfectly inoperative.

Two things chiefly strike the reader of Mr. Daunt's work; namely, the sagacious shrewdness that so singularly characterized Mr. O'Connell in his political designs; and the charming *bonhomie*, the captivating good humour, the light-hearted readiness to joke and laugh through all his public labours, which undoubtedly enabled him to get through a greater amount of political work than if his temperament had been of a less buoyant character.

He appears to have been fond of recounting his personal history and adventures to his private friends. Of this habit Mr. Daunt makes excellent use, by giving the narrative in the words of O'Connell; who thus becomes, to a great extent, his own biographer.

We subjoin the Great Agitator's account of a severe illness, which proved nearly fatal to him in his twenty-fourth year.

"He spoke of his illness—a severe typhus fever—which had nearly proved fatal to him at Darrynane, in 1798. 'It was occasioned,' said he, 'by sleeping in wet clothes. I had dried them upon me at a peasant's fire, and drank three glasses of whiskey, after which I fell asleep. The next day I hunted, was soon weary, and fell asleep in a ditch under sunshine. I became much worse; I spent a fortnight in great discomfort, wandering about and unable to eat. At last, when I could no longer battle it out, I gave up and went to bed. Old Dr. Moriarty was sent for. He pronounced me in a high fever. I was in such pain that I wished to die. In my ravings I fancied that I was in the middle of a wood, and that the branches were on fire around me. I felt my back bone stiffening for death, and I positively declare that I think what saved me was the effort I made to rise up and show my father, who was at my bedside, that I knew him. I verily believe that effort of nature averted death. During my illness, I used to quote from the tragedy of Douglas these lines:—

'Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me;
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved;
And think life only wanting to my fame.'

I used to quote those lines under the full belief that my illness would end fatally. Indeed, long before that period—when I was seven years old—yes, indeed, as long as ever I can recollect, I always felt a presentiment that I should write my name on the page of history. I hated Saxon domination. I detested the tyrants of Ireland. During the latter part of my illness, Dr. Moriarty told me that Buonaparte had got his whole army to Alexandria, across the desert. 'That is impossible,' said I, 'he cannot have done so; they would have starved.' 'Oh, no,' replied the Doctor, 'they had a quantity of portable soup with them, sufficient to feed the whole army for four days.' 'Ay,' rejoined I, 'but had they portable water; for their portable soup would have been but of little use if they had not water to dissolve it in.' My father looked at the attendants with an air of hope. Dr. Moriarty said to my mother—'His intellect is, at any rate, untouched.'

Here is an account of his early studies:—

"'The first *big* book I ever read,' said he, 'was Captain Cook's 'Voyage Round the World.' I read it with intense avidity. When the other children would ask me to play with them, I used to run away, and take my book to the window that is now converted into a press in the housekeeper's room at Dar-

rynane; there I used to sit with my legs crossed, tailor-like, devouring the adventures of Cook. His book helped to make me a good geographer—I took an interest in tracing out his voyages on the map. That was in 1784. I don't think I ever met a book that took a greater grasp of me—there used I sit reading it, sometimes crying over it, whilst the other boys were playing."

Mr. O'Connell's dislike to accomplish political changes by military force, appears from various passages in Mr. Daunt's work, to have proceeded, not so much from any objection to war in the abstract, as from a profound conviction of the utter inefficiency of physical violence to regenerate Ireland. Public opinion in that country is too much divided to allow a decided preponderance to the physical strength of either party. No doubt, so far as mere members go, the Nationalists or Repealers preponderate in the proportion of seven or eight to one. But the remaining minority are chiefly to be found among the classes, whose wealth and rank give them influence; and whose numerical insignificance might and would be counter-veiled by the British aid, and by the assistance of a well-disciplined and well-appointed army. That Mr. O'Connell, (exclusively of merely prudential considerations) had a humane dislike to the shedding of blood in civil contests, is evident from the tone of the following narrative:—

"'Oh, Maddan,' cried O'Connell, as he entered, 'I was thinking, as I read your book, how glad you would have been to learn a trifling incident I could have told you about the Shearses. I travelled with them, in the Calais packet, to England, in 1793. I left Douay on the 21st of January in that year, and arrived in Calais on the very day the news arrived that the King and Queen had been guillotined. The packet had several English on board, all of whom, like myself, seemed to have been made confirmed aristocrats by the sanguinary horrors of the Revolution. They were talking on the execution of the King and Queen, and execrating the barbarity of their murderers, when two gentlemen entered the cabin, a tall man and a low one—these were the two Shearses. Hearing the horrible doings at Paris spoken of, John Sheares said, 'We were at the execution.'—'Good heavens!' (exclaimed one of the Englishmen) 'how could you have got there?' 'By bribing two of the National Guard to lend us their uniforms' (answered Sheares) 'we obtained a most excellent view of the entire scene.' 'But, in God's name, how could you endure to witness such a hideous spectacle?' resumed the Englishman. John Sheares answered energetically—I never can forget his manner of pronouncing the words—'*From love of the cause!*' * * * 'In my young days there used to be a celebrated tavern in that street, where the Reformers of the period held many of their meetings. I was at one of those meetings in 1797—it was a meeting of the lawyers. John Sheares and the present Judge Burton attended it.' 'Had you then been called to the bar?' 'No. I was not then a lawyer—I only went as a spectator. It was fortunate for me that I could not participate in the proceedings. I felt warmly—a young Catholic student stepping prominently forth in opposition to the Government, would have been in all probability hanged. I learned much by being a *looker-on* about that time. The political leaders of the period could not conceive such a thing as perfectly open and above board political machinery.' My friend, Richard Newton Bennett, was an adjunct to the Directory of United Irishmen. I was myself an United Irishman. As I saw how matters worked, I soon learned the lesson *to have no secrets in politics*. Other leaders made their *workings* secret, and only intended to bring out the *results*. They were, therefore, perpetually in peril of treachery. You saw men on whose fidelity you would have staked your existence, playing false, when tempted by the magnitude of the bribe on the one side, and terrified on the other by the danger of hanging.' As we passed through Saint James's-street, he pointed out a dusky red brick house, with stone cornices and architraves on the south side of the street. 'That' (said he) 'was the Grand Canal Hotel. One night

in 1803, I searched every room in that house.' 'For what did you search?' 'For Croppies. I was then a member of the Lawyers' Corps, and consequently on duty. After I had stood sentry for three successive nights, Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman's turn came. He had recently been ill, and told me the exposure to night air would probably kill him. 'I shall be in a sad predicament' (said he) 'unless you take my turn of duty for me. If I refuse, they'll accuse me of cowardice or Croppism; if I mount guard it will be the death of me.' So I took his place, and thus stood guard for six consecutive nights. One night a poor boy was taken up in Dame-street after midnight—he said in his defence that he was going on a message from his master, a notary public, to give notice for protest of a bill—the hour seemed a very unlikely one for such a purpose, and we searched his person for treasonable documents. We found in his waistcoat pocket a sheet of paper, on which were rudely scrawled several drawings of pikes. He turned pale with fright, and trembled all over, but persisted in the account he had given of himself. It was easily tested, and a party immediately went to his master's house to make inquiry. His master confirmed his statement; but the visitors, whose suspicions were excited by the drawing, rigidly examined the whole house for pikes—probed the beds to try if there were any concealed in them—found all right, and returned to our guard-house about three in the morning.'"

Not the least attractive portions of the work, are the records of personal incident and domestic attachment that now and then occur. Here we have Mr. O'Connell, the historian of his own courtship and marriage* :—

"On one of our Repeal journeys—namely, to Waterford—he adverted, as he frequently did, to the memory of the late Mrs. O'Connell. 'I never,' said he, 'proposed marriage to any woman but one—my Mary.' I said to her, 'Are you engaged, Miss O'Connell?' She answered I am not.' 'Then,' said I, 'will you engage yourself to me?' 'I will,' was the reply. 'And I said I would devote my life to make her happy.' She deserved that I should—she gave me thirty-four years of the purest happiness that man ever enjoyed. My uncle was desirous I should obtain a much larger fortune, and I thought he would disinherit me. I was richly rewarded by subsequent happiness.' 'And your profession made you independent?' 'Yes—the first year I was at the bar I made £58; the second year, £150; the third year, £200; the fourth year about 300 guineas. I then advanced rapidly; and the last year of my practice I got £9,000, although I lost one term. 'Did your wife reside in Tralee?' 'She did, with her grandmother: and it was my delight to quiz the old lady by pretending to complain of her grand-daughter's want of temper.' 'Madam,' said I, 'Mary would do very well only she is so cross.' 'Cross, Sir? My Mary cross? Sir, you must have provoked her very much! Sir, you must yourself be quite in fault! Sir, my little girl was always the gentlest, sweetest creature born.' 'And so she was,' he added, after a pause. 'She had the sweetest, the most heavenly temper, and the sweetest breath.' He remained some moments silent, and then resumed—'When my wife was a little girl she was obliged to pass, on her way to school every day, under the arch of the gaol; and Hands, the gaoler of Tralee, a most gruff, uncouth-looking fellow, always made her stop and curtsy to him. She despatched the curtsy with all imaginable expedition, and ran away to school, to get out of his sight as fast as possible.' It often happened during our journeys that after a silence that lasted for some time, O'Connell would suddenly break out with a snatch of some old ballad in Irish or English. On this day he sang out—

I leaned my back against an oak,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent, and then it broke—
'Twas thus my love deserted me!

* His wife was a rather remote cousin of his own; Miss Mary O'Connell, of Tralee.

I expressed some surprise that those ballad scraps should rest upon his memory. 'Oh,' replied he, 'I liked ballads of all things when I was a boy. In 1787 I was brought to the Tralee assizes—assizes were then a great mart for all sorts of amusements, and I was greatly taken with the ballad singers. It was then I heard two ballad singers, a man and a woman, chanting out the ballad from which you heard me sing that verse. He sang the first two lines—she sang the third line—both together sang the fourth, and so on through the whole ballad.'

At a dinner party at Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's, where our author met O'Connell, some one asked him whether the use of the Irish language was diminishing among our peasantry. "Yes," he answered; "and I am sufficiently utilitarian not to regret its gradual abandonment. A diversity of tongues is no benefit; it was imposed on mankind as a curse, at the building of Babel. It would be a vast advantage to mankind if all the inhabitants of the earth spoke the same language. Therefore, although the Irish language is connected with many recollections that twine around the hearts of Irishmen, yet the superior utility of the English tongue, as the medium of all modern communication, is so great, that I can witness without a sigh the gradual disuse of the Irish."

The staff of Repeal agitators who acquired so much public notoriety in 1842-3, and whom public opinion in this country set down as a band of dark and ferocious conspirators, would seem, from Mr. Daunt's account, to have been a set of uncommonly merry, laughter-loving fellows, very much under the inspiration of Momus; for their hours, whilst *en route*, were chiefly occupied with pleasant anecdote and entertaining conversation, of which our author has preserved some piquant specimens. O'Connell, of course, plays first fiddle in all this amusing chit-chat:—

"One of his odd stories was about a Miss Hussey, to whom her father bequeathed £150 per annum, in consideration of her having an ugly nose. 'He had made a will,' said O'Connell, 'disposing of the bulk of his property to public charities. When he was upon his death bed, his housekeeper asked him how much he had left Miss Mary? He replied that he had left her £1,000, which would do for her very well, if she met with any sort of a good husband. 'Heaven bless your honour!' cried the housekeeper, 'and what decent man would ever take her with the nose she has got?' 'Why, that is really very true,' replied the dying father; 'I never thought of her nose;' and he lost no time in adding a codicil that gave Miss Mary an addition of £150 a year as a set off against her ugliness."

WHAT WAS THE VETO?—"He gave a humorous sketch of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto: 'Now, *ma boughali*,' said the friar, 'you haven't got gumption, and should therefore be guided by them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d'ye see. And now, as none of you know what the veto is, I'll just make it all as clear as a whistle to yez. The veto, you see, is a Latin word, *ma boughali*, and none of yez undherstands Latin. But I will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if you'll only listen to me now. The veto is a thing that — you see, boys, the veto is a thing — that the meeting on Monday is to be held about. (Here there were cheers, and cries of hear, hear)! The veto is a thing that —, in short, boys, its a thing that has puzzled wiser people than any of yez! In short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I needn't take up more of your time about it now; but I'll give you this piece of advice, boys; just go to the meeting, and listen to Counsellor O'Connell, and just do whatever he bids yez, boys!'"

LECTURE ON COW STEALING.—"We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who

had assembled to meet him. 'I was once,' (he said) 'counsel for a cow stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he always managed to steal the *fat* cows, to which he gravely answered:—'Why then I'll tell your honour the whole secret of that, Sir. *Whenever your honour goes to steal a cow*, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honour. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark is by this token—that the fat cows always stand in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.' So' (continued O'Connell) 'I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client.'"

Of William Pitt, O'Connell said:—

"He struck me as having the most majestic flow of language and the finest voice imaginable. He managed his voice admirably. It was from him I learned to throw out the lower tones at the close of my sentences. Most men either let their voice fall at the end of their sentences, or else force it into a shout or screech. This is because they end with the upper instead of the lower notes. Pitt knew better. He threw his voice so completely round the house, that every syllable he uttered was distinctly heard by every man in the house." "Did you hear Fox in the debate of which you are speaking?" asked I. "Yes—and he spoke delightfully; his speech was better than Pitt's. The *forte* of Pitt, as an orator, was majestic declamation, and an inimitable felicity of phrase. The word he used was always the very best word that could be got to express his idea. The only man I ever knew who approached Pitt in this particular excellence was Charles Kendal Bushe, whose phrases were always admirably happy."

O'Connell described with great zest the "creature comforts" furnished by the rural inns of Ireland:—

"There was the Coach-and-Horses Inn, at Assolas, in the county Clare—I daresay you remember it, Tom, close to the bridge. What delicious claret they had there! It is levelled with the ground these many years. Then there was that inn near Maryborough—how often have I seen the old trooper who kept it smoking his pipe on the stone bench at the door, and his fat old wife sitting opposite to him. They kept a right good house. She inherited the inn from her father and mother, and was trained up early to the business. She was an only child, and had displeased her parents by a runaway match with a dragoon soldier. However, they soon relented, and received her and her husband into favour. The worthy trooper took charge of the stable department, for which his habits well adapted him; and the in-door business was admirably managed by his wife. Then there was that inn at Naas, most comfortably kept, and excellent wine. I remember stopping to dine there one day, posting up for the Limerick assizes. There were three of us in the chaise, and ——— was tipsy; his eyes were bloodshot, and his features swollen from hard drinking on the previous night; besides which he had tumbled a little in the morning. As he got out of the chaise, I called him 'Parson,' to the evident delight of a Methodist preacher who was haranguing a crowd in the street, and who deemed his own merits enhanced by the contrast with a sottish minister of the establishment."

There is also a most appetizing description of the fare on which the hungry traveller might feast himself at the inn at Mill Street, in the County Cork, formerly kept by a Mrs. Cotter.

O'Connell fired off the following shot at Robert Emmett's scheme of rebellion in Ireland:—

"'Poor man, he meant well,' said O'Connell; 'but I ask whether a madder scheme was ever devised by a Bedlamite? Here was Mr. Emmet, having got together about £1,200 in money and seventy-four men; whereupon he makes war upon King George the Third with 150,000 of the best troops in Europe, and the wealth of three kingdoms at his command! Why, my good sir, poor Emmet's scheme was as wild as anything in romance. No, I always saw, that divided as Ireland is and has been, physical force could never be made an available weapon to regenerate her. I saw that the best and only effective combination must be that of moral force. I have combined the peasantry in moral organization; and on them, with their reverend pastors to guide them, do I place my reliance. And I am proud of them, they are the finest people in the whole world.'"

It appears that the Agitator had a notion at one time of becoming a novelist:—

"We spoke of a story I meant to weave into a novel. 'I think,' said I, 'that you would be somewhat out of your element assisting a novelist in his compositions.' 'Not in the least,' he answered. 'I was once going to write a novel myself.' 'Indeed! and what was your story to have been?' 'Why, as to the story, I had not that fully determined on. But my hero was to have been a natural son of George III., by Hannah Lightfoot, his Quaker mistress. The youth was to have been early taken from his mother; and I meant to make him a student at Douay, and thence to bring him, through various adventures, to the West Indies. He was to be a soldier of fortune—to take a part in the American War—and to come back finally to England, imbued with republican principles.' I do not remember whether this adventurous hero was, on his return to England, to have been confronted with his royal father."

The following passage contains a record honourable to O'Connell's political character:—

"O'Connell's enemies have repeatedly called him a 'trading politician.' Had the charge been true, it is incredible that he should not, at some unguarded moment of social intercourse, have allowed the imputed double-dealing to betray itself. But, although it was his habit to converse freely and confidentially with his familiar associates, he never uttered in private a sentiment adverse to the political doctrines of which he was in public the apostle. He could easily have made his own terms at any time with the English government: and yet, although far from insensible to the advantages of station and wealth, he steadily rejected all overtures of place for himself.—A zealous, but ill-judging friend, had held out, as a glorious termination to his political career, a seat in the House of Lords of England, and the title of 'Viscount O'Connell.' 'I'll take nothing for myself,' said the Liberator, 'as long as Ireland wants me.' In 1838, on the morning when he received from government the offer to be appointed Lord Chief Baron, he walked over to the window saying, 'This is very kind—very kind, indeed!—but I haven't the least notion of taking the offer. Ireland could not spare me now! not but that, *if she could*, I don't at all deny that the office would have great attractions for me. Let me see, now—there would not be more than about eighty days' duty in the year; I would take a country-house near Dublin, and walk into town; and during the intervals of judicial labour, I'd go to Darrynane. I should be idle in the early part of April, just when the jack-hares leave the most splendid trails upon the mountains. In fact, I should enjoy the office on every account, if I *could* but accept it consistently with the interests of Ireland—BUT I CANNOT.'"

One more anecdote and we must conclude.

"'I remember,' said O'Connell, 'being counsel at a special commission in Kerry, against Mr. S——, and having occasion to press him somewhat hard

in my speech, he jumped up in the court and called me a purse-proud blockhead. I said to him, 'If I be a blockhead, it is the better for you, as I'm counsel against you. However, just to save you the trouble of saying so again, I'll administer a slight rebuke.' Whereupon I whacked him soundly on the back with the president's cane. Next day he sent me a challenge by William Ponsonby, of Crottoe, but very shortly after he wrote to me to state that since he challenged me he had discovered that my life was inserted in a valuable lease of his. 'Under these circumstances,' he continued, 'I cannot afford to shoot you, unless as a precautionary measure, you first insure your life for my benefit. If you do, then heigh for powder and ball! I'm your man.' Now this seems so ludicrously absurd that it is almost incredible, yet is literally true. S—— was a very timid man, yet he fought six duels—in fact he fought them all from pure fear."

Lord John Russell, in introducing his recent measures against the *physical* agitation of Repeal—or perhaps we should say, of separation—in Ireland, declared that the Repeal of the Union was a question of argument and reason on which all men might freely hold whatever opinions they pleased; but the violent separation of Ireland from the British Crown was a totally different matter, requiring the prompt and powerful interference of Government, to prevent its being attempted.

Mr. Daunt's doctrine is, that Repeal, by destroying what he deems a great national grievance, would also destroy the desire for separation, and consolidate the loyalty of the Irish nation to Her Majesty's crown. He states the whole case of the Repealers in an exceedingly able Appendix, which is well worthy the perusal of all who desire to become acquainted with what that party can allege in their own behalf.

We cordially recommend the work, as embracing a highly entertaining variety of anecdotes; picturesque and graphic sketches of some of the most stirring scenes of O'Connell's latter years; and traits of the private character of one of the most extraordinary men of the age, all recorded in a graceful and fascinating manner. The book is a delightful companion for the sea side or the watering place.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

Abrahall. On Saturday, the 22nd July, at 4, Orme-square, Bayswater, in the 49th year of her age, Augusta Caroline, wife of T. B. Hoskyns Abrahall, Esq., barrister-at-law, and Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy.

Addis, Mrs. Lucretia, formerly of St. Johns, Southwark, 19th August, aged 75.

Agassiz, Louisa, 7th August, at Allsopp-terrace, aged 82.

Vans-Agnew, Patrick Alexander, Esq., E.I.C.S. The cruel murder of this gentleman in India, was announced in the recent Overland despatches. His death occurred on the 20th April, in the 26th year of his age. Mr. Patrick Vans-Agnew, was second son of the late Colonel Vans-Agnew, of Barnbarroch, county Wigton, C.B., one of the East India Directors, and great-grandson of John Vans, Esq., of Barnbarroch, who assumed, on marrying Margaret, only child and heiress of Robert Agnew, Esq., of Sheuchan, the additional surname of Agnew. The family of Vans claims to be a branch of the chivalrous house of Vaux, so celebrated in every part of Europe.

Ainslie, Cordelia Astley, relic of John Ainslie, Esq., of Huntingdon, 26th July.

Ansell, Newnham, eldest son of Robert Ansell, 14th August, at Carshalton, Surrey, aged 25.

Anthony, Caroline, daughter of John Anthony, Esq., of Washwood, near Birmingham, 5th August, aged 25.

Arnold, William, Esq., M.D. F.R.S. &c. at Kingston, Jamaica, 26th June, aged 58.

Astley. On the 29th July, at Burghthall, Norfolk, aged 32, Mrs. Francis Astley, wife of Francis L'Estrange Astley, Esq., and second daughter of Nathaniel Micklthwaite Esq., of Taverham, in Norfolk.

Aubin, Elizabeth, wife of Frederick Geo. Aubin, Esq., of Norwood, 25th July.

Bains, Edward, Esq., 3rd August, aged 74. This highly-respected gentleman was formerly member for Leeds in three successive Parliaments, and senior proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*. He

was the architect of his own fortune, having by industry, energy, thrift, and ability, worked his way in the world from the position of a journeyman printer, until he became one of the most prominent men in Leeds, and its representative for many years in Parliament. At the commencement of the present century he obtained possession of the *Leeds Mercury*, and by his able management, so increased its popularity, that it is now esteemed, in point of circulation and literary character, one of the first provincial papers in England. Mr. Bains was, besides, author of several books, the "History of the French War," a popular and profitable undertaking; the "History of the County Palatine of Lancaster," an elaborate topographical production, &c. At the time of his death he was a Magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire. He leaves sons and daughters; one of the former, M. T. Bains, Esq., a learned Queen's Counsel, sits in Parliament for the Borough of Hull.

Bacot, Miss Ann, of Horsham, Sussex 10th August.

Barber, Stephen Nicholas, Esq., 31st July, aged 69, at Denmark-hill,

Barr. On Friday, the 21st July, at Henwick-hall, near Worcester, George Barr, Esq., the second brother of the late Charles Barr, Esq., banker, of Leeds.

Bateman. At Kintbury, near Hungerford, Berks, on the 23rd July, in the 87th year of his age, Sir John Bateman, Knt., formerly of the Royal Artillery.

Battie, Kitty, relict of Capt. George Kinnaid Battie, E.I.C.S. 13th August.

Benwell, Peter Sarney, Esq., of Henley-on-Thames, 2nd Aug., aged 46.

Biers, Hugh, Esq., of Stranraer place, 2nd Aug., aged 89.

Bloomfield. On the 15th of May, at Loodianah, of effusion on the brain, Charles Robert Bloomfield, aged 22, Lieutenant in the 56th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, fourth son of the Rev. James Bloomfield, rector of Orsett, Essex.

- Boghurst, Philip, Esq., 17th Aug., at Worthing, aged 63.
- Bolingbroke, The Dowager Vicountess. Her Ladyship, was (at the period of her marriage to the late Lord Bolingbroke) Baroness Hompesch, in Germany, the daughter of an ancient and ennobled family. By his lordship she had two sons—Ferdinand, born 16th October 1804; and Charles Robert who died 21st January, 1844.
- Bosanquet, Caroline, relict of Henry Bosanquet Esq., 2nd Aug., aged 82.
- Bowden, Emily Anna, daughter of John Bowden, of Hollywood House, New Brompton, 12th Aug.
- Boyd, William, Esq., of Holt Lodge, Norfolk, 31st Aug.
- Bradley. On the 22nd July, at Southgate-cottage, Southgate-road, Kingsland, Marv, relict of William Rawlins Edwards Bradley, Esq., in her 83rd year.
- Bramah. On the 22nd July, at the residence of her mother, 23, Thurloe-square, Brompton, Ann, eldest surviving dau. of the late Timothy Bramah, Esq.
- Brodwick, Charles, third son of the Rev. W. J. Brodwick, rector of Bath, 15th Aug., aged 16.
- Brown, Charles, son of Frederick Brown, Esq., of Francis-street, 30th July.
- Bunney, John Mort, Esq., M.D., formerly of the 76th Regiment, 25th July, aged 64.
- Burfield, Jessy, wife of Charles Burfield, Jun., 9th Aug., at Hastings.
- Bromard, Edward Silvester, Esq., Surgeon, at Crewkern, co. Somerset, 14th Aug., aged 44.
- Bury, Marianne, Wife of Henry Bury, Esq., of Manchester. 7th Aug.
- Burgers, Cecilia, daughter of the late John Burgers, Esq., R. N. 4th Aug.
- Cameron. On Saturday, the 22nd July, at 40, Hamilton-square, Birkenhead, in the 72nd year of her age, Elizabeth, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Hector Cameron, and eldest child of the late Rev. Verney Lovett, D.D.
- Cancellor, Eliza Jane, eldest daughter of John Henry Cancellor Esq., of Chester-Terrace, Regent's Park, 31st July, aged 18.
- Carnac, Louis, youngest son of the late Sir James Rinett Carnac, Bart., 6th July, aged 23.
- Carnell, Sarah, widow of William Carnell, 7th Aug., at Newhouse, Hadlow, Kent, aged 77.
- Cates. On Wednesday, the 26th June, at Margate, Mrs. Cates, widow of the late John Cates, Esq., of Westgate-court, Canterbury, in the 82nd year of her age.
- Cayley, Emma, wife of E. S. Cayley, Esq., M.P. 2nd Aug.
- Chamberlaine, Anne, relict of the late John Chamberlaine, Esq., mother of George John Chamberlaine of the Dec House, Esq., and of Mrs. O'Reilly of Annagh Abbey in the co. of Cavan, on the 13th Aug. at her residence, the Northgate-street-house, Chester.
- Chapman, the Rev. W. of Greenwich, 26th July.
- Chapman, Abel, Esq., a member of the Society of Friends, 17th Aug.
- Cheney, Harriett, wife of Lieutenant General Cheney, 5th Aug., aged 77.
- Chester, Sir Robert, 12th Aug., aged 80. This venerable gentleman died at his house in St. John's Wood. He was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hertfordshire Militia, and held the appointment of Master of the Ceremonies to their Majesties George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. The honour of Knighthood he received in 1818. Through his father, the late Robert Chester, Esq., of the Middle Temple, he descended from the ancient family of Chester of Royston and Cockenhatch, and through his mother, Harriett, daughter and co-heir of Charles Adelmare Cæsar, Esq., from the learned Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in 1610. Sir Robert married, 10th Oct., 1797, Eliza, third daughter of John Ford, Esq., of the Chauntry, near Ipswich, and leaves two surviving sons, Charles, of the East India Company's Military Service, and Harry, of the Privy Council Office; and two daus., the eldest of whom, Eliza, married, in 1819, Sir John E. Eardley Wilmot, Bart.
- Clerk, Frances Maria, relict of John, 23rd July.
- Clapton, Richard, Esq., of Dorking Surrey, 15th Aug.
- Clarkson, Benjamin, Esq., formerly of Hampstead, 4th Aug., aged 56.
- Cole, Wm., Esq., many years Page of the Presence of George IV., 11th Aug.
- Colleton, Sir James Roupell, Bart., 29th July, aged 65. Sir James was eldest son of the late Sir James Nossau Colleton, the gallant Royalist of the time of Charles I., who suffered so severely from pecuniary sacrifices and sequestrations, that he was obliged to retire to Barbadoes, where he had a large grant of land. The Baronet, whose death we record, married his cousin Septima-Sexta-Colleton, third daughter of Admiral Richard Graves, of Hembury Fort, Devon, by Louisa Caroline, his wife, only daughter Sir

- John Colleton, fourth Baronet, and has left issue one surviving son, the present Sir Robert Augustus Fulford Graves Colleton, Bart., and two daughters. The late Baronet had an elder son, Frederick Nassau Graves, a military officer, who died in 1847.
- Colley, Bernard, late of Posenhall, co. Salop, 29th July, aged 75.
- Collins. At Hodmin, on Tuesday, the 1st Aug., the Rev. Vernon Collins, youngest son of the late Rev. John Basset Collins, of Trewardale, in the county of Cornwall.
- Combes, Wm., Esq., of Dorking, Surrey, 17th Aug., aged 63.
- Corser, John, Esq., of Wolverhampton, 15th Aug., aged 76.
- Cotman, John, Esq., of Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent, 31st July, aged 41.
- Comtoy, George, Esq., of St. John's Wood, 8th Aug., aged 76.
- Cowell. On Saturday, the 23d July, at No. 7, Great Cumberland-street, Hyde-park, Frances, the beloved wife of John Welsford Cowell, Esq.
- Cox, Mary, widow of G. L. Cox, Esq., 7th Aug., aged 82.
- Cramer. On the 25th July, at 26, Westbourne-grove, Bayswater, in the 77th year of his age, François Cramer, Esq., late of Her Majesty's State band, and for upwards of 50 years the highly-respected leader of the Ancient Concerts, Provincial Musical Festivals, Philharmonic, &c.
- Creighton. On the 2d Aug., at the house of his uncle, W. R. Rennalls, Esq., in Tavistock-square, William Abraham Creighton, Esq., of Creighton's Creek, Port Philip, in his 32d year.
- Crooke, James, Esq., Lieut., R.N., 17th Aug., at Brighton, aged 64.
- Cruden. On the 31st July, at Heidelberg, Mrs. Elizabeth Sadleir Cruden, only daughter of the late Robert Sadleir Moody, Esq., of Aspley Manor, Bedfordshire, and relict of William Cruden, Esq., of Gategill, Kirkcudbrightshire, North Britain.
- Cubitt, Henry F., Esq., of Catton, near Norwich, late of the Royal Artillery, 12th Aug., aged 49.
- Cuffe. On the 28th July, at his apartments in London, William Cuffe, Esq., of St. Alban's, county of Kilkenny, and Grange, in the Queen's County, Ireland, brother-in-law to the present Earl of Harborough.
- Cunningham, Wm., Esq., late of Dro-mona, county Antrim, 25th July, aged 56.
- Curry, Mrs., relict of James Curry, Esq., 26th July, aged 76.
- Davis, John Soudley, Esq., 13th Aug., at Peckham.
- Dering, the Rev. Cholmeley Edward J., Prebendary of St. Pauls, &c., 12th Aug., aged 58.
- Dickingham, Miss Mary Elizabeth, of Lower Eaton St., 27th July.
- Dimsdale, Emma Sarah, third daughter of Josiah Dimsdale, Esq., of Islington, 14th Aug., aged 17.
- Domett, Wm. Curling, late of Ceylon, son of Nathaniel Domett, 8th Aug., aged 38.
- Doolan, Kendrick Augustus, Esq. 23d July, at Ramsgate, aged 35.
- Dring, John Edward, Esq., late paymaster and purser, 4th May, aged 37.
- Drummond, Hon. Frederick, 15th May, at Purneah, aged 25. This gentleman, a Civil Servant of the Hon. East India Company, died of fever. He was the youngest son of the present Viscount Strathallan, by Amelia Sophia, his wife, daughter of John, fourth Duke of Athol. Thus, paternally and maternally, the deceased sprang from the most illustrious houses of Scotland and England—the Drummonds, the Mur-rays, the Hamiltons, the Stanleys, the Brandons, the Tudors, and the Plantagenets. His great grandfather, Wm. Drummond, fourth Viscount Strathallan, was a devoted adherent of the Chevalier in the memorable '45, and fell, gallantly fighting, at the decisive battle of Culloden.
- Eaton, Mrs. Milliant, 13th Aug., at Reading, Berks., aged 66.
- Ellis, Mr. Clement, of Lincoln College, Oxford, 13th Aug., aged 21.
- Ellis. On the 20th July, at No. 5, Rue St. Florentin, Paris, Eveline Emily Caroline Penolva, only daughter of Carteret J. W. Ellis, Esq.
- Falconer, Captain Peter, of South Villa, Elgin, 10th Aug., aged 69.
- Ferguson, Captain Robert, youngest son of the late Robert Ferguson, Esq., of Deptford, 3d Aug., aged 42.
- Ford, Robert, second son of the late John Ford, Esq., 28th July, at Ellet Hall, near Lancaster, aged 32.
- Ford. In Grey, Friars, Chester, on Saturday, the 22d July, in her 77th year, Elizabeth, relict of John Ford, Esq., of Abbeyfield, in the county of Chester.
- Frear, Mary Charlotte, wife of Benjamin Frear, Esq., of Darley, 10th Aug., aged 45.
- Frere, Theodora-Amelia Mary, wife of Hatley Frere, Esq., Madras Civil Service, and eldest daughter of the Bishop of Madras, 28th May.

Glover. On the 15th July, at Highfield, Lymington, in the house of his mother, John Campbell Glover, Esq., late Major 13th Reg. Madras Infantry, and second son of the late Philip Glover, Esq., formerly of Sedgford, Norfolk, and of the Enniskillen Dragoons.

Goode, Matilda, wife of B. Geldart Goode, Esq., of Howland-street, 8th Aug., at Besthorpe, Norfolk.

Goodwin, Henry, Esq., late of Cromer, co. Norfolk, 11th Aug., aged 61.

Gowland, Emily, eldest dau. of the late Ralph Skinner Gowland, Esq., of co. Durham, 6th Aug.

Grant, Sir John Peter, of Rothiemurchus, late Judge of Calcutta, 17th May. The decease of Sir John Peter Grant, late one of the Puisne Judges of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, occurred at sea, on his passage homeward. At the time Sir John had completed his 74th year. His call to the bar was in 1802. In 1827 he received the honourable appointment of Judge of Bombay, and then received Knighthood. He subsequently was promoted to the Bengal Supreme Court. The Grants of Rothiemurchus are a branch of the ancient Scottish clans of Grant, being descended from Patrick, second son of John Grant of Freuchie, surnamed Evan the Gentle, and grandson maternally of Stewart Earl of Atholl.

Granville, Court, Esq., J.P., of Calwich Abbey, co. Stafford, 16th July. This gentleman was son of the late Bernard d'Ewes, Esq., of Hagley and Wellesbourne, and assumed in 1825—on inheriting the estates of his uncle, the Rev. John Granville, of Calwich Abbey—the surname and arms of Granville, as representative of the famed Sir Bevil Granville, the gallant Cavalier commander, who fell, in the arms of victory, at Lansdowne Hill, near Bath. Mr. Court Granville was born in 1779, and married in 1803, Maria, daughter of Edward Ferrers, Esq., of Baddesley Clinton, co. Warwick, by whom he had issue Bernard (now of Calwich Abbey,) three other sons, and three daughters. Mrs. Delany, the favourite of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, was grand-aunt of the gentleman whose decease we record.

Guillamore, Viscount. His lordship was eldest son and heir to the celebrated Standish O'Grady, for several years Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, who was elevated to the peerage as Viscount Guillamore in 1831, and died 21st April, 1840. The family, whence the noble lord descended was

a scion of the great house of O'Grady, which boasts an equal antiquity and a common descent with that of O'Brien, from the ancient monarch of Ireland. Its present chief is O'Grady, of Kilballyowen. Maternally, Lord Guillamore (whose death we record) sprang from the Wallers, of Castletown, an offshoot of the stem of Waller, so famous for having given birth to the poet. In early life his lordship entered the army, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. He attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1827, and was appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Queen in 1842. He married, 16th December, 1828, Gertrude Jane, daughter of the honourable Berkeley Paget, brother of the Marquis of Anglesey; and leaves by her a large family; his eldest son and heir being Standish, now third Viscount Guillamore, who was born the 8th of July, 1832.

Helyar, Albert, late Captain 7th Hussars, second son of the late Wm. Helyar, Esq., of Coker, co. Somerset, 9th Aug.

Hope, Mrs. Mary, 14th Aug., at Somers' Place, Hyde Park, aged 78.

Hunt, Catherine, relict of the Rev. John Hunt, late Rector of Welford, co. Gloucester, 28th July, aged 84.

Iddins, George Francis, Esq., 30th July, at the Woodrow, Brounsgrove, co. Worcester, aged 66.

Inchbald, Mary Anne, wife of John Inchbald, Esq., 30th July, at Brixton.

Ingram, Elizabeth, relict of Joshua of Stillingfleet House, co. York, and dau. of the late James Hill, Esq., of Leeds, 20th Aug., at Camberwell.

Jarman, Egbert, son of John Boykett Jarman, Esq., 5th Aug., at Rosnan, Datchet, aged 24.

Johnstone, Caroline, wife of Charles Johnstone, Esq., of Claramont, Cheshurst, Herts, 7th Aug.

Jones, Mrs. John Gear, daughter of J. H. Skelton, Esq., 26th July.

Jones, Emma, wife of John Jones, Esq., of the Oakes, Gurnsey, 23d July.

Jone, the Rev. Morgan Walter, Vicar of Ospridge, 13th Aug., aged 69.

Kilburn, Elizabeth, relict of William Kilburn, Esq., of Willington, Surrey, 27th July, aged 84.

Killingsworth, Mrs. James, 16th Aug., at Kingsland.

Knaggs, Leslie Cargill, youngest son of Walter Knaggs, Esq., Deputy Receiver-General of Jamaica, 5th Aug.

Knaggs, Corinne Marguerite, wife of the above Walter Knaggs, Esq.

Laffan, Sir Joseph de Courcy, Bart., K.H., M.D., and LL.D. This respected gen-

- tleman was third son of Walter Laffan, Esq., of Cashel, grandson maternally of Richard de Courcy, Esq., of the same city, and youngest brother of Robert Laffan, titular Archbishop of Cashel. He was born 8th May, 1787, and, having graduated at Edinburgh, gained such distinction in the medical profession as to be appointed successively Physician to the Forces in the Peninsular War, and Physician in Ordinary to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. In 1828 he received a patent of Baronetcy, and in 1836 was honoured with the insignia of the Guelphic Order. Sir Joseph married, in 1815, Jemima, daughter and co-heir of Paul Pilcher, Esq., of Rochester, and became a widower, without issue in 1839. The title has consequently become **EXTINCT**.
- Lamb, Elizabeth, wife of H. W. Lamb, Esq., 30th July.
- Lang, Charles, Esq., of Liverpool, formerly of H.M. Dockyards, Devonport, Deptford, 4th August, aged 74.
- Langshaw. On the 7th August, at Midhurst, Sussex, Mary Anne Maria, wife of T. W. Langshaw, incumbent of Bepton, Sussex, and third daughter of the late William Reynolds, Esq., of Malpas-House, Monmouthshire, and formerly of Lympstone, Devonshire.
- Layard, G. H. Esq., of Harewood-square, 27th July, aged 42.
- Leigh, James Heath, Esq., of Belmont, co. Chester. 5th August, aged 52.
- Lewis. On Sunday, the 30th July, at Palace-gate, Exeter, Miss Elizabeth Lewis, sister of the late James Lewis, Esq., formerly Speaker of the House of Assembly of Jamaica, aged 63.
- Lindesay, John, Esq., of Loughry, co. Tyrone, J.P. and D.L., 7th August.
- Loeke. On the 4th Aug., at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, Lady Matilda Jane Locke, widow of the late General Locke, aged 70.
- Lovell, Louisa, wife of George Lovell, Esq., 25th April, at Penang.
- Lyon, Anne, widow of David Lyon, Esq., of St. Johns, Westminster, 1st. Aug., aged 87.
- Lyte, John Walker Maxwell, Esq., of Berryhead, Brixham, 28th July.
- Mackay, Alistair, youngest son of Alexander Mackay, Esq., late of Cradle-Hall, 4th August, aged 15.
- Maclea, Alexander William, son of Commander Rawdon Maclea, R.N., 7th August, aged 16.
- Mair, John, Esq., late of Friday-st. 1st. Aug., at Nightingalls, co. Bucks, aged 84.
- Manser, David, Esq., 17th Aug., at Rye, aged 47.
- Markham, Emma Eliza, wife of Dr. Markham, 12th August, at Kensington Gardens Terrace.
- Marryat, Capt. Frederick, C.B. F.R.S. Another bright ornament of literature has been taken from amongst us. Capt. Marryat, the Smollett of the nineteenth century, died on the 9th instant, at Langham, in Norfolk, in his 56th year. He had been long seriously unwell, from the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels; and the recent loss of his eldest son in the *Avenger*, is supposed to have accelerated the fatal result. Captain Marryat was the son of Joseph Marryat, Esq., of the city of London. At an early age he entered the Royal Navy; served, while midshipman of the *Imperieuse*, in the operations conducted by Lord Cochrane on the coast of Catalonia, and was in the attack on the French squadron in Aix Roads in 1809. Subsequently he formed part of the Walcheren expedition; and, when lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, in her barge sent out four vessels from Boston Bay in 1814. In the Burmese war he commanded the *Ariadne*, and was, for some time, the senior officer on the station. His literary fame, which is considerable, rests on his "Peter Simple," "Perceval Keene," "Jacob Faithful," and "Mr. Midshipman Easy"—sea novels of unrivalled popularity, so replete with spirit and humour as to bear no invidious comparison with the admirable writings of the author of "Peregrine Pickle."
- Marsh, Wilmot, eldest son of the Rev. George A. E. Marsh, Rector of Bangor, 4th August, aged 29.
- Maude, Sarah Maria, wife of W. M. Maude, Esq., 7th August, at Knowsthorpe-House, Leeds.
- Metcalfe, Theodora, wife of Henry Metcalfe, Esq., of Whitley-hall, co. Northumberland, 31st July.
- Mills, Susanna, relict of Thomas Mills, of Saxham-hall, co. Suffolk, 26th July, aged 90.
- Milnes, Mrs. William, of Barley-lawn, near Leeds, 10th August, and dau. of the late Benj. Philips, of Bermondsey.
- Morgan, Thomas, Esq., Surgeon, 3rd August, at Woodford, Essex, aged 71.
- Moore, George, Esq., Colonel and Brigadier in India. Few families have suffered more fatally in the service of their country than that of this distinguished officer, Brigadier Moore being the seventh member, in one generation, who has fallen a sacrifice to the climate of India alone. Colonel Moore was brother of the Rev. Wm. Moore, D.D.,

Prebendary of Lincoln, and Rector of Spalding, being the seventh son of Edward Moore, Esq., of Stockwell House, Surrey, and descended, it is stated, by a junior branch, from the celebrated Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. He entered the army as a Cadet, at the age of 15, in the year 1804, under the influence of his uncle, Peter Moore, Esq., M.P. In 1805, he sailed with the secret expedition under Sir David Baird and assisted at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope, being placed at the head of the Cadets. Upon arriving in India he obtained a commission in the 1st Regiment N.I.; and on the augmentation of the army, he was appointed to the 59th Bengal Native Infantry, of which he became eventually Colonel. In the Nepaulese war he served under Sir David Ochterlony, and though still a subaltern, was invested with the command of 3000 men, a command in which he so distinguished himself as to call forth the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief. During this period he volunteered for the leading of a "forlorn hope," and the storming party were on their march, when the fort surrendered. Presently afterwards he was actually employed in the arduous and important erection of a line of telegraphs extending from Calcutta towards Allahabad, which were only discontinued on the breaking out of the Burmese war, in which Mr. Moore took the command of the Grenadier battalion, attending the division of the army to Arracan, and suffered severe losses and hardships during the campaign. At different times throughout his career, Brigadier Moore held various important commands, such as those of Lucknow, Loodiana, and Arga, which last named place, on the advance of the army into Gwalior, he was expressly selected to defend, when under expectation of its attack, whilst his own brigade signally distinguished itself against the enemy under General Valiant. In all the recent campaigns Colonel Moore was honoured with brigades, and finally held the command as a first class brigadier of the extensive district of Rajpootana. His well-known character as a soldier, and his kindness and consideration to all around him, will for ever endear his memory to his brother officers. He died on board the *Earl of Hardwicke*, 29th of July last, within four or five days' sail of his native land, from which

he had been absent forty-three years. He was married three times, and leaves a widow and a numerous family to lament his loss.

Moore, Marian Susanna, elder daughter of John Moore, Esq. of Bathurst-street, 9th August.

Morris. On Sunday, the 23rd July, at 22, Gloucester-road, Hyde park-gardens, Fanny Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Edward Morris, Esq., in the 24th year of her age.

Morse. On the 10th Aug., at Montrose, Scotland, in his 30th year, the Rev. Leonard Morse, B.A., incumbent of St. Mary's, Montrose, second son of Edward Morse, Esq., of Drayton-house, Ealing, Middlesex.

Naysmith, Alexander, Esq., F.R.C.S., late of London, 4th Arg., at Great Malvern.

Nicolas, Sir Nicholas Harris, G.C.M.G., and K.H., 3rd August, aged 50. Few names on the roll of antiquarian literature deserve so high a place as that of the distinguished genealogist whose death it is our melancholy duty to record in our present Obituary. Sir Harris Nicolas ranked with Camden, Dugdale, and Selden. In profound knowledge, in the capabilities and resources of an astute and powerful mind, he far surpassed the host of antiquaries that preceded him; and he has left memorials of his great ability and unwearied industry which will be prized so long as the literature of our country is held in the world's estimation. With the generous feeling and true liberality of superior intellect, he was ever ready to impart the knowledge he possessed to his professional brethren; and the writer of this brief tribute—himself a fellow-labourer in the fields of historical research—can, from experience, bear the amplest testimony to the kindness and generosity of heart, as well as to the high intellectual endowments of Sir Harris. His death occurred on the 3rd Aug., at Boulogne, and resulted from congestion on the brain, consequent on an attack of fever. The deceased gentleman was born 10th March, 1799, the fourth son of John Harris Nicolas, Esq., Commander R.N., by Margaret Blake, his wife, a lady who descended, maternally, from some of the most eminent houses in the counties of Cornwall and Devon, and was in a direct line from three of the children of King Edward the First. Paternally, Sir Harris sprang from an ancient French family, a scion of which.

Abel Nicolas, was compelled, being a Protestant, to abandon his native country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and, coming to England, established himself as a merchant at Looe, in Cornwall. Previously to adopting the profession of the law, Sir Harris served as a midshipman in the Royal Navy from 1809 to 1815, when he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, having been often honourably mentioned in the *Gazette*, as being gallantly employed in the boats of the Pilot on the coasts of Naples and Calabria. His call to the bar bears date May, 1825, and from that period he devoted himself to the branch of the profession particularly connected with Peerage law, and to the production of many masterly and profound literary works. Of these, the chief are, the "Synopsis of the Peerage," "Testamenta Vetusta," "The History of the Battle of Agincourt," "The Life of Chaucer," the Reports on "The L'Isle Peerage Case," "The History of the Earldoms of Strathern, Menteith, and Airth," the "Scrope and Grosvenor Controversy," the "Siege of Caerlaverock," the "Chronology of History," the "Life of Sir Christopher Hatton," the "History of the Orders of Knighthood of the British Empire," and "Lord Nelson's Despatches." Despite all these labours he found time for other important duties: his efforts for the reform of the Society of Antiquaries, and the Record Commission, an Augean stable requiring the labours of such a Hercules, were enough alone to afford full occupation to any ordinary man, in addition to his professional engagements. Sir Harris Nicolas was, at the period of his death, Chancellor and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He married, 28th March, 1822, Sarah, youngest daughter of John Davison Esq., of Loughton, in Essex, and leaves by her eight children, two sons and six daughters.

Oswald, John, Esq., 2nd August, at the Palace, Croydon, Surrey, aged 60.

Owen. On the 31st July, at Cheltenham, George T. Owen, Esq., from an affection of the chest, late of Queen's College, Oxford, only son of T. Owen, Esq., Clarence Square, Cheltenham, aged 27.

Owen. On the 31st July, in the 42nd year of his age, at the house of his mother-in-law, No 3 Norland-terrace, Notting-hill, the Rev. Edward Owen,

late Curate of Gawsorth, Cheshire, and only son of the late Edward Owen, Esq., M.D., of Hopetown, and Kingsland, Jamaica.

Oxenham, Thomas, of Guildford, 13th August.

Palmer. In Lowndes-street, Belgrave-square, on the 30th July, Elizabeth Charlotte, the wife of George Palmer, jun., Esq., of Nazing, in the county of Essex.

Paul, Frances Kegan, wife of the Rev. Charles Paul, Vicar of Wellow, near Bath, 4th August.

Paul, Lieutenant, G.J.H., of the Madras Artillery, 20th May.

Pennie, John Fitzgerald. This distinguished Poet, the author of the "Royal Minstrel," was born at East Lulworth, Dorsetshire, about the year 1782. His family had long resided in that county, and, though ancient and respectable, had been greatly reduced. Young Pennie, when only fifteen, composed a tragedy. Led by the private admiration of his friends as to this production, he went to London and sought fame and employment there, but, for want of patronage, was unsuccessful. His subsequent career was one of much vicissitude; now a clerk in a solicitor's office; then a tutor; and afterwards, for some time, a player. The publication of the "Royal Minstrel," at last, established him in better circumstances. Of this work, that celebrated professor, the Rev. H. Milman, says, "There is in the poem of the 'Royal Minstrel' great power, and still greater promise. An author capable of writing such a work should hereafter be a writer of great eminence. The versification pleases me much." Pennie's second poem was "Rogvald," brought out in 1823. It had much merited success. His other productions were exceedingly numerous, and his admirers took such interest in his welfare, that they subscribed together, and presented him with a cottage near Wareham, where the poet and his wife subsequently lived and died. The last years of Pennie's life were embittered by the conduct of his son, for whom he incurred many liabilities. Pennie died on the 13th ultimo, two days after the decease of his wife. He has left several valuable unpublished manuscripts behind him.

Pennington, Captain Richard Charles, R.N., 13th May, aged 38.

Pugh, Robert, Esq., of Salisbury-street, Strand, 27th July, aged 73.

Radford, John Hopkins, Esq., District-surgeon, H.P. Medical Staff, 28th June.

Ravencroft, Emma, relict of Edward Ravencroft, Esq., 7th Aug., aged 82.

Rawlins. On the 23d July, at the residence of Robert Pugh, Esq., Salisbury-street, Strand, aged 21, Laura Craue, third daughter of John Rawlins, Esq., Ashley-house, Handsworth, Staffordshire.

Reid. At Ardrossan, on the 25th July, Mrs. Mary Legge or Reid, wife of Captain Charles Hope Reid, R.N., of Grangehill, Ayrshire, aged 90.

Renshaw, Henry Grundy, Esq., of Islington, 22d July.

Richmond, Cecilia, wife of Lieut. Richmond, Esq., of Riversvale, near Ashton-under-Lyne, 3d Aug., aged 26.

Ridgway, Elizabeth, wife of Robt. B. H. Ridgway, of Trafalgar-square, 16th Aug.

Roberts, Capt. Wm. Henry, late of the Royal Eng., 25th July, aged 32.

Roose, W. E. Esq., second son of the late Sir David Chas. Roose, 5th Aug., aged 34.

Rudson Read, Chas., only surviving son of the Rev. S. Rudson Read, 29th July.

St. Asaph, Mary, the wife of the Bishop of St. Asaph, 16th Aug.

Serrell. On the 15th Aug., at Langton Matravers, Dorsetshire, in her 68th year, Harriet, relict of the Rev. Samuel Serrell, vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Wells, Somerset, and last surviving daughter of the late Rev Wm. Digby, Dean of Durham.

Scott, Catherine Juliana, wife of Sir Edward Dolman Scott, Bart., 4th Aug.

Sheppard, Sophia, relict of the late Chas. Sheppard, D.D., 31st July.

Simner, Anne, wife of Richard Simner, Esq., 27th July, aged 78.

Sladen, Elizabeth, wife of Thos. Sladen, of Mearclough-House, co. York, 5th Aug., aged 62.

Smith. On Saturday, the 23d July, at Brockenhurst, Hants, David Bowden, eldest son of Robert Smith, Esq., of the Crescent, Southampton.

Solly, Frances, wife of Samuel Reynolds Solly, Esq., of Serge-hill, Herts, 30th July.

Somers, Benjamin, Esq., M.D., of Mendip-lodge, co. Somerset, 31st July, aged 66.

Southgate, Mrs. John, of Pebble Combe, Walton-under-Hill, Surrey, 7th Aug.

Spurrier, Wm. Esq., 5th Aug., at his residence, near Birmingham, aged 81.

Stephenson, Geo., Esq. Civil Engineer, and Knt. of St. Leopold, 12th Aug., aged 68. "The departure of such a man as George Stephenson" (we quote from Mr. Hudson's graceful reference to his lamented friend at the Eastern Counties Meeting) "is to be deplored as a national calamity; and railway shareholders have an especial cause of regret, for, if it had pleased God to spare him, as we might have hoped, no one could have been more pleased than himself to see them receive a due return for the investment of their capital in those great undertakings which his genius and enterprise did so much to call into existence." This eminent engineer died at his establishment in Derbyshire. Of humble origin, and of unaided ability, George Stephenson was the constructor of his own spotless name and high reputation. By industry, intellect, and integrity, he realized a large fortune; and those who knew him best were well aware of the generous and discriminating use he made of the ample means which Providence had allotted to him. If not the actual author or inventor of the railway system, Mr. Stephenson—in the development and practical working of the principle—held an effective position, not inferior to that of any other person, and was decidedly the leading railway engineer of this country. He leaves one son (the present Robert Stephenson), who, emulating his father's fame, is now the chief engineer of the London and North-Western Company.

Stephens, Maria Mortimer, 12th Aug., at Gainsborough, aged 35.

Stook, Thos., Esq., of Bedford-place, Russell-square, 12th Aug., aged 68.

Storks, Eliza, wife of Major Storks, 25th July, aged 24.

Stranack, Elizabeth, wife of Capt James Stranack, 28th July, aged 60.

Sutton, Rose Isabella, daughter of W. H. Sutton, Esq., 25th July, at Hertingfordbury.

Swann, Chas., Esq., of the Inner Temple, 29th July.

Sympson, Robt., Esq., 26th July, at Kirby Misperton Rectory, aged 79.

Tamplin, Elizabeth, wife of Richard Tamplin, Esq., 16th Aug., at Brighton, aged 70.

Thesiger, Miss, 27th July, at Cambridge-st., Hyde Park.

Thompson, Rebecca Dorothy, wife of the Rev. J. Thompson, Vicar of Seighfoul, 21st July.

Thompson. On the 15th June, at the

- Rectory, Christievile, Upper Canada, the Rev. William Thompson, incumbent of Trinity Church, the third son of Ebenezer Thompson, Esq., formerly of Norwood, Surrey. He fell a sacrifice to the fever caught whilst attending the emigrants at Grosse Isle.
- Thomson, Thomas Ellman, Esq., late of Dinan, France, 24th July, aged 49.
- Tomlinson, Miss, sister of the Bishop of Gibraltar, 27th July.
- Tonzel. At Woolwich, on the 5th Aug., Sylvester Elizabeth, wife of F. T. Le Tonzel, Esq., and eldest daughter of T. Gybbon Monypeny, Esq., of Holehouse, Kent, aged 27 years and 8 months.
- Trappes, Richard, youngest son of the late Francis Michie Trappes, Esq., of Nidd Hall, co. York, 22d July.
- Trimmer, Brevet-Major Francis, 50th Regt. Bengal Native Infantry, 9th May.
- Tryon, Henrietta, wife of Capt. Robert Tryon, R.N., 1st Aug.
- Twining, Emma, wife of the Rev. Geo. Brewster Twining, 23d July.
- Udny, John Septimus, Esq., late of the Bengal Artillery, 21st July.
- Walker. On the 4th Aug., at Inverness, Mrs. Walker, widow of Dr. Walker, Bengal Medical Service, and eldest daughter of the late James Grant, Esq. of Baght, Inverness-shire.
- Wallis, Gen. Lewis Bayly, 10th Aug., aged 74.
- Warde, Ambrose, Esq., of Upper Holloway, 13th Aug., aged 59.
- Watson. On the 4th Aug., after a long mental suffering, Mary, the wife of John Webster Watson, Esq., late of Guillard's Oak, Midhurst, Sussex, and now of Latymer-lodge, Hammersmith.
- Weall, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Weall, Esq., of Sutton, Surrey, 5th Aug.
- Webster. At Ilfracombe, on the 26th July, in her 28th year, Anna Maria, wife of Baron Dickinson Webster, Esq., of Penns, in the county of Warwick, and second daughter of Stanley Pipe Wolferston, Esq., of Statfold, Staffordshire.
- West, Hester, wife of Edward West, Esq., of Mornington Road, 7th Aug.
- West. On the 30th July, at No. 61, Albert-street, Regent's Park, Benjamin West, Esq., the youngest son of the late Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy.
- West, Margaret, wife of Wm. Ogle West, Esq., of Streatham-hill, 23d July.
- Whitbread. At Malta, on the 4th July, Gordon Carey Whitbread, Naval Cadet, H.M.S. Hibernia, eldest son of Jacob Carey Whitbread, of Loudham-hall, Suffolk, aged 14.
- Whitehead, Elizabeth, relict of John Whitehead, Esq., of Bankside, 12th Aug., aged 81.
- Willyams, Humphrey John, second son of Humphrey Willyams, Esq., of Carnanton, in the county of Cornwall, 28th July, at his father's residence, after a short but severe illness, in the 17th year of his age.
- Wilson, Mary Ellen, wife of Christopher Wilson, Esq., of Millbank-row, 7th Aug.
- Wilson, Sir Giffin, late Master in Chancery, 4th Aug., aged 83. Sir Giffin, son of the late Rev. Edward Wilson, was born in 1766, and having, at an early age, adopted the legal profession, practised with success at the Chancery bar. For forty years he held the appointment of Recorder of Windsor, and received the honour of knighthood on the occasion of George IV. fixing his residence there in 1823. In 1826 he became one of the Masters in Chancery, and continued in that situation until the time of his death. He married, first, in 1787, Miss Jouvencal, only child of Peter Cuchet Jouvencal, and secondly, in 1805, Harriet, youngest daughter of General George Hotham, brother of the first Lord Hotham. This lady died 30th April, 1828, and thenceforward Sir Giffin remained a widower.
- Winders, John, Esq., 17th Aug., at Ephiny.
- Worsley, Thomas Carill, Esq., of Platt-hall, co. Lancaster, 3d Aug., aged 56.
- Wright, Samuel Job, Esq., 1st Aug., at the Limes, Mecklesover, near Derby, aged 53.
- Wyatt, Sarah, wife of the Rev. George John Wyatt, of Horsted Keynes, Sussex, 14th Aug.
- Yates, Francis, Esq., of Streatham, 30th July, aged 53.
- Young. On the 3d of June, at Poona, William Jackson Young, Esq., fifth son of the late Sir Samuel Young, Bart., of Formosa, Berks, aged 39.
- Yule. At Mussoorie, East Indies, on the 6th of May, Mary Henrietta, wife of J. W. Yule, Esq., of Ramnugger, and eldest daughter of Major Anstruther, Bengal Cavalry.

FAREWELL NOTICE.

THE PATRICIAN will terminate with this number, which concludes its sixth volume. In thus bringing the journal to an end, the editor deems it proper for him to state, as briefly as possible, why he does so.

The patronage which the PATRICIAN has during its whole course experienced, the favorable notice it has so often and so readily received from the press and elsewhere, and the fair circulation it has already obtained, would seem strong reasons for its continuance. Were the editor free from more serious engagements, these inducements might lead him to persevere in the undertaking, with but little doubt as to its ultimate and permanent success; but he feels himself, with the many works upon genealogy and heraldry now absorbing his attention, unequal to the additional labour of further conducting a magazine, especially one requiring so much original writing of his own as the PATRICIAN, from its peculiar character, necessarily does. During the publication of this journal, the editor has certainly had his task relieved by numerous contributions most carefully and ably written; and he here with earnest gratitude acknowledges the great kindness of the highly intellectual friends who have thus effectually assisted him. He regrets that he has not the permission to mention the names of those to whom he is so much indebted, as it prevents him from recapitulating each of the favours which he here altogether thankfully acknowledges.

Allowing, nevertheless, for these contributions, the editor finds the increasing labour of this journal such as would require his undivided attention, and such, therefore, as he could not bestow upon it. This is the main and insuperable difficulty which decides him in relinquishing the PATRICIAN.

There are other reasons of a personal and melancholy nature, which have tended for some time to strengthen him in this resolution. The

PATRICIAN was originated, and, at its commencement, energetically carried on, by the present editor's ever-lamented father. It was his favourite undertaking, and although he had subsequently withdrawn from active occupation, he, until his death, was in some measure attached to this magazine, and took much interest in its progress and success. With his sad demise the publication has lost much of its animation and attraction in the eyes of the present editor, who does not hesitate to confess that that portion of the journal which is not (and all of it cannot be) strictly devoted to history, heraldry, or genealogy, is not suited to his taste or occupations. With regard, also, to these very subjects of history and genealogy, he feels that in his other heraldic works he meets his readers upon a far more fit, and in every way more important arena. To him the varied spirit of this journal departed with his father's death: that bereavement, and another, equally afflicting, which the earlier obituary of this journal records, have thrown a gloom over the undertaking which no future popularity or success could abate or overcome. The editor therefore prefers the PATRICIAN to now rest, a pleasing, though sorrowful recollection.

Since publicity has been given to this intention of concluding the PATRICIAN, the editor has had more than one liberal offer to take it off his hands, and to provide for its continuance by other highly respectable parties. These proposals he has felt it his duty to decline. His reason was this. The PATRICIAN presented itself to its subscribers, not as a journal merely upon general subjects, but as one having matters of family and heraldic history particularly attached to it. The editor had no security that, under other management, this plan could or would be persevered in, and he thought it unfair to his subscribers to bias them in any way to a future publication differing from that which he had proposed and carried on. He therefore thinks it better to let the journal cease with his own editorship.

Again then, cordially thanking those who, either as contributors or subscribers, have maintained during three years the fortunes of the magazine, the editor announces reluctantly to them, that this is the last number of the PATRICIAN.

THE PATRICIAN.

THE MONUMENTAL BRASSES AT COBHAM, KENT.

THE church of Cobham, in Kent, it is well known, contains the finest series of monumental brasses, the memorials of the Cobhams and Brookes, that remain in any church in England.

We have thought that a description of these, and of the other brasses in the church, might not be uninteresting; more especially as we are not aware of any work of common occurrence in which a correct account of them may be found. Those who wish for a full history of the great family of the Cobhams, may consult Hasted's or Ireland's History of Kent.

The chief series lie in double row across the pavement of the chancel. Twelve brasses remain, one being entirely lost; the figures generally are in a good state of preservation, but the canopies with which nearly all were originally enriched, are, with one or two exceptions, much mutilated. Some few years ago, these brasses, fortunately, attracted the attention of a learned society, or of some antiquarians (we forget the precise particulars) and much was done to them; not a jot, nor a tittle, however, in the way of "restoration," as that term is sometimes understood. Proceeding in a manner far more judicious, search was made for the portions that had been removed, and those found were exactly replaced; the whole of the slabs, apparently, were covered with a composition in imitation of blue marble, whilst the matrices of the parts that could not be recovered, were filled up with a greenish yellow substance, so that we are at once enabled to form a clear idea of the appearance of the brasses when perfect.

We may observe that all the knights, except the latest, are clad in mixed armour, of mail and plate; the lions upon which their feet rest are emblematic of courage, as the dogs at the feet of most of the ladies are of fidelity; they are also distinctive marks of a recumbent posture. The figures, generally, are about five feet in height.

Commencing at the south-east corner of the upper row, the first brass, now headless, is that of Sir John de Cobham, 1354, the earliest of the knightly effigies in the church. This memorial is valuable on account of the rarity of brasses of this class, between about 1330 and 1360. Of a fine single canopy, and of the inscription, parts only are left. This Sir John de Cobham was familiarly known as the Young Constable, from having early in life held the office of Constable of Rochester Castle.

The next brass, of which the figure is all that remains, is that of

Margaret de Cobham, wife of Reginald de Cobham, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and dates about 1375. The lady wears the low dress sideless at the waist, then recently come into fashion, which is also slit up at the sides of the skirt; underneath is the kirtle with tight sleeves, having rows of buttons on the under side; her head-dress is that variety of the reticulated, which has been termed the nebule form. In the engraving in Boutell's "Monumental Brasses of England," the inscription belonging to the next brass is erroneously given to this.

Of the legend of the next brass, just sufficient remains to inform us that it commemorates Maude de Cobham, who was wife of Sir Henry de Cobham. The dress consists of the kirtle, which has a broad flounce of fur at the feet, and is partly buttoned up the front; over it is worn the mantle fastened in the usual manner; the head-dress is of the same type as the last, but of the zig-zag variety. Fragments of a single canopy remain. Date c. 1380.

The third lady, Margaret de Cobham, wife of Sir John de Cobham, of whom we shall next have to speak, has suffered very little from mutilation: the fine single canopy, having for its finial a figure of the Blessed Virgin and Child, the former crowned and holding a sceptre, is quite perfect, and but a small portion of the marginal inscription is lost. On either side of the arch of the canopy is a shield of arms. The costume is very similar to that of Maude de Cobham; the head, the coiffure of which is of the nebule form, rests upon two diapered cushions. The height of the effigy is four feet ten inches, and of the entire composition, eight feet three inches.

The next figure is that of Sir John de Cobham, who founded the original college adjoining; on this account he holds in his hands the model of a church, a peculiarity of which this and two other brasses at North Creak, Norfolk, and Cowthorpe, Yorkshire, afford the sole instances. Of the canopy, the pediment only, and of the inscription, but two small fragments, remain; the latter, which varies from the ordinary form, is thus given by Gough:

**De terre fust fait et fourme Et en [Terre et a terre]
suïs retourne Johan de Cobham, founder de ceste place
qui fut nomme [Mercy de Malme eît la seinte Trinite.]**

Sir John de Cobham died A.D. 1407, but the date assigned to this brass, from the style of the armour, is c. 1365, so that it was in all probability laid down during his lifetime, a custom not very unusual, particularly in the case of a founder or benefactor. This knight, the last Lord Cobham of his family, played an important part in the affairs of the State, and was condemned to death for treason, but ultimately pardoned; he also fortified the mansion of his family at Cowling, a few miles from here, and built a new bridge at Rochester.

The effigy of Sir Thomas de Cobham, 1367, which follows, bears considerable resemblance to the preceding, and has about the same quantity left of its canopy and inscription.

The next brass, that of Dame Jone de Cobham, c. 1320, is the earliest of the famed memorials of this church, and in point of date, ranks second of the seven brasses that remain to shew the female costume previous to the

middle of the fourteenth century. The figure is truly sublime; the serenity and dignity of the expression, the skilful delineation of the dress, the graceful ease of the position, and the boldness of the engraving, combined with the chaste elegance and simple beauty of the canopy—the earliest anywhere existing, and the only one of its kind—render this brass one of unusual interest and value. The dress consists of the kirtle as already described, and over it is a gown with loose sleeves reaching to the elbows; the head-dress is the well-known wimple, so often seen in the architectural decorations of the period. The marginal inscription in Lombardic characters, is rather a late instance of the occurrence of detached letters, a narrow band of brass having been used in the memorial of Sir Roger de Trumpington, at Trumpington, Cambridgeshire, as early as 1289. The matrices of the letters, which are bordered by two fillets of brass, are now filled up, but the inscription is still legible and runs as follows, the initial cross being immediately above the finial of the canopy:—

**Dame : Ione : De : Cobham. Gist : Isi : Debs :
De : Sa : Alme : Cit : Merci : Like : Pbr : Le :
Alme : Priera : Obarabnte : Iobrs : De : Pardohn :
Avera**

Four small shields are lost from the upper part of this brass. The height of the figure is five feet eight-and-a-half inches, and of the entire composition as it remains, seven feet four-and-a-half inches.

Several brasses in the church offer great temptations to the “restorers;” and none greater than this; the figure is perfect, the pinnacle, capital, and base of the canopy remaining furnish fac-similes of those which are lost; the matrices of the shafts and of the letters of the inscription are plainly visible; the shields only are irrecoverable; let us then pause to express an earnest hope that no attempt of the kind may ever be made. Restorations in matters of this nature are to be deprecated exactly in the proportion in which they are faithful to the old work; it is the skill with which the effigies in the Temple Church have been restored, rendering it impossible to distinguish between what is original and what Mr. Richardson’s fancy may have added, that has destroyed their value as authorities. May it never be so with the brasses at Cobham; as it is, all that we see is genuine; let there be no diminution, nor any addition, unless some further portions of the originals be recovered.

The indent of the brass of Sir Henry de Cobham, now altogether lost, completes the first row.

The figures in the second row it will be convenient to take in a different order to that in which they lie, and we shall therefore begin with the centre one to the memory of Joan Lady de Cobham, 1433, considered by a high authority to be the best engraved brass of its time. The lady is habited in the ordinary attire of widows, but without the usual barbe at the neck. Lady Joan, the possessor of the vast patrimony of the Cobhams, was five times married, her fourth husband being Sir John Oldcastle the Martyr, who, on his marriage with her, assumed the title of Lord Cobham; to him, as he died without the pale of the Church, it is hardly necessary to say we need look for no monument here or elsewhere. The accessories of

the brass, which are all perfect, consist of six shields of arms, three scrolls, two groups of children placed on either side of the effigy, and an inscription at the feet. This figure is four feet one inch in height.

We regret that the accounts of the sufferings and persecutions of the venerable martyr will not allow us to record how this, his wife, despite the anathemas of the Church, with true womanly sympathy consoled and comforted him; and as after the death of each successive husband she speedily re-married, I fear we must conclude that the great court paid to her, or to her wealth, had the effect it has had in so many instances, of deadening the nobler feelings, the true devotion of her sex.

On the left of Lady Joan is the figure of Sir Reginald Braybrook, 1405, her second husband, under a fine single canopy supporting a pedestal, upon which is a Figure with crossed nimbus, holding a crucifix; on a pedestal at the Knight's feet is a small figure of his son. The whole is surrounded with a long marginal inscription in Latin.

On the lady's right hand is the brass of Sir Nicholas Hawberk, 1407, her third spouse, the design of which is evidently taken from the preceding one though more elaborately carried out, and very probably both memorials are the work of the same artist. The canopy supports three pedestals with figures under canopies; that in the centre is similar to the Figure in the last brass; on the right is the Blessed Virgin Mary with Child and on the left St. George and the dragon. A shield with the arms of Hawberk impaling Cobham was originally affixed to each shaft of the canopy; the arms of Cobham (gu. on a chevron or, three lions ramp. sa.) on the sinister side now alone remain. On a pedestal at the feet is the figure of a child as before: the inscription is marginal, and to precisely the same effect as the last. The height of the effigy is 4 feet 11 inches and of the entire composition 7 feet 5½ inches.

The two outer brasses in the row respectively commemorate Sir John Broke, whose figure is lost, and lady, 1506, and Sir Thomas Brooke and lady, 1529. Below each brass are groups of children.

The canopy to the former, although coarsely executed when compared with those we have been describing, is worthy of note as belonging to a period when these beautiful enrichments were rapidly going out of vogue. The shield with the instruments of the Crucifixion is also unusual.

The inscription to the latter brass, which has shields of arms at its angles, is much better executed than many of the same date, but the great amount of shading in the figures gives proof of the debasement which ultimately destroyed all beauty in brasses.

The costume of this period, with its preposterous armour and fanciful ladies' head gear, is so well known from engravings that we shall only observe, that the effigy of the lady of Sir Thomas Brooke is a very late instance of the use of the sideless robe previously described.

We may now pass to the minor brasses, and among them we shall find some of uncommon character and deserving of attention.

Within the altar rails are two small brasses; one a demifigure to the memory of Rauf de Cobham de Kent, Esquier, 1402, who is clad in armour and holds a French inscription in his hands. The arms on the shield below shew that he did not belong to the great family of Cobham of Cobham.

The other is a small full-length figure of a priest in the ordinary processional vestments; the inscription is gone, but the brass is evidently of late date, probably c 1520.

Towards the west end of the chancel is a fragment of an inscription

to a figure now lost, but originally, of little more than the head, the matrix being now filled up; this, probably, commemorated an ecclesiastic, and may date about the same time as the last.

Further west is the pretty demi-figure, with inscription below, of William Tannere, the first master of Cobham College, 1418. He is habited in the processional vestments, of which this is an early representation, but without the cope, since he died during that season at which, perhaps, the use of it was dispensed with. The outermost robe is the almuce, which was a hooded cape of white fur, with two long pendants in front, and was usually represented in brasses by white metal inlaid, which here, as in most instances, has been removed. In the second of these minor brasses just noticed, as in others we shall have to notice, we see the pendants and part of the hood only, the rest of the robe being concealed by the cope, which was worn immediately over it. The almuce in the brass of William Tannere, is fastened with a morse or clasp, which is very uncommon.

Proceeding to the chantry at the east end of the north aisle, we find two brasses, both much mutilated. The earlier is the bracket brass of Reginald de Cobham, priest, in processional vestments, under a triple canopy. The stem of the bracket, which contained the inscription, is entirely gone. When perfect, this brass must have been very elegant; the date is c. 1420.

The other brass, to the memory of John Gerrye, 1447, is a floriated cross, inclosing a figure, but the stem only, containing the inscription, now remains.

The last brass is a small figure in the nave, half covered by the pews, inscribed with the name of John Gladwyn, who also wears the processional vestments. The part of the slab visible, contains, besides, two scrolls. Date c. 1460.

The above are all the brasses in the church to be seen at present; but possibly, if the present pews were removed, even more might be found; the indents of several others may be noticed.

Selections from the above brasses have, of course, been often engraved, and indeed, nearly the whole may be found, some, however, on a small scale, and others imperfect, in Mr. Boutell's "*Monumental Brasses and Slabs*," and his "*Monumental Brasses of England*," now in progress.

Before we leave, let us take a brief survey of the other contents of the church.

In the monumental line, there are the Italian altar-tomb, splendid in its way, but sadly out of character, of Sir George Brooke and lady, with a very pompous Latin inscription; a small monument, affixed to the wall of the north aisle, and several tablets of modern date.

With one of the two or three relics of ancient armour here preserved, a helmet, having for its crest a human head, a curious tradition is connected.

In the nave we notice the early font, and the approach to the chancel by three graduated risings; in the chancel, the large proportions of which at once arrest attention, the series of single-light lancet windows, now partially blocked up; the unusual arrangement of two of these, quite detached at the east end; the ornamental paving tiles which remain in great numbers, though few according to their original plan; the gorgeous perpendicular piscina, and the fine triple sedilia, all on one level, on the south, and the neat ambry, if ambry it be, on the north

side, are the chief features which this most interesting church presents. A plan of the entire edifice, in two parts, has been published by the Cambridge Camden Society in their *Instrumenta Ecclesiastica*.

Of the Hall, which can be seen only on Fridays, and of the College, it is not our purpose to speak; but, presuming that the visitor will now be glad to refresh his inner man, we would remind him, ere we conclude, that Cobham is classic ground; Mr. Pickwick has been here before him; at the little inn, just outside the churchyard, thereafter sur-named in honour of the event, the "*Pickwick Leather Bottle*," did that renowned personage sojourn, and here, from personal experience, we can promise the visitor comfortable accommodation, whilst he may beguile the time by perusing the delightful record of Mr. Pickwick's adventures, a copy of which is kept in the house.

B. H. B.

ACROSTIC.

JOURNEYING far through foreign states and climes,
 England e'er welcomes thy melodious chimes;
 None of the Syrens of the dulcet throng
 Name yet with thee, thou matchless child of song!
 Yielding delight to all thou com'st among.

Long may thy tones, so brilliant and so sweet,
 In seasons yet to come, our senses greet!
 No human voice as yet hath equalled thine,
 Dulcet and chaste, melodious and divine.

J. A. MANNING.

"TRADUCTION PAR LE MEME."

Tu iras loin dans les terres étrangères,
 Mais en Albion tes carillons sont chers;
 Sirène! dans la foule melodieuse du chant,
 Toi seule es de musique le vrai enfant,
 Faisant delices et rendant tous contens.
 O! puisse ta voix si brillante et si pure,
 Retentir encore mille fois dans nos murs;
 Cette voix humaine plus precieuse sur la terre,
 Si douce, si touchante, et à nous si chère.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

XXX.—THE ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE BROUGHT AGAINST EARL FERRERS.

THIS most extraordinary case is of such recent date that any comment upon it would be premature and injudicious. The following account of it, therefore, will be confined to a summary of the report of the trial, as taken from the shorthand notes of Messrs. Chever, and published by Mr. William Pickering in 1846.

The action was brought by Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith, against the Right Hon. Washington Sewallis Shirley, ninth and present Earl Ferrers. The damages were laid at £20,000. The trial took place in the Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster Hall, before Sir William Wightman, one of the Justices of that Court, and it lasted four days, from the 14th to the 18th of February, 1846. The Counsel for the Plaintiff were the Solicitor General (Sir Fitzroy Kelly), Mr. Montagu Chambers, Q.C., Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Symons. The Counsel for the Defendant were the Attorney General (Sir Frederick Thesiger), Mr. Crowder, Q.C., Mr. Humfrey, Q.C., and Mr. Barstow.

After Mr. Symons had opened the pleadings, the Solicitor General thus commenced his statement of the Plaintiff's case.

“May it please your Lordship; Gentlemen of the Jury;

“You have learnt from my learned friend the nature of this action, and when I tell you that it involves the character and happiness, and all that is dear in life to the young Lady, on whose behalf I now have the honour to address you, I need not add that it is a case, to her, of the last and deepest interest and of unspeakable importance; and I am quite sure that I shall not solicit in vain your patient and minute attention to the case which I shall now proceed to state to you.

“Gentlemen, the young Lady for whom I appear, Miss Smith, is at this time barely twenty-one years of age, and at the period to which I shall have more especially to call your attention, was of the age of between seventeen and eighteen; and at that period, under circumstances which I shall proceed to detail to you, became acquainted with the Defendant, Lord Ferrers.

“His Lordship, as you may possibly be aware, is a Nobleman of very ancient family, and vast landed possessions in the counties of Leicester and Stafford, and some other of the midland counties, and he is himself young, having, I believe, only attained the age of twenty-one years early

in the year 1843. His grandfather, the last Earl Ferrers, died, I believe, in the same year, 1843.

The *Attorney General*.—No; the 2nd of October, 1842

The *Solicitor General*.—Died in the month of October, 1842. The father of the present Lord, Viscount Tamworth, never succeeded to the Earldom, he having died several years ago, before his father, the grandfather of the present Defendant, the last Earl Ferrers. This young man, Lord Ferrers, when Viscount Tamworth, before the death of his grandfather, was placed under the care of a gentleman of the name of Echalaz, at the village of Austrey, in the county of Warwick; and he there, under the care of this gentleman, continued to acquire an education, to prosecute the usual studies of a young man of rank and of fortune, and he remained under the care of this gentleman until, I believe, the year 1840, when he went abroad for the space of two years, returning about the year 1842; and from that time, until the occurrence of certain events which I shall have to detail to you, resided sometimes in London, but principally at one or the other of two of his seats in the country, Chartley Castle or Staunton Harold.

“Gentlemen, Miss Smith, the young lady, who appears as the plaintiff, in this case, is the daughter of Mr. Smith, also residing at Austrey: he is a gentleman of moderate means, of high character and respectability, well connected, and he married a lady, the mother of the present plaintiff, who was herself, although also of very moderate fortune, extremely well connected, being descended, I believe, from the Curzons, the family of Lord Scarsdale, a family not distantly connected with that of Earl Ferrers himself.

“Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their daughter, and the rest of the family, resided at Austrey during the whole time that Lord Ferrers was there under the care of Mr. Echalaz, and as long back as the year 1839; possibly there might have been some sort of acquaintance earlier: but I need not carry your attention further back than that period. As early as the year 1839 Miss Smith attracted the attention of Lord Ferrers, then Lord Tamworth, who was studying, as I have stated to you, in the same place, and at a very short distance from the residence of Mr. Smith. They met; in what way first it is vain to inquire; they occasionally passed each other, stopped, spoke to each other, and came gradually into some sort of communication and intercourse, at all events, as early as the year 1839, and this kind of occasional meeting, conversation, and sometimes a little letter writing, or note writing passed between them from that time, until the time when the Earl went abroad.

“Miss Smith, who was a young lady of considerable personal attractions, who had had an excellent education, and most of the accomplishments bestowed upon young ladies in this country, succeeded, or fancied she had succeeded in attracting not only the attentions, but in gaining the affections of Lord Ferrers; he made to her the most passionate, and apparently the most sincere declarations of love, of unalterable, of unchangeable attachment. I need not say, gentlemen, that independently of all other considerations, a young girl, who, though well born and well bred, was so vastly inferior in fortune, station, and rank, nay, all that at first sight is calculated to command admiration and to fascinate the mind and feelings of a young girl, to my Lord Ferrers; that she readily, perhaps too readily, gave way to feelings which came upon her, and soon became sincerely and deeply attached to him.

"Gentlemen, this attachment which may have been, and one is willing to hope *was* mutual and sincere on one side, as it undoubtedly was on the other, until the time when Lord Tamworth was going abroad; before he went abroad he prevailed upon this young lady to pledge to him inviolable attachment, inviolable fidelity; and he assured her, when time and his own age and circumstances would permit, that he would undoubtedly make her his wife. The sort of intercourse which had been carried on between these two young people, which had excited some little attention upon the spot, as they were every now and then seen together, could not fail to reach the ears of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and they spoke to their daughter upon the subject. Gentlemen, I need not, of course it would not be correct that I should, enter minutely into what passed between the father and the daughter, because it is not admissible in evidence, not having passed in the presence of the defendant; but I may not incorrectly state thus much; that they felt the attentions of one so immeasurably above their daughter in rank and station were to be looked upon with some suspicion, if not with alarm; they perhaps dreaded what has since happened, and they were desirous, as far as possible, of preventing a continuance of a connexion which they could scarcely hope would terminate honourably and happily, which they might well have some reason to fear might terminate in the most painful, in the most unhappy manner for their daughter; they removed her for a time; they sent her to school in London; they afterwards sent her to France, where she finished her education. And this brings us to the period when Lord Ferrers went abroad; I pass over the interval of about two years, and come to the time when he returned to this country, which I think was in the year 1842.

"Gentlemen, from the time of his return until the period when most of the correspondence took place between the parties, the period when the marriage was fixed, and was (as fondly hoped by Miss Smith and her family) about to take place, he sought every opportunity of continuing that intercourse which had commenced at the period I have mentioned, and securing and binding fast to himself the affections of Miss Smith, which he had already gained. He lived, as I have stated, when in the country, either at Chartley Castle, somewhere about thirty miles from Austrey, or at Staunton Harold, a distance of some fourteen or fifteen miles; but he often came over to Austrey, and as often as he found practicable, met Miss Smith, and continued to give her the same fervent assurances of continued and unalterable attachment.

"Gentlemen, at this time letters passed between them; a great many have not been preserved, and at length when he had become Earl Ferrers by the death of his grandfather, when he had arrived at an age when there was no reason why he should not please himself, the conversations that took place between them became directed more particularly to what was supposed to be the object and wish of both, namely, their early union. And in the course either of the end of 1843, or the early part of 1844, it was agreed between them that their union should take place in the month of May. You will find in the course of the correspondence, to which I shall have occasion to call your attention, and which I shall lay before you, such of it I mean as is still in Miss Smith's possession, you will find that from circumstances which are alluded to in the letters, the marriage was postponed from May until a later period of the year; but it was ultimately determined that it should take place in July or in August. And at that period, or just

before it, every preparation was made; it was no longer made a secret among the intimate friends of the young lady; the time was mentioned, dresses were prepared, bride cake, I believe, ordered; certainly bridesmaids chosen; every thing was done that is usually done upon such occasions with a view to the nuptials of a lady with a gentleman; and it was only towards the middle or the end of July that this unhappy young lady was awakened from her dream, by reading in the newspaper the marriage of Lord Ferrers to a young lady of the name of Chichester.

"Gentlemen, in calling your attention to the correspondence which passed between these parties, and to other circumstances connected with the case, you will see better than I can state to you the history and the progress of this case, you will be able without any comments, still less without any topics addressed to you calculated to inflame your feelings, to appreciate the true character of this case; you will be able, I hope, and I am sure, to sympathize with this young lady, whose peace of mind, whose happiness, whose prospects in this life are for ever sacrificed by the breach of faith, by the cruel perfidy of this young nobleman.

"Gentlemen, with regard to those communications which took place in the course of 1843, as far as it was by letter, I am unable to produce letters before you: he was in the habit of writing upon scraps of paper, sometimes very small scraps of paper, and sometimes in a hand scarcely legible, and many of these have been lost; but towards the beginning of 1844, his letters not only increased in fervency of declaration of all kinds of attachment, and kindly and affectionate feelings towards this young lady, but they likewise very considerably increased in length: she had written to him, she had sent him one or two little presents, a handkerchief, something of that kind in which she had worked her initials with her own hair; and had some little communication of that kind with him; he seeing her very often, at least (so he said), as often as he could see her, as often as he could come over from either Chartley or Staunton, wherever he happened to be staying, and writing to her from time to time, writing in a free and unrestricted manner, until the time when, as I have stated to you, the marriage was about to take place.

"Gentlemen, in 1844, after a letter that had been written by her to him, which possibly *may* be produced, though for reasons, which I shall have to state to you before I sit down, I cannot in any way rely upon any letter that I may call for being produced on the part of the defendant, but she had written to him more than one letter early in the year 1844, and somewhere about the month of February, for the letter itself I should state is not dated with the month or the year, so as to distinctly prove it, but from circumstances alluded to there will be very little difficulty as to the real time when this, and all the other letters were written; in the month of February 1844, as far as she can remember, about the 11th or 12th of the month, she received this letter: 'Dearest Mary, if wishes could transport me to you, there would be no need of this writing, but as I am anxious, most anxious, to hear of your well being, and also to tell you that business relating to my late grandfather's will, may detain me longer than I thought of from you, I send you this—my good cousin Evelyn,' that is a Mr. Evelyn Shirley, whose name you will hear very often mentioned in these letters, and probably in the course of the case; 'my good cousin Evelyn advises me not to take my seat just at present.' This was written, you see, after he had become Earl Ferrers, and after he had come of age, 'as he thinks it not necessary; the fact is, though he won't own it, he

fancies me no Tory in feeling, and would of course like that I should be one in truth ; I myself think it will be wise to be quiet for the present. It needs not I should tell you again Evelyn is a clever fellow, an ultra Tory, over condemning Sir Robert for his even measures.'

"Gentlemen, if one may pause for a moment in a serious case, one might almost suppose, if circumstances did not render it impossible, that this letter had been of a later date. 'An ambitious man' (*that* is Evelyn, not Sir Robert !) 'an ambitious man and a very proud one, attached to Devereux much, and thinking me somewhat obstinate and stupid for not seeing clearly, and acting up to his wishes in each respect. Really this weather is tremendous, so cold ; the other night I saw the 'Bohemian Girl,' the performance pleased me much. Talbot is in town. Monk's really gone to Rome with the Stourtons ; I have seen chairs—'

"Gentlemen, just let me pause for a moment ; this is not a case, such as is sometimes presented to a jury, in which a doubt is raised whether expressions of attachment, whether by word of mouth or in writing really amount to a promise of marriage, because you will find throughout these letters, written in the freest and most unembarrassed style, you will find that which can leave no approach to doubt upon your minds ; not only that he had promised marriage, which he had done years before, but that it was actually settled and determined between them when the marriage should take place ; all that was to be considered was what were the measures to be adopted, what things were to be done with a view to that event, even after the marriage should have been solemnized. He says, 'I have seen chairs that I think will do for one of our rooms at Chartley. Won't the old Hall be bright and happy when its future mistress takes possession of it. Pray take every care of yourself, dearest ; forget not you are the only hope of one to whom a palace would be but a desert and England no home without you ; far dearer to me than each earthly blessing, without which no one or any would be of value. Mary, you who are all in all to me, take care of yourself, and mind when you return from walking you change your shoes. You may laugh at me, but you are not particular, I know, in this respect, and you may take cold ; also pray wrap up very warmly, and do not sit too long over that embroidery frame, nor vex yourself with thinking of imaginary evils ; surely if we love each other we may pass through this vale of thorns and thistles, as you are pleased to term it, tolerably. We must support each other and you look bright and happy as you used to do in days of yore. It has often struck me there is something untold to me, some secret care, I know not of, that troubles you ; why not, dear girl, tell me if it is so, for I have often seen you sad and unhappy, and the thought is with me still there is something ; pardon my thus speaking ; I would lighten every care as far as lay in me and bear all your troubles for you, so I saw you happy ;—I hope soon this will cease—in May, that you may be my bride, my wife, then all that is mystery now will be cleared, and your father not to have to look for the marks of horses shoes in that hovel of his, but that Zimro may be found in his stables ; this will amuse you.' Whether that was the name of one of his horses or what it is, I am not at this moment informed, some allusion or another not very important. 'Do not let any one see my note, I am ashamed of it, the writing is so illegible. I was at Brighton the other day and saw my sister ; Devereux is going to stay there for a time. Captain Westall, Talbot, and the Honourable Charles Davy, are dining with me at Mivart's. I think it likely I shall be obliged to go to Eaton for a day or two.'

"I should observe, Gentlemen, as you will find in the course of these letters, from a cause it is difficult to explain, this young man, who was of an extraordinary capricious character (who, it is painful that I am obliged in the discharge of my duty to say, has never, never in his intercourse with this young lady, or, I fear, in his present conduct with a view to this defence, adhered to the truth), was of a strangely wild imagination, and in writing these letters, written with apparent rapidity and free mind and heart, continually over and over again alludes to things and persons which are merely the creation of his own imagination; in the strongest and most inconceivable manner does he do this in various parts of these letters; some explanation will probably be given you by and by on that subject. I merely make the observation now as some things in this letter, and others, would appear indeed to ordinary persons, from a well regulated, well educated young gentleman or nobleman, perfectly unintelligible and inconceivable, from him, are all within his natural character, and unfortunately the habits which he has acquired."

The learned counsel then proceeded to detail to the jury, and comment upon further portions of the letters he was about to put in evidence, as received from Lord Ferrers by Miss Smith; among them, the following, as read by the Solicitor General, are in reply to the two presents of handkerchiefs which Miss Smith sent.

"Dearest Mary,—Your parcel and last note reached me the day ere yesterday, and though much engaged, I write immediately to thank you for them. The handkerchief I shall prize above all other handkerchiefs." I told you she had sent him a handkerchief with her initials marked with her own hair. "The handkerchief I shall prize above all other handkerchiefs. Thank you much, dearest. Your note I have read and re-read. I am grieved to hear so ill an account of you—not from your note, for that says nothing, but from my brother, whom I saw, and who told me he had seen you." That is the brother Devereux, who seems from time to time to have had a good deal of communication with his brother, my Lord Ferrers, on the subject of this young lady. "What is the reason of all this, that you should be so ill; by day and by night it haunts me. I have thought for some time you have not seemed yourself; but when I ever asked you, you have always most dexterously turned the subject. Now it really distresses me very much, and vexes me too. You are so very reserved, and never tell me anything, though you must know how anxious I am about you, or you, at least, ought to do. Really I think it unkind never hardly mentioning in your note your being out of health. Now do write soon, and tell me if you are better, for I shall not be down in the country for perhaps another week or fortnight, unless I come down one day and return the next, to see you; but I hope you will shortly be better. Do not work, do not do anything to tire you, but get well; would it not be well to go to some watering-place for a month? I think change of scene would benefit you. What does Taylor say of you? I have foreseen this some time, and told you how careful you should be. No doubt you have caught cold from not wrapping warmly. Naughty girl, so much as I have said to you about it. Really, dearest, do take care of yourself; surely all will be right by May, for you know then you are to be mine, and I shall have to watch and take care. Then will it not be joy and happiness for me to have you quite mine own. Dear one and most beloved, remember, health is the first consideration. Oh! take care of your precious self. Evelyn, (Cousin) is appointed guardian to the young Hastings; you would see, perhaps, in the papers, with several other gen-

lemen. I often go to hear the speeches in the house ; really it is a great treat, and what you would like, and your father too, much, I fancy. When we stay in London for our marriage, he must come up, and then he will have the pleasure of hearing his friend Sir Robert speak."

Part of another letter runs thus:—

"The second handkerchief has been received, dearest Mary, and with it your own kind and sensible note ; 'tis good to hear from you, best and most beloved, and those notes make me more than ever satisfied with her whom I have chosen for my future wife, only for the shade of gloom contained in them do I get into what is vulgarly termed a fidget, and wander ; but of this no more. I must now tell you I have been for three days confined to my bed with pain chiefly arising from my arm. I am now better, but still in pain ; but, dear Mary, do not let that alarm you. I shall soon be quite well again. The Shirleys are very kind to me. I hope next week to have finished my affairs here, but cannot tell when I shall see you. But you will hear from me again if I do not come down. I think the cold took my hand when I travelled to Eatington, for I have never been well since. I hope you are indeed better than when I saw you. Remember your promise to me ; if there be anything you wish for, pray do not scruple mentioning it. Recollect all I have is at your command, for all the world be nothing without you, more precious to me than all else earthly."

The Solicitor General, after further commenting on the letters, proceeded to state that, pursuant to the express direction of Earl Ferrers, who promised to pay for them, Miss Smith had procured from tradesmen various articles of dress, and some books, which she was to regard as presents from his lordship. Miss Smith had shewn the things she got to her parents, but had concealed the fact of her being herself liable for the cost. The tradespeople, however, becoming pressing, she was forced to confess the transaction to her father. He immediately wrote himself to the Earl, and received a note in reply, saying that the goods should be paid for at once. This, nevertheless, was not done, and the money was ultimately provided by Miss Smith's family. There was one singular circumstance connected with this matter which may as well be given in Mr. Solicitor's own words:—

"Gentlemen, before I conclude this part of the case, I must state to you something connected with the matter of these bills, which of course one cannot look upon but with great regret, and which I think it right to state to you at once, in order that as far as you can condemn this unfortunate young lady, for having in a moment of shame and weakness, given way to a departure from the strict line of what was right, you will do so ; but I think it will little become Lord Ferrers, who had exposed her to this discredit, who had brought her into this difficulty, to make it a topic of aggravation, or of reproach against her ; it was *this* : I have stated the grandfather advanced the amount of money, the demands were paid, but there were one if not two, there was one at all events which had been forgotten at the time, a bonnet that had been supplied by a person of the name of Wyman ; and Lord Ferrers having authorized the arrangement of these matters, I suppose he had heard nothing on this subject ; but sometime after all these transactions, even indeed after the perfidy of Lord Ferrers had become apparent by his marriage with Miss Chichester, and when consequently all the hopes of the father were at an end, and when every kind of unhappiness prevailed throughout the family, it turned out that this Miss Wyman or Mrs. Wyman had supplied a bonnet which had

been forgotten, had not been included in the arrangement, and in respect of which a bill was sent in, and some application made to Miss Smith.

"Gentlemen, she had communicated with her father; her father was not a man in good health, he was not able in general to rise until the middle of the day; all these circumstances together operating on a weakly constitution and infirm state of health, had rendered him irritable; he spoke on some occasions, connected with these bills or these demands, in terms of great irritation and indeed of great violence to his daughter; threatened her, and alarmed her, and put her in a state of pain and agitation, which really it is difficult to describe, and in an unfortunate moment she not only concealed from her father that there was this little outstanding bill, I believe only of 30s., due to Miss Wyman, but she positively denied that she had ever ordered the bonnet at all to Miss Wyman. Afterwards, of course, on a little calm reflection, she felt that she had done wrong, and that she would be exposing Miss Wyman to the suspicion of having stated the thing that was not the truth; she confessed, of course, to her father or mother, what the truth was, that she had also ordered this bonnet, that it had not been included in the former settlement because it was forgotten, now it had come forward she was afraid or ashamed to tell her father, so she said the thing that was not; she said she had not ordered the thing at all; but on returning reflection she felt determined to do what was right, and tell the truth, and accordingly the bonnet was paid for. There was an end of that transaction, my friend may make the most of it, he may say: 'this is a young lady who would deceive her own parents,' if he please. I admit she did in a moment of shame, weakness, and terror certainly do so; let my friend make the best of it. The case, Gentlemen, on that point will be in your hands, and although this is a sort of interlude, I introduced it because I had arrived at the letter alluding to it."

The learned counsel concluded after some further comments on the letters, and a detail of the evidence he was about to call.

The witnesses to the handwriting of the letters produced were the Rev. Mr. Arden, Major Majendie, and Mr. Perkins, the two latter officers with Lord Ferrers in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, Timothy Culbourn, a former footman of Lord Ferrers, and one Prudence Cotton. Of these, the one who spoke most positively was the clergyman, Mr. Arden, once a chaplain to the Ferrers family, and a companion of the defendant's. Mr. Arden, however, on cross examination, appeared in a light little creditable to his clerical character. Other witnesses were called to prove their having seen Miss Smith and Lord Ferrers together at various times. Miss Ann Smith, a young sister of the Plaintiff, testified to having observed his lordship in their drawing-room at Easter, 1843, playing the piano, and Miss Smith there also. Upon this, and the other evidence adduced, including that of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the Attorney General comments in his speech largely, and what is necessary for elucidation will be borrowed from that.

In the opening part of his address for the noble defendant, the Attorney General spoke thus:—

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I agree with my learned friend, the Solicitor General, that there are consequences involved in this inquiry immeasurably beyond the pecuniary amount which is in question between the parties. I admit that you cannot decide this case against the Plaintiff, without dismissing her from the court with disgrace and ignominy. But,

Gentlemen, is there nothing to be considered on the other side, with regard to the position of the Defendant, under the alternative of a verdict adverse to him? I may make some excuse; I may have some charitable indulgence for a vain, an imaginative, a lovesick girl, who, dreaming of an affection which does not exist, at last endeavours to turn her dreams into realities; and making the first false step, by attempting to persuade others of the existence of a mutual attachment, is led on from falsehood to falsehood, until it is impossible for her to extricate herself with honour from the difficulties in which she is involved. But what shall we say of the Defendant: upon the supposition of the case which is to be presented to you, and upon which you are called upon to decide in favour of the Plaintiff. To suppose that a nobleman should have engaged the affections of a girl; should afterwards have denied his attachment to her; broken his promise, and used the very tokens of his affection as the means by which he is to fasten upon her the odious crimes of fraud and forgery! This is the painful alternative to which you are reduced in the question which you have to determine. The contest between us has been well described by my friend, Mr. Chambers, to be a *fearful one*. But, Gentlemen, I cannot agree with the Solicitor General, that we are fighting here with unequal weapons. I acknowledge that rank and fortune are on the side of the Defendant; but I am yet to learn that any advantage is derived from those circumstances within the walls of a Court of Justice. My experience leads me rather to the conclusion, that, from the liberality and generosity of sentiment which distinguish our nation, there is always a sympathy in favour of the weak and the humble; and that so far from any benefit resulting from the superior acquirements of wealth and station in a place where all ought to be upon a level, it but too frequently happens that more than equal justice is dealt out to the superior object of a jury's sympathy. But, Gentlemen, I am not in the smallest degree apprehensive that you will regard upon this occasion the station of either of the parties, or that your judgment will be directed by anything but the merits of the case, to be decided on your solemn oaths, upon the evidence before you."

The learned counsel, in continuation, pressed strongly on the extraordinary tissue of inaccuracies, falsities, and fictions contained in the letters adduced by the Plaintiff as the correspondence of Lord Ferrers. Facts are there stated which never could have occurred, and persons alluded to who never existed. The letters are addressed from Mivart's Hotel, where Lord Ferrers never stayed, and places of sojourn are spoken of to which he had never been. As to the meeting, most pointedly proved, and most relied on, between Miss Smith and Lord Ferrers, that sworn to by the younger sister, the learned counsel, after commenting on the strange incident of a man in concealment playing the piano, declares that he can prove a clear and positive alibi, Lord Ferrers being with his sister on the road to Welchpool at the time. He promises to produce in court the parties through whose hands Miss Smith stated she got Lord Ferrers' letters, and who will swear that they never received any such letters at all. With regard to the singular question of the bonnet, Mr. Attorney spoke thus:

"But here again I must entreat you just to recall to your recollection the statement which my learned friend the Solicitor General made, with regard to the striking circumstance of the *bonnet*. That was known! it was known precisely what the Miss Wymans had said on the subject. It was therefore necessary for my learned friend to prepare your minds for

it; and the statement which he made, and which I took down at the time, of which I have the most lively recollection, was this: that all the bills having been satisfied, there were one or two things which were forgotten; and amongst others, there was a bonnet which had been ordered of Miss Wyman; that the father, being in an infirm state of health, was extremely irritated and angry about these bills; that the daughter was afraid to reveal the whole truth, and therefore concealed from him the fact of the bonnet having been ordered. This was the statement almost in its very terms.

A Juror. "The cost being 30s.

The Attorney General. "Thank you. The bills had been all satisfied about April, and this bill is supposed to have been forgotten; it is a most remarkable fact; but the bonnet was not ordered till the 22d of June, 1844, not till long after the bills had been satisfied; it was ordered on the 22d of June, and on the 29th of June, 1844, it was sent home, and sent home in a box; which was made, or ordered to be made by Miss Wyman at the request of Miss Smith herself, who gave the order for the bonnet; and then it is plain they instruct my friend to tell you that (it is hard upon him) which proves to be a falsehood. They give an inaccurate and unfaithful representation of a circumstance strikingly important, strongly indicative of fraud. And now let us advance to the consideration of Mrs. Smith's evidence; and I beg that, in future, whenever Mrs Smith is mentioned in the world, that she may be represented in her own language, and called the '*truthful woman*.' Mrs. Smith states, after considerable hesitation and reluctance, that she went over to Ashby with Mr. Hamel, and with her daughter. Mr. Hamel was in Court, and was vouched for the accuracy of some of her statements; and a Mr. Dewes also, who I believe is a most respectable solicitor. She is asked whether, when she went to Miss Wyman, she did not say, 'Why you have sent me in a bill for a bonnet which I never ordered?' she said she did. She was then asked whether Miss Wyman did not say, 'Why, your daughter ordered it;' which she admitted she did; she was then asked 'Whether her daughter had not over and over again denied having ordered that bonnet,' she hesitated, equivocated, and reluctantly, and at last admitted that she had done so. She was then asked, whether Miss Wyman did not make this extraordinary and striking remark to her, 'Why, Miss Smith, I wonder you are not afraid of being struck dead!' alluding, no doubt, to the awful punishment for falsehood recorded in Scripture. She does not remember whether it was said, but will not swear it was not. She is asked whether she did not say to her daughter, 'Now Mary, acknowledge you have ordered this bonnet, and I will forgive you.' She will not swear she did not say it, but the result is, that that which she will not swear to at all, takes place in the presence of Mr. Hamel. She says over and over again, 'Mr. Hamel will tell you whether what I am stating is correct or not;' and again, Mr. Hamel sits silent in his seat, and has not the boldness, I had almost said the *honesty*, to present himself as a witness before you. But what takes place? they return to the inn, leaving matters in this unsatisfactory state, and then either Mr. Hamel—now observe! either Mr. Hamel, or Mr. Dewes, goes down and pays for the bonnet. Mrs. Smith is reluctant to give an answer, whether Mr. Hamel, or Mr. Dewes, paid it, or whether she does not know that it was paid; at last she is compelled to admit, but all she states is, she does not know whether it was paid by Mr. Hamel, or Mr. Dewes, which of them it was Mr. Hamel could have

told you. It then appears that this bonnet being paid for, after the action had been commenced in January 1845, Mrs. Smith *alone* pays a visit to Miss Wymans, and she admits she said ‘I could hardly pass the shop without coming in and apologizing for what occurred with regard to my daughter;’ and after infinite reluctance, and giving me much greater difficulty than I like to have to get an answer, she admitted she might have said ‘Do not relate anything about the bonnet till this affair, or this matter, is over.’ And then she will not admit that she gave to the Miss Wymans the whole of the explanation she had received from her daughter; but she says she did mention Mr. Devereux Shirley to them, and she might have given some portion of that explanation. This at once introduces us to the explanation she says she received from her daughter, and upon which most important conclusions depend. Now the Miss Wymans will tell you that in that bonnet box there was no note, or invoice, or paper of any kind. The box arrived at Austrey. Mrs. Smith does not know when it was opened, but it was opened in the presence of her daughter, who presented her, out of that box, with a note, as from Mr. Devereux Shirley, and the explanation which she gave of it was *this*: she had told her parents, originally, that the bonnet was one which Lord Ferrers had sent to her from London. She then tells them, that Lord Ferrers not being able to furnish the money, the 30s., to buy her a bonnet, had desired her to order it for him, but to deceive her parents with the notion that the bonnet came from him, and was not ordered by her. That she refused to do this unless Mr. Devereux Shirley would give her a note to put into the box, and that Mr. Devereux Shirley, at Ashby, put into her hands the note which she afterwards found in the box. Now, then, we have an opportunity of confronting Mr. Devereux Shirley with this young lady. Mr. Devereux Shirley was at that time in Scotland, and had been there with his regiment from March 1843, and never put a note into her hand in his life. Here we are tracing her path; we see the windings of the serpent; we find her capable of falsehood. We now advance to the next, the all important point—who is *likely to be* the writer of these letters?”

After alluding to the odd fact which came out in evidence, that a Miss Needham, when staying on a visit at the Smiths, remarked that the handwriting in Lord Ferrers’ letters bore a strong resemblance to that of Miss Smith, the Attorney General at length comes to the following extraordinary revelation:

“Now,” proceeds the learned advocate, “I should have liked very much that somebody should have been called before us who ever saw the contents of any one of these letters; one of them is a very remarkable one; it is the one, the draft of which was prepared by Mr. Smith, was written by him from that draft, which was afterwards destroyed; that was put into an envelope between four and five in the evening: that envelope and the letter were delivered to Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith does not recollect whether she sealed it immediately or at a later period of the evening; but the letter was put for the night in a drawer belonging to the book-case. Now it would be a very strong circumstance indeed, if anybody could have shewn us, following that letter closely, and tracing its course throughout from the hand of Mr. Smith to the hand of my Lord Ferrers; that would have been a conclusive proof of the receipt of that particular letter, which was written by Mr. Smith; but we find that this letter was deposited in a place where, I think, you will have no doubt at all, but

that it was accessible to Mrs. Smith, if not to her daughter ; and we find that the daughter is capable of a little sleight of hand. We find that she has some dexterity, and some talent for *juggling* ; for in the bonnet box, which was sent from the Miss Wymans, in which there was no note from Mr. Devereux Shirley, we find she is capable of *taking out* a note that never was in ; and therefore it is just possible that the very letter which was written by Mr. Smith, the father, was not the letter which, if it found its way to Chartley Castle, came into the hands of my Lord Ferrers. But still, I will admit, that these letters put into the post did, with that accuracy which marks the deliveries of our post-office, no doubt all reach their destination, and I did not want the gentleman to-day from the Dead Letter-office, to say, ‘ If a letter is not taken in, it will be returned ; we find the address of the party who wrote it, if we can, and send it back again ; ’ in order to shew you that all these letters must have reached Lord Ferrers’ hand, it being sufficiently proved by my production of the handkerchiefs, which are most clearly shewn by Mrs. Smith to have been contained in these letters. Now this looks very awkward. Here we stop short ; and we find a case entire and complete against my Lord Ferrers. We have got letters ; some written by the father, many written by the daughter ; we have got them put into the post : we have got proof, clear and decisive, that two at least of these letters found their way to the hands of my Lord Ferrers. What can we want more ? Will my Lord Ferrers venture to deny after this, that he has carried on a correspondence with this young lady ? Will he say this is all pure imagination ; that nothing of the kind has ever occurred, and that he has never had any, the slightest intercourse with her of any description ? Yes, he will. In the very face of all this, he will *say* it, and what is more, he will *prove* it, and what is more, you will be satisfied he *has* proved it.

“ Now then, let us begin to unravel the mystery. We are coming now to the third volume. Gentlemen, you must have been astonished at some of the questions which I put to the mother yesterday ; they seemed to be trivial, and almost ridiculous, and not to have the slightest bearing on the question, the important question that you have to decide ; why ? I was idle enough to make inquiries as to the appearance of the daughter. Whether she was *tall* or *short*, whether she was *dark* or *fair*, whether she had *light* or *black* hair, and other minute and insignificant inquiries of that kind. You must almost have been astonished that I should have condescended to such a course of examination. It was, however, important and useful in the case, to find out that the daughter of Mrs. Smith was *tall*, that she had *black* hair, and very important indeed, although it would appear very trifling, to ascertain precisely what was the mode in which she had dressed herself when she attended the ball at Tamworth. Mrs. Smith, who probably was adorning her for conquest, went to the room of Miss Neville to make some inquiries as to the mode in which she intended to dress her hair, informing her that her daughter was to have a single white rose in *her* hair ; this was in the month of January, 1843. The daughter attended the ball at Tamworth ; in her dark hair was a single white rose ; and she thought of my Lord Ferrers, and dreamt that he might possibly be there, although she was not certain ; and she communicated her anxieties and her wishes to her mother, but my Lord Ferrers never appeared.

Well, now what has all this to do with the case ? Why are you telling us (you will say) this story about the ball, and about her dress, and about

her appearance, and about Lord Ferrers, and whether he was at the ball or not? What does it signify in the case? everything! it is of the greatest importance; but I like to reserve my secret as long as I can, and I am almost sorry that I am obliged now to make a clean breast, and tell you everything. Gentlemen, Lord Ferrers returned from the Continent in the month of September, 1842, and in two days after his arrival, by his grandfather's death, he came to the title. Very soon after his return from abroad, he received, at different times, a variety of *anonymous* letters, evidently the production of a lady, all in the same hand, all breathing strains of the most ardent affection. He was not aware who this fair correspondent could be; he did not place the value on these letters which, if he had known what was likely to occur, he would have done, for he was rash enough to throw many of them behind the fire; and when it became important, as it did, to search for any that might have escaped destruction, melancholy to relate, only four, after the most careful search, could be found; but those four are not without their value; indeed, I almost think they are like the sibyls' books, they become more valuable from being fewer. Mrs. Smith has told us that her daughter began her correspondence with Lord Ferrers very soon after his arrival from abroad, and that the first letter she sent after his return was from *Derby*; it was put into the Derby post-office. One was obliged to be a little guarded and cautious in this case, not to reveal everything at once, but to approach stealthily almost, and by degrees, and with cautious steps to one's object. I had before me at the time of Mrs. Smith's examination, two letters which had been received by Mrs. Cann, who has been mentioned as formerly Miss Needham, being the lady who marked one of the pocket handkerchiefs; and I had besides, the four anonymous letters, which were the only ones which had been saved, as I told you, from destruction. I presented, in the first place, to Mrs. Smith, one of the letters which had been received by Mrs. Cann; 'Do you believe that,' I said, 'to be your daughter's handwriting?' after a little hesitation, she said, 'she did.' I then gave her one of the anonymous letters, beginning 'Dearest Washington.' and I asked her whether that was her daughter's handwriting; she said, 'It was.' I then, in succession, put each anonymous letter into the hands of Mrs. Smith, and from her I received the same answer. She proved them *all* to be in her daughter's handwriting. Now we are approaching very nearly to the *dénouement*.

"The first letter to which you will have the kindness to attend, the first letter which she wrote after his return from abroad—you will remember Lord Ferrers returned at the end of September 1842—is said by Mrs. Smith to have been put into the *Derby* post office. The letter I am about to read is dated December 19th, 1842, and is in these words: 'My Lord,—Strange it may seem to you, no doubt, to receive a note from a stranger, and a lady too, but it signifies little to me, as I well know you will never know the writer of this letter, never see her; now for what I have to tell you, it is this: there is a public ball at Tamworth every Christmas, generally about the 6th or 8th of January, go, I advise you, go; there will, to my knowledge, be a young lady at the ball, who I wish you to see and dance with; she is very beautiful, has dark hair and eyes, in short, she is haughty and graceful as a Spaniard, tall and majestic as a Circassian, beautiful as an Italian. I can say no more, you have only to see her to love her; that you must do; she is fit for the bride of a prince. Go, look well round the room, you will find her by this description; *she may*

wear one white rose in her dark hair; go early; if you see her not there, you will never see her, as she is like a violet hid midst many leaves, only to be found when sought for. I know she is young, and it is my wish she should have some one to protect her. From what I have heard, you must be that one, you and you alone; it is your destiny; therefore go at all risks. You will then be of age, with nothing to prevent you. I sometime knew your father. By the time you receive this I shall be on my way to (*blank*) far away. *I have put this in the Derby post office*; burn it when read, shew it to no one. Keep your own counsel, my Lord, and deem yourself happy in the idea of knowing one so talented, beautiful and young. Ask her to dance with you; fear not. And now I have fulfilled my mission, and shall rest in peace, more peaceful, though, did I know that you would meet this bright young girl. If you, like other men, love beauty, you will love her. Adieu, burn this letter, and remember she is my legacy to you. You have hurt your hand, I hear; I am sorry: farewell for ever. Isabel.' Do you understand the case *now*? Have I kept my faith with you? have I redeemed the pledge which I made in the opening of this case, that, however dark and mysterious it might appear, I would disperse all the shadows, and present it clearly and distinctly to your view! Here you have the very letter proved by the mother to be in her daughter's handwriting, put into the very post office described by the mother, exciting the curiosity of my Lord Ferrers by a minute, I am afraid not a faithful, description, except so far as the white rose and dark hair are concerned, of herself, endeavouring to procure an interview with him, addressing a letter with all that ingenuity which now it is shewn she is in possession of; and I now ask you whether, when I have admitted that letters were from time to time received by Lord Ferrers, directed to him—ay, and letters containing handkerchiefs too, which handkerchiefs I have produced, you have the slightest doubt that this artful girl, deceiving some, assisted, I fear by others, has been contriving, from the beginning to the end, a scheme of the most arrant falsehood, and of the grossest and most scandalous iniquity; and that, but from the various accidental circumstances which have intervened to shew where the truth is, and to protect justice and right, Lord Ferrers would have fallen a victim to the snares with which he was encompassed, his honour blasted, his reputation gone, and what would have been of trifling importance, his wealth invaded by this infamous attempt to forge and to fasten an engagement upon him.

"Gentlemen, I can prove, with regard to one of the letters, that a handkerchief came in it, and that it was an anonymous letter. I cannot prove it with regard to both; but I will prove these four different letters, which are in the handwriting of Miss Smith, to have come out of the possession of my Lord Ferrers; I will shew you, that when he was in town, and upon the very eve of his marriage, the anonymous letters continued, and that on the very day on which he was married, in the presence, I believe, of the mother of his bride, he actually received one of them, which he unfortunately destroyed, not contemplating that, so soon after that event, he would be called upon to defend himself against an action of this description, and would want all the proof which these extraordinary productions so strikingly afford.

"Now, just let me pass to some of the others. Gentlemen, here is another letter, dated June the 5th, also proved by Mrs. Smith to be

her daughter's handwriting: 'Washington, beloved one, when shall I see you; when I behold the form of one dear to me, how dear! I will not say how often I wish for you. Hope lingers on, days pass away, and, alas! I only hear of you; you, whom some whisper strange things of; I believe them not, it cannot be; you must be high-minded, noble, generous, good; so have I fancied you; oh, that it may not be fancy only. You are young, and have no father or mother to guide your steps. The world, I am told, is deceitful and wicked;' who told her that? 'you have no one to advise you, to whisper words of affection and love; to watch over and be with you. You have some wealth and rank; if these could constitute happiness, then you might be happy; but your household hearth is not warmed by affection. Do you never feel lonely, nor wish for others but the gay and wild young men with whom you associate? Is there never a blank found in your heart? Do you never sigh for one to love you, one whom you could put faith and trust in? Guardians you have had; they may still advise you, but they have their own, their children. You, my frequent thought, the one whom I cannot help but love, though apparently that one a stranger. Surely it seems fate. I cannot tear you from my heart, your image is ever present there; your welfare first thought of. Report says, you are going to wed with a lady of Wales; if so, may you be blessed and happy. I am aware we may never meet, never join hands together: and yet I cannot forget you. My heart of hearts,' so she calls it, 'is yours, and with you will rest. I can never love another, never give my hand without my heart. I am no Welsh lady.' I think the people of Wales may be rather gratified at that. Oh! I do not like what follows: 'but an English-woman.' She mentioned something of an Italian in a former letter. 'In thought and action, word and deed, and as an English-woman, do I love you, think of you. They say that the blood of a Ferrers is not good, and that the generations of the Shirleys have mostly been men of ignoble minds, with one or two exceptions. Washington, add to the honour of your family; disgrace not further your name. What would I give to see you now, to be with and near you always. Alas! in secret I write to you, in secret love you; would we could meet.' *Meet!* Why, in the spring of 1843 he had been under Mr. Smith's roof; at least, the little girl told us she had seen him in the drawing room there, leaning on the mantel-piece for five minutes, and her sister with him. 'Do you never visit Staunton? will you not be there after the approaching Lichfield review, alone? Beloved one, adieu, adieu, ever, ever, your friend, *Marie*.'

The other letters are in the same strain. After commenting on them, the Attorney General thus speaks in conclusion:

"My task is done; the case is proved to the very letter. And now, then, ask yourselves, knowing that Lord Ferrers could not by any possibility have written the letters which are imputed to him, and upon which the promise is to be attached: Ask yourselves *who* is the person who wrote those letters; *who* forged and fabricated them for the purpose of making him responsible? The likeness of the letters to Miss Smith's handwriting has already been proved by the mother; it struck Miss Neville immediately. That lady was also struck with the handwriting of the anonymous letters which have been proved by the mother to be her daughter's. Talk of internal evidence, indeed! Look at the internal evidence to be extracted from these anonymous letters, and tell me whether you scarcely require distinct and direct proof of the handwriting;

whether the incidents themselves would not almost confirm the fact that they are the writing of the Plaintiff. Shall I then hesitate to arrive at the conclusion to which I am necessarily led by all these circumstances, step by step, and without a moment's pause? If I am required to say, You 'tell us that Lord Ferrers was not the writer of these letters; you say that the evidence is complete upon that subject, tell us then whom you mean to fasten them upon; whose you say was the hand, who the instrument that has fabricated them against him?' I say at once, fearlessly, they were written by Miss Smith herself, and they were written by her, artful and ingenious as she has shewn herself to be, under circumstances which mark the danger of once deviating from the paths of truth. Having flattered herself for some time that she might warm the heart of my Lord Ferrers, turning her day dreams into realities, inventing, perhaps innocently and unintentionally almost at first, the notion of his having given her any proofs of his attachment, and then finding herself so far involved as to be compelled to advance in the career of wickedness to prop up one falsehood by resorting to twenty others, and thus to weave her intricate web, in which, but for the most unexpected and providential circumstances, my Lord Ferrers must have been entangled, and from which he would in vain have attempted to escape."

Some evidence was then adduced on the part of the defendant, to disprove the handwriting of Lord Ferrers in the letters produced by the plaintiff. While this was going on, the Solicitor General came into court, and stated that in consequence of the four anonymous letters coming perfectly by surprise on the parties engaged for the Plaintiff, and on the members of her family, and in consequence of his being unable to explain them, he would elect that Miss Smith be nonsuited.

Thirteen of the letters produced by the Plaintiff, and the four letters tendered by the Defendant, were, at the request of the respective parties, impounded in court, Mr. Justice Wightman thus observing to the Jury:

"Gentlemen, unless those four letters are most amply accounted for and explained, it is impossible to believe that the letters purporting to be those of the Defendant could have been his: it is quite impossible!

The Plaintiff was then nonsuited.

It may be right to here state that Miss Smith has since brought out a pamphlet intituled "A Statement of Facts respecting the cause of Smith v. The Earl Ferrers," published by John Ollivier, 59, Pall Mall, in 1846.

I'LL THINK OF THEE!

BY THOMAS RUSSELL.

I'LL think of thee ! I'll think of thee !
 Though thou'rt above me far—
 As from this dark and dreary earth,
 Is evening's first pale star :
 But, though station may divide us,
 And that face no more I see,
 Still, whatever may betide us,
 I will think of, think of thee !

I'll think of thee ! I'll think of thee !
 As one too bright, too fair—
 To call my own—unworthy all,
 Of virtues all so rare :
 But thy presence all around me
 Will ever flitting be,
 And what ills soe'er surround me,
 I will think of, think of thee !

I'll think of thee ! I'll think of thee !
 When pleasure gleams around,
 I'll seek thy image in each scene,
 Thy voice in every sound,
 And when such spots my wearied heart
 Would gladly, quickly flee,
 I'll from their soul-less mirth depart,
 And think of, think of thee !

I'll think of thee ! I'll think of thee !
 While life and strength endure,
 And every thought of thy dear self,
 Shall be, as thou art, pure :
 And if to suffer want or pain,
 Just Heaven my lot decree,
 One glimpse of banished bliss to gain
 I'll think of, think of thee !

I'll think of thee ! I'll think of thee !
Thy memory shall dwell
Within my heart, a constant guest—
'Twill e'er be cherish'd well :
And though a form as fair as thine,
Perchance once more I see,
'Twill raise no latent hope of mine,
I'll think of, think of thee !

I'll think of thee ! I'll think of thee !
When *thou* art blest and gay,
And *I* a lonely plodder on,
Am toiling far away :
And when at last the hand of death
Upon my brow shall be,
With blessings to my latest breath,
I'll think of, think of thee !

Brompton.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM WOOD NOOK.

WE continue the letters of our venerable correspondent, on the state of the United States half a century ago, and feel sure our readers participate in the interest we take in these most curious records of the land of the West, at a period when that mighty nation was first growing into importance.

LETTER VII. *To Mr. K—, Hull.*

DEAR SIR—Hearing of a vessel bound to your port, brings to my remembrance my epistolary engagement to yourself; it was my intention to have written by an earlier conveyance had I not been engaged to accompany Mr. A. B—, of Baltimore, to his father's in Kent Island, which from report, and from my own transient observation, I judge to be the Eden of Maryland.

As Mr. B— is a considerable farmer, this appeared a favourable opportunity of prosecuting your commission, especially as I should be greatly aided by the season of the year. After experiencing retardments from wind and weather, the boat was engaged, and everything got ready for our departure, when an accident in Mr. B—'s family, and my sudden retreat from Baltimore, proved us still children of disappointment. This latter movement was in consequence of meeting an old friend and school-fellow, who desired my company to New York. Having, like two vagrants, supplied ourselves with passes and certificates of health, we mounted a machine, well adapted for the conveyance of this description of people, but notwithstanding its numerous imperfections, it carried us safely to our destination, where we arrived on the sixth day after our departure, having experienced a succession of inconveniences, which we felt doubly as the natives of a country which possesses in an eminent degree the comforts and conveniences of life. It would afford but little amusement to dwell on these irritations. *Roads*—owing all to nature and nothing to art; *beds*—the altars of a loathsome race of bloodsuckers; *stoppages*—per force; *examinations*—per ditto; concluding with gaining the freedom of this city by making oath we were incapable of infecting it.

With regard to the country, I hope it was an inferior specimen which we saw of it. When five miles from Baltimore you would rather suppose yourself in the desert parts of the Cherokee, or Chickasaw country, than in the neighbourhood of a populous city. Immersed during the whole day in woods, we saw little cleared land, for the few acres dedicated to agriculture, surrounding the thinly scattered farms, were in comparison, so

many bare spots in a fine field of turnips, except in the environs of the towns of Abingdon, Harford, and Havre de Grace; this last is delightfully situated on the banks of the Susquehanna, at its junction with the Chesapeake bay; the crossing the Susquehanna at this place, where it is a mile-and-a-half broad, afforded us a prospect unequalled in any other part of our journey, if we except the view from Punlus Hook, New York, and its surrounding scenery; but it would require a more practised pen than mine to describe a beautiful city, so beautifully situated as New York, and the romantic banks of the majestic Hudson—a bay decorated with isles, and covered with shipping, shielded by two fine islands from the ocean—Long Island, by its proximity to the mainland, forming an apparent river to the eastward, and Mountainous Staten rising on the horizon to the southward.

The land bordering on the Susquehanna, near Havre de Grace, appears not only fertile, but under the cultivation of more intelligent farmers than are general in this country, and the first crops of Indian corn that we saw were in this neighbourhood. The description of this day's journey will serve for others, with this exception, that Pennsylvania is far more populous and better cultivated than Maryland, and the Jerseys than either of them; but so much as Pennsylvania has been applauded at the expense of Maryland, I must do this latter state the justice to say that in it we fared better at half the expense. Upon the whole the country we have passed over is not prepossessing, the view is either confined by the gloomy surrounding forest, or it has a stunted range over a thirsty soil, parent of brakes and weeds, which, together with orchards and plots of Indian corn, form the chief objects offered to the eye. The wheat had been already cut, but we could not discover its traces, for here nature is never idle, nor do her spontaneous productions encourage this vice in others. Verdure in these provinces had totally deserted the plains for the tops of the trees; but the first shower of rain will again bring active vegetation on the earth, for to speak justly, the season has been remarkably dry. In an unclouded atmosphere the sun in four hours converts a keen frosty morning into a hot sultry day. Another disadvantage in the appearance of this country is, that when a piece of land is to be cleared, it is done too literally, not a single tree being left either for shade or ornament.

Thus have I hazarded my opinions without prepossession on this part of America. To describe things as they appear, we ought not, and cannot be divested of that natural bias which would cause a native of France to praise its inns, whilst a Briton would dislike them; the one having a miserable *auberge*, and the other a comfortable house and lodging for his standard of comparison.

New York, Oct. 19, 1763.

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII. To Mr. F— M—, Woodfield.

DEAR SIR—It is now three weeks since my departure from Baltimore, after a residence there of thirty days; from my first flattering accounts you will conclude that I quitted Baltimore with regret; from an unlooked-for change in my first impressions it was otherwise. I was influenced in its favour at first by the attentions paid me by a few individuals, a species

of mummery so little disguised as to deceive those only who were pre-possessed with exalted ideas of American hospitality. Amongst the race of Baltimoreans I found one friend, and three acquaintances—I gratefully acknowledge this as an extraordinary mark of good fortune. Mr. H—— strangely caricatured the flattering figure that I had formed of him. Being strongly recommended by Mr. Z——, and from his expressing a desire to know my real intentions in visiting America, I was gained over by his plausibility and friendly offers, and laid myself wholly open to him, saying that Mr. Z—— had induced me to be directed by *his* advice, that I hazarded nothing in placing my chief dependence on his kind services, and that consequently, it was to *him only* that I had a letter of credit, concluding by shewing my introductory letters, that he might point out which it would be the most desirable to deliver. Mr. H—— returned a few smooth answers, but took no notice of the letter of credit, though I saw him read it with attention. In compliance with form, and not totally to belie his professions of friendship, I was invited twice to dinner during the first eight days, afterwards I was at liberty to speak to him whenever we met in the street.

It is with great pleasure I forward you the outlines of a more pleasing portrait. There were no bounds to the kindness of Mr. A. B——; in spite of myself he had me twice a week at least at his table—made me a volunteer offer of cash for my drafts, and a most acceptable offer it was—he had a horse always ready for my service in the stables of the inn where I lodged, and in every other way manifested all the civilities in his power. As Mr. H—— paid but little, and his relatives, to whom I was personally introduced, gave no attention to the respective letters addressed to them, I was determined to draw no further mortification on myself by delivering letters to parties to whom I could not be personally introduced.

Those very circumstances which make Baltimore a disagreeable residence for strangers, may be favourably considered by others who are connected with the place by business, and perhaps entitle it in their mind to a preference to New York. The people of New York have a destructive custom in business from which those of Baltimore are totally free. It is selling goods by auction, directly on their arrival from Europe, a method pregnant with, and symbolical of ruin, as ready money can be the only inducement to such unmercantile transactions. There are certainly a number of safe merchants in New York, but it nevertheless requires great caution in placing confidence, for besides the above ruinous methods of sale, this place swarms with speculators in land, situated in the back settlements, which, as the money is sunk for a certain time, often proves a source of failure.

Those who think they can live in this country at less, or even at the same expense as in England, are greatly deceived, unless they have a family and keep house; and even such people must eschew Baltimore and New York, where the expenses of house rent, fuel, apparel, and servants, are double what they are in England. The servants do not perform half the work of English servants, while their notions of liberty will not allow them to engage themselves for a longer time than a month. The free, proud labourers of this country perform their work sluggishly and reluctantly; they receive eight shillings sterling per day at New York for work that a British labourer would perform in less than half the time. As for board and lodging, it is cheaper by one half in London than

either at Baltimore or New York, though taxes are almost unknown, and the necessities of life so cheap that at Baltimore beef and mutton sells for 2d., and veal for 6d. per lb.

It was on the 5th of this month that Mr. P—— and myself left Baltimore; we arrived here on the 10th, and with some difficulty have found lodgings at 27s. a week each, which, with liquors and fuel, will amount to about two guineas a week.

I have delivered to Mr. B—— the letter which I received from his brother at Baltimore, and have received from him frequent civilities. It is not my intention to deliver my other recommendatory letters till I have the advantage of a personal introduction to the parties to whom they are addressed.

New York, Oct. 29, 1793.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX. *To Mr. D—— M——, Woodfield.*

DEAR BROTHER,—My last was concluded with a promise to give you my sentiments on the Baltimoreans, and a hint that during my stay among them these sentiments had undergone a change. Baltimore is situated at the head of the Patapsco Bay, which is called the Basin, and which is almost surrounded by Baltimore and Fell's Point. It is about fifteen miles from the Chesapeake, has its entrance between the Point and another neck of land which almost meets it from the opposite shore, but has not sufficient depth of water for vessels of burthen; this inconvenience is fully compensated by the numerous advantages which it possesses in other respects, which will in a little time render Baltimore one of the most commercial towns in North America. Although Baltimore has had but a recent origin, its growth has been so rapid that it at present contains 15,000 inhabitants. From the collected opinions of others, and my own experience, I conclude that Baltimore is a disagreeable residence for strangers, that few quit it with regret, and that the most partial are silent as to its hospitality, a defect which it cannot, like Philadelphia, supply by a display of other engaging qualities. As a town, it is totally deficient in objects to attract attention, if we except the Assembly Room, which is both neat and elegant, and the half-length portrait in the Exchange of General Washington.

The Basin to the south, and the neighbouring hill to the north, confine it to a long, awkward form, possessing but one good street, called Market Street. The streets in general are ill paved, and receptacles for rubbish, for though scavengers form a part of the city police, their duty is left unperformed, as too degrading for the Sons of Freedom. Even in the old part of the town there are spaces yet unbuilt upon, which, from the lowness of the situation, are covered with stagnant water, infecting the air, and giving existence to swarms of musquitoes—nuisances sufficient in themselves to drive a stranger from the city, though it is but of late years that it has been visited by these insatiable bloodsuckers, which, it is said, are produced in consequence of the new buildings blocking up the waters, and rendering them stagnant and prolific of these insects.

The country in this neighbourhood is finely diversified with hill and dale, and though the lofty forest nods on the one, and the majestic stream

glides through the other, yet the scenes soon lose their influence, and can never yield that lasting pleasure which we draw from the mild yet gay scenery of Britain. Although this is called a fine climate, at the present season of the year every blade of grass is burnt up and withered, and consigned by the famished cattle to the noisy jars of the grasshopper tribe. When verdure disappears, Nature has lost the most becoming, as well as the most powerful of her charms.

The principal inhabitants, the moneyed and active men of this town, are chiefly strangers, nailed as it were to their desks and ledgers. The Americans by birth, here, are a feeble, sickly, and indolent race, more especially the men, and the women do not possess that healthy, interesting countenance peculiar to those of *a certain island*—surrounded by slaves, they are the votaries of indolence, and take little delight even in sedentary occupations. There are in this town four companies of Volunteers, of which one is horse, composed of a most captious set of spirits, and offering a fine resource against *ennui* for those unoccupied by business. Amongst them are frequent resignations, and still more frequent changes of company; dissensions and piques lay the foundation for the former, while to join a friend, or to sport a gayer uniform, chiefly induce to the other. The American uniform is blue, faced with buff, white, or scarlet, with gold or silver epaulettes and ornaments.

What think you of my surprise when sitting one evening at Mr. B——'s, I saw Mr. B—— enter the room, leading a young man whom he introduced as a stranger, and whom I immediately recognised as my friend James P——. Mr. P—— had left Liverpool in the Atlantic on the 17th August, and wished to proceed directly to New York, when he learned the unfortunate state of Philadelphia. He landed at Newcastle (Delaware), and on hearing that all persons from the southward were denied admittance into the Jerseys, he was persuaded by Captain Tucker, a fellow-passenger, to accompany him to Norfolk (Virginia), and from thence take shipping to New York. In pursuance of this advice he had accompanied Captain T. to Baltimore, and had already taken his passage to Norfolk. Having made Mr. P. sensible of the wildness of his plan, he agreed to remain a few days at Baltimore, on my promise to accompany him by the first opportunity to the northward. Thus did I save our friend from a disagreeable tour of nearly a thousand miles, which might take months to complete, when a journey of two or three days was all that was necessary, and having procured him a few days rest at Baltimore, finally accompanied him to New York.

Captain T. and Mr. P. were the first who brought the intelligence of the capture of Mayence and Valenciennes, which news was so displeasing to Mr. B——, a French American, that he bet 700 dollars with Captain T. that it was not true. What an admirable method of supporting political opinions! As I began this letter with a description of Baltimore and its environs, I will conclude with a few extracts from my journal which will elucidate this subject.

Oct. 2nd.—*Scene, a Hardware Shop. A Countryman entering greatly agitated, and half broiled with the heat of the weather, makes a demand for a few articles.*

Shopman (with a most irritating air of nonchalance), "We don't retail."

Countryman (with a wild, angry look, eyeing the loaded shelves—then the Shopman), "Don't retail! no! no! But you're all alike—'tis, sure

enough, some six or seven years since I was here before—but things alter, and people get so proud. At that time you would all be glad of my custom, if I bought but a tenpenny nail, but now, you all cry (*with a sneer, and in a drawling manner*) ‘Don’t retail! Don’t retail!’ then turning upon his heel, the honest rustic departed with a look of ineffable contempt.

Oct. 3rd. Walked to Belvidera, the seat of Colonel Howard, from whence we had an extensive, though not a pleasing prospect, the most beautiful objects being at too great a distance to reveal their features with distinctness, whilst a disagreeable arid common forces itself upon the eye; a rivulet takes its straight course along the edge of this common, but it is totally invisible from the lowness of its bed. Baltimore is distinctly seen, but not in a good point of view, as it never looks well but from the Basin, when it appears to be embosomed in the woods of Belvidera, which are half a mile from, and on the rising ground to the north of the town. In my opinion, no object can supply the lack of verdure, an ornament of which this prospect is totally destitute; we, however, discovered a small patch of green, a sight so novel, so interesting, and so uncommon, as made Mr. P. and myself anxious to know the nature of the production to which it owed its existence. During our walk to the spot we gave ample scope to our discourse on this phenomenon, and having reached the boundary of the enclosure, which I leaped over, I was hastening to the verdant spot, when a voice warned me to return, and not dare to invade the sanctuary of his turnips; a call so unexpected gave a check to my eagerness, but I had the pleasure to find, on turning my head, that it was the voice of a *Friend*, for such his present garb, and such his future conduct bespoke him. Ceasing his complaints he joined us in conversation, and informed us that the neighbouring edifice, which we supposed to be a gentleman’s seat, was no other than a poor-house, containing about one hundred souls, and possessed of thirty acres of the adjoining land, chiefly dedicated to the produce of turnips and potatoes, which, after supplying the house amply, brought in an annual revenue of 2000 dollars, about £15 sterling an acre, from land of an inferior quality, selling for about £20 an acre, being double the price of superior land but two or three miles further distant from town. Mr. Tyson, for such he informed us was his name—and I afterwards learned he was a wealthy and respectable Quaker—concluded by giving us a friendly invitation to his house; he offered us a bed, and engaged to dedicate a day to shewing us some curious flour mills on a new construction in which he is concerned, and also a country, romantic and beautiful to that degree, that he did not doubt but we should be pleased with the expedition. We accepted the invitation, but our sudden departure for New York, on the day Mr. T. had fixed for our visit, hindered us from experiencing an instance of the ancient hospitality of this country, which is no small loss, if we consider that similar opportunities are not very frequent.

I wrote to my uncle K—— Oct. 20th, and enclosed half a newspaper giving a circumstantial detail of the progress of the yellow fever, and as it appeared to be written with truth and good sense, I begged he would give it to the printer of one of the newspapers, which might be the means of getting it into circulation in England, and consequently, help to calm the minds of a great number of people who, having friends in this country, must be greatly alarmed for their safety. I have no doubt but the accounts which have been received in Great Britain have been greatly ex-

aggerated. The fever in Philadelphia has been checked by the present cold weather.

New York, Oct. 29th, 1793,

I am, &c.

LETTER, X. To Mr. C—— L——, Esq., Rotterdam.

DEAR SIR—Anxious to set a good example, and judging it will be agreeable to you, I have dispensed with form, and sat down the third time to tell you I am alive and hearty, without having heard during the interim that you are in the same happy condition. I hope you received my letter which was despatched the second week in October, soon after my departure from Baltimore; it went *via* Amsterdam, in the same vessel which brought me to America. May her passage be prosperous! This ejaculation, by the by, is partly on account of my friend, the Captain.

Now to the main point, for I have no doubt that being interested for the fate of your predictions, you are anxious to learn how the republican air agrees with my monarchical constitution, accompanied with the hope of having your vanity tickled by the discovery of sentiments and expressions deeply tinctured with the baneful hues of the first born of Spleen—fretful Ennui. Remember, however, that an Englishman writes—for I find that the ideas of a Swede or a Frenchman take a different form, and so perhaps would those of a Dutchman!

Baltimore, where I first landed and resided a month, occupies a low situation at the head of the Patapsco Bay, round which it forms a crescent; it is entirely indebted to commerce for its origin, which still promotes its rapid growth; it is irregularly and indifferently built—contains but one street worthy of notice, is ill-paved, and dirty—never swept but by the wind, and never cleansed but by the rain, it embosoms a large quantity of stagnant water which infects the air, and sends forth colonies of man's inveterate foes—the ever-till-death-tormenting mosquitoes. There was no occasion to dwell long in a city like this, unpossessed of a single object to attract the attention of a traveller, and amongst an inhospitable race. The natives are a feeble, sickly, and indolent race of beings; the mercantile and active inhabitants are chiefly foreigners, but so much absorbed in pecuniary speculations, that they neglect nearly all other duties. Yet, so strongly was I recommended, so numerous were my introductory letters, and so flattering were the descriptions I had heard of Baltimore, that I must confess I expected nothing less than a friendly and hospitable reception; so long, however, as the Baltimoreans are the servile votaries of Plutus, they can never have the time or the inclination to practise the higher virtues; as well may you expect the "Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots."

The females compose here an insignificant group, being according to the Britannic Pindar—

"Pale, wan, and thin,
Like the poor pullet that has ate a pin."

It is not, however, the fault of these poor wenches that they cannot wear a bouquet of lillies and roses, when they are nearly 4,000 miles from the favoured spot where these charming flowers attain perfection.

Now L——, be ingenuous; don't you repent that you never visited the land of your forefathers? If it were only to see the bonny country-women you would have had, had not your granddaddy been a Rambler. In fact, I am angry with you for having slighted the repeated allurements I held out to entice you across the herring-pond. However, I will do you justice, to think that you would have come over to England to have shaken hands with me before my departure, had you received an earlier intimation that such an event was about to take place. Sterne, when he found he could not resist wandering from his subject, determined to persist in his vagaries—swearing point blank they were beauties; as I suspect you hold a different opinion, I will resume the thread of my veritable history—a thread wound from the clue of disappointment, by the hand of Misinformation.

Amongst the above described people I passed four weeks, not the most agreeable you will suppose, when informed that I did not receive encouragement to deliver even a fourth of my letters; the greater part of which small number was as so much waste paper, whilst the bearer, poor oaf! must stand the butt of the hums! and has! and eyes! Good God, such eyes! as if they saw "a thing without a name." You come from Europe? From England, sir. Do you expect your goods soon, or have you brought them with you? Commerce or traffic of any kind was not the inducement that brought me to America, but an ardent desire to behold a country which unites the world in its praise. (*With a cold and distant air.*) Oh! oh! curiosity then brought you here. I am sorry Mr. — that I am busy at present, but I shall always be happy to see you. Do call again some day. Such are the pleasant dialogues that close the delivery of an introductory letter.

New York, Nov. 19, 1793.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI. *To Mr. A—— B——, jun., Baltimore.*

I HAVE now, my dear sir, indulged nearly three weeks in the hope of hearing from you, trusting, at the same time, that your epistle would announce the departure of my trunk, and act as the grateful envelope of a packet of European MSS. Instead of enjoying this fine autumn in jaunting through some of the north-eastern provinces, I have, unfortunately, been immured in a New York boarding-house, racked by the perpetual clack of sans-culottes, and the yelling of children; a very different method I should have chosen of passing my time had I not been in daily expectation of receiving both letters and trunk; neither did I expect such a spell of fine weather.

Were I to repeat the various occurrences that have happened since my arrival at New York, you would conclude that its inhabitants had been tippling at the fount of Discord, so strongly do they partake of violence; ex. gr.—the destruction of the Nunneries, and sending adrift the Abbesses and nuns, in consequence of the resentment of the virtuous New Yorkers to a transaction in one of these temples of purity, which they concluded partook more of liberty than can conveniently be allowed, even in a land of freedom. A battle royal, between some English prisoners, who were

making their escape from the Ambuscade, and part of the crew of this vessel, concluding in favour of the former. The arrival and mobbing of one of the Mulatto Generals from the Cape; we have also had the *suspension* of three individuals according to law; continual alarms of fire and perpetual blackguarding in the public papers.

The following truly interesting article of intelligence, I have extracted from one of the above papers:—

Saturday evening, Nov. 9th.—"It is with the highest degree of satisfaction, arising from the well-known interest which our fellow citizens take in the welfare of the amiable and accomplished Miss Clinton (the Governor's daughter,) that we announce the convalescence of this charming young lady, not doubting but, before the hour of rest, she will be relieved from the pangs of her violent head-ache, produced, in consequence of a salute from the cylindricals of the Ambuscade, when she, this morning, honoured Mr. Genet with her company to breakfast on board that frigate. Though we highly applaud the French for changing their *maximes politiques*, yet we greatly lament the revolution they have made in the etiquette of politeness, considering it now as a compliment, to salute a lady with the rusty lips of an old cannon!"

The same paper informs me of thousands, and ten thousands of unfortunate fugitives from the Cape having arrived in your port, so that, I suppose, you have received a very agreeable addition to your family, in the persons of "my cousin of Buckingham," and "Madame Fontaine;" among so many new arrivals, you cannot refuse to accommodate your old friends. Not doubting but a speedy conclusion is the best apology for a tiresome letter, I shall only wish you a merry Christmas, and forty years happiness to yourself and spouse, to whom, present my best respects, not doubting but I am forgotten by all the rest of the Baltimoreans.

New York, Nov. 15, 1793.

I remain, &c.

LETTER XII. To Mr. D— M—, Woodfield.

DEAR BROTHER,—According to my promise I now send you the description of my journey from Baltimore to New York. We departed Oct. 6th in a carriage, the appearance of which did not convey any foretaste of an agreeable journey. It was a light covered waggon, furnished with leather curtains, which would, in some measure, protect its inmates from three of the quarters of the Heavens, but if the stormy deity attacked in the van, they were under the necessity of submitting to its fury. Perhaps you will inquire why a leathern curtain could not be hung in front also? My dear lad, consider that this is a land of freedom, and that a curtain between the driver and his company, would be a breach of his privilege, by hindering him from joining in the general conversation. Is it not better that a few individuals should be weather-beaten, than that an insult should be offered to the *bonnet-rouge*. The sides of the carriage are only hip high; the seats are four benches, placed cross-ways, but so near each other that a bruising bout with knees and elbows is carried on whenever the machine is in motion, as we sit like cooped fowls in a gale at sea. The appearance reminds me of Peach's carriages, which he advertised to run between Sheffield and Botany Bay. I have now been as copious on

these "political carriages," as they are denominated by Brissot de Warville, as this author himself, though I am not equally enamoured of their "fraternizing" capabilities. Never man more misrepresented facts than he, being totally blinded by his enthusiasm for *sans-culotism*.

However numerous were the inconveniences of our carriage, we drew some consolation from the knowledge that it was entirely under our own direction. We had scarcely quitted Baltimore ere we were immersed in gloomy forests, which, instead of being animated by the warbling of the feathered choir, were disturbed by the monotonous cry of the grasshopper, and the melancholy rustling of falling leaves. Our minds were occupied with forming means to avoid the infected city of Philadelphia, in a country where cross-roads are almost unknown, and the road to the Metropolis itself is scarcely passable; this, however, was the least of our disquietudes; we thought of infested beds, should we make use of these necessary refreshments, but our still greater anxiety proceeded from the repeated information we received that the Jerseys would admit no person from the southwards. Such was, however, the eagerness of P—— to arrive at New York, that I could not delay our departure from Baltimore; besides we had an idea that the difficulties with which we were threatened were more imaginary than real.

The road from Baltimore to the Susquehanna lower ferry, where we slept the first night, takes a winding direction along the heads of the numerous creeks which run into the intermediate country, and fall into the Bay of Chesapeake, thus avoiding the waters on the one hand, and a mountainous district on the other. The country during this day's journey afforded but little variety, being almost one continued forest, to which the few acres of cleared land surrounding the miserable log-houses of the farmers bore but a small proportion; it was chiefly devoted to the growth of Indian corn. We bre kfasted at a solitary hut, and dined at Harford, which is a mile further than Abindon, both small scattered villages, having but little cleared land in the neighbourhood. On passing the first of these towns, for there are no villages in America, I was greatly surprised by the appearance of a magnificent edifice, which from its situation amongst these wilds, appeared to owe its origin to magical rather than human powers; my surprise was increased on learning that it was a college, whose founders were perhaps penetrated with the idea that retirement and solitude were important aids to study. If Abindon have the superiority over Harford in art and science, it must yield in the more beneficial and practical applications of agriculture; it was at this latter place where we saw the only verdant meadow during our journey.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Havre de Grace, situated on the beautiful banks of the Susquehanna, near its junction with the Bay of Chesapeake. This place is not only blessed with a fine situation, but with a rich and fertile soil, if we may judge from the fine crops of Indian corn growing amongst the springing rye. Whether it is advantageous to sow the rye before the Indian corn is off the ground I am not competent to judge; but this is certain, that it cannot be done unless the land is in good order, and free from weeds. We managed to get ferried over the Susquehanna this evening; it was not till we were crossing the river, which is here a mile wide, that we had a proper idea of the charming and advantageous situation of Havre de Grace, commanding a fine view of the eastern banks of the river, and the Bay of Chesapeake. Should the Susquehanna be made navigable, a circumstance

which will probably soon take place, this town will become a place of considerable trade, for upon the whole, it is more agreeably situated than any other town between Baltimore and New York. We slept at the ferry-house on the eastern shore, though it is not reckoned equal to that at Havre de Grace, but on this journey we were often obliged to sacrifice a little for convenience.

We rose early on Sunday, October 6th, and reached Charleston at ten o'clock; it is a neat rural town, occupying an elevated situation at the head of the Chesapeake Bay, of which, and of the adjacent country, we had a fine view. We passed through Elkton towards noon, a long straggling town forming but one street. We waited upon Mr. Rudolph, Justice of the Peace, to authenticate the certificates of health which we had received of Mr. Calhoun, of Baltimore; as Mr. R—— had the appearance of a gentleman, we did not think it proper to offer any pecuniary reward for his trouble, for surely, we thought, there are not many who would demean themselves to receive sevenpence-halfpenny for such a service, and especially those who are under oath to be faithful administrators of justice. Reasoning thus, we did not run the risk of offending him by the offer. What had passed with Mr. Calhoun at Baltimore when we received our certificates gave rise to these thoughts, he having demanded the above sum for his trouble. He had made the demand with apologies and equivocations, as if under the conviction that it was contrary to the rules of his office, and to that regard which a gentleman owes to his character. We proceeded to Christine to dinner, a small, indifferent town, and arrived at Wilmington somewhat late in the evening. This is a large and neat town, having a spacious well-built street running through its centre; it is situated on the Delaware, where lay a number of ships, just off the town, which was full of strangers, in consequence of the present unhappy state of Philadelphia; so that we could not find a lodging, and were obliged to proceed at the hazard of being benighted. We were fortunate enough to be received at a small hedge ale-house, about two miles from Wilmington, where, on account of their civility, and readiness to oblige, we excused their slender accommodations. The roads we had passed over were very indifferent, they are totally neglected, the stumps of trees are often left above the surface, and the water-courses occupy the middle of the road; being once put into good condition, they would require but little further care, as they never shrink under the wheels of heavy carriages. The country was more cleared and populous as we advanced towards the Metropolis. Indian corn the chief production, buck-wheat still on the ground. The former when mixed with wheat makes an excellent household bread, which tastes as if sweetened with sugar. Pyeclets made of buck-wheat are often introduced at breakfast; they are greatly esteemed by some, but I do not much approve of them.

On Monday, October 7th, we passed through the small village of Chichester, and arrived at Chester to breakfast; this town occupies a marshy situation on the Delaware, a number of vessels lay off the town, not daring to proceed to Philadelphia. Among these were the *Atlantic* and the *Sophia*, two fine ships belonging to Mr. P. Nicklin, of Philadelphia, as Mr. P—— came passenger in the former. I accompanied him on board, where he introduced me to Captain Swaine, Mr. Wetherill, and Mr. Eden; the last gentleman is from Sheffield. The Delaware here appears somewhat more than two miles in width, bordered by a low marshy country. We passed through the small town of Derby, and proceeded two miles

further to the Bell Inn, where we dined with Mr. Reese—a friend of Mr. P——, and partner in the house of George Bickham & Co., Philadelphia; he gave me a polite invitation to his house when affairs took a more favourable turn in that city.

We mounted our carriage after dinner with a considerable degree of inquietude, our vicinity to Philadelphia filling our minds with apprehension for ourselves, and concern for its unfortunate inhabitants, whose habitations were soon presented to our view. How pleasing at another time would have been the sight of so grand and beautiful a city! Yet each interesting object did now but increase our concern. When we entered the suburbs, or what is more generally called the commons, we expected to find the roads deserted, or to meet none but dejected beings. What was then our surprise when we beheld numbers of foot-people, and even carriages passing in constant succession into and out of the city. Had we not been pre-informed of its melancholy situation, it would never have been conveyed to us by the appearance of the suburbs; nay, the people of whom we inquired the best road to avoid the town, advised us to go through it in preference to making any circuit, although the pestilence was then at its height; nearly one hundred of its inhabitants having been buried the preceding day, sixteen of whom were from the hospital of Bush-hill. The direct road to Philadelphia is over the Schuylkill, at the lower or Grey's Ferry; but we turned off to the left, and crossed it over a wooden bridge, at what is called the Middle Ferry, (still keeping the name of Ferry, although bridges are built at all these places.) We now took a bye-road to the left across the commons, and passed the beautiful seat of Bush-hill, converted in the absence of, and unknown to its possessors, into a temporary hospital. As necessity was the cause of this infringement on private property, it is to be hoped it will plead its excuse. The country, in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, is totally cleared from the Forest, and interspersed with numerous villas; the roads are good, and in excellent order. We saw them ploughing up a part which was to be levelled, with a train of thirteen horses harnessed to a cart, to which the plough was attached. We kept the cross-roads till we fell again into the old one at Francfort, a large village built in the German taste, seven miles north-east of Philadelphia; we proceeded three miles further to the Washington Inn, but found some difficulty in gaining admittance, as the innkeeper was distrustful of travellers from the southward. We slept in the same room with a gentleman in whose arms a person had died of the yellow fever, who became putrid before death, was in great agonies, and whose breath was so offensive, that few could support the air of his room. It was not then known that this disorder was infectious.

On Tuesday, October 8th, we crossed the Shammony on a floating bridge, being a collection of large trunks of trees connected with chains. Breakfasted at the small town of Bristol on the Delaware, from whence we had a view of Burlington, on the opposite shore. We had a pleasant drive along the Delaware, and crossed it when opposite Trenton. The river is very shallow at this place, its greatest depth not being more than ten feet, but so clear that we never lost sight of the bottom, which is very uneven and rocky, being a continuation of those rocks which cause the falls above the town. Ere we could enter Trenton we were examined by a guard, who, on consulting with his sergeant, permitted us to pass on promise that we would not remain in the town; but, whilst the horses were treating their gums with a little hay, an express arrived to desire we

would not enter the inn. What foresight in this injunction! It prevented us saluting the chambermaid, who might have returned our salutes to her friends, and by thus circulating our pestiferous kisses, have ruined Trenton, as another unfortunate wench did Troy. Trenton is nearly as large as Wilmington; these are the two largest towns except the metropolis between Baltimore and New York.

The country was now more open and cheerful. New Jersey being more populous and better cultivated than any of the three states through which we had passed. We dined and slept at Princetown, a long neat village forming but one street, in the midst of which is the beautiful college of New Jersey containing 110 students, who pay ten shillings a week for board and lodgings; fuel, liquors, &c., are an additional charge.

Wednesday, October 9th, was sharp and frosty in the morning, followed by a hot, scorching day. We turned off the Brunswick road, a mile and half before reaching the town, to avoid a similar interruption to that we met with at Trenton, neither of us wishing to undergo a second examination by a consequential youth, who when armed with a musket and bayonet thinks himself authorized to sport with the time and patience of travellers. We passed through Brunswick, crossed the river Raritan, and arrived in the evening at Elizabeth Town, a place which should be held in grateful remembrance for its present friendly and benevolent disposition towards the Philadelphians; for, while the whole country denies them refuge, and repels them from their districts, this small town generously and humanely receives, nourishes, and assists them, hazarding their whole lives in this amiable office of charity, rather than driving back their fellow-creatures to perish by famine and pestilence. We pursued our journey to Newark where we arrived at sunset.

On Thursday, 10th October, we were awakened by the report of a cannon, fired to collect the Militia, who were to assemble this day at Newark. From this event till ten o'clock some curious transformations took place; people of all descriptions changing their familiar accoutrements for the gay insignia of war, then sallying forth in martial pride, they collect in groups, lard each other with their military titles, and descant on the brilliancy of their appearance.

Newark is a neat town but low in its situation; one of the churches possesses some degree of elegance—it is ornamented with three glass lustres. A large tract of marshy land lies between Newark and New York, through which runs the two rivers of Passaic and Hackensac; these we passed by ferries, whilst an artificial road of wood conveyed us over the marshes. We observed a remarkable hill on the borders of this long tract of marsh land. It was high and abrupt, and clothed with wood to its summit; from its being greatly infested with snakes it is called Snake Hill; it is said to contain some curious caverns. From the Hackensac to Marcus Hook ferry, the road is circuitous and hilly. From hence we had a fine view of New York, Long and Staten Islands, with some small intermediate ones in the Sound. The romantic banks of the river Hudson, which ran at our feet, also served to embellish the prospect. We were rowed across the Hudson, a mile and three quarters, in nineteen minutes, and made oath before the magistrates, that not having entered Philadelphia, we considered ourselves incapable of contaminating the city.

Notwithstanding Brissot and other authors' declarations against Maryland, we fared infinitely better, and at less expense, in that State than in any other; 12d. for an excellent dinner in Maryland, 18d. for a cup of

tea in Pennsylvania. When I say a good house or good accommodation, I draw my comparison from the inns of *this* country, for the best are inferior to most of the hedge ale-houses in England. Bare walls, unfurnished rooms, except a few indifferently made tables and chairs, and beds without curtains prevail everywhere. This is even the case at the first inns in the principalities; and if you ask for a chest of drawers, carpet, &c., they inquire if you wish a new one or a second-hand one to be bought, having no idea that you expect them to furnish such articles. The boarding-houses are upon a still worse footing; in them and at inns also you generally find from two to four beds in a room. Even the houses of wealthy individuals are not half furnished.

What most surprises a stranger in this country is the dearness of living at inns and boarding-houses, being double the cost of living in London; which is the more unaccountable, as the necessities of life are so cheap, and as there is almost a total exemption from taxes. Beef and mutton cost in Baltimore 2d., and at New York 3d. per lb.; and New York has one of the best fish markets on the Continent, whether quantity, variety, quality, or cheapness be considered. The tavern price for breakfast is 1s. 6d., yet coffee, tea, sugar, and bread may be had at almost one half the cost of these articles in England.

It is astonishing what droves of Britons have come to this country since last spring, numbers of whom I have seen and conversed with; and all, excepting one of my townsmen, tell the same tale of woe—that the *times* had induced them to visit this *fairy land*, for such they had pictured it; but instead of meeting with a fine, cheap, and plentiful country, inhabited by a race amiable from their innocence of manners and hospitality, they had found a country just emerging from barbarism, and a people ever ready to take advantage of their ignorance of its laws and customs; concluding with a determination to take the first opportunity of returning to England. These appear to be the reasons for a Mr. Scott's return, after a residence of six weeks in America, during which time he was not a day out of New York; he also fears taking the yellow fever, but New York is free from it, and I am happy to say it is declining in Philadelphia.

The vessel in which young Thompson of London had taken a berth, was supposed to have been lost; but I now hear that she has arrived, but must no doubt have suffered in some of the late violent gales. Our papers daily announce a succession of shipwrecks on these coasts, whilst numbers of vessels are continually coming into this port dismasted, &c., &c. The Bristol, on a voyage to the Mediterranean, was obliged to return after an absence of thirty-seven days, having shifted her cargo. The captain of the last British packet, the Chesterfield, performed a very meritorious action, at the hazard of wrecking his own vessel; during a heavy sea he ran alongside a wreck, and saved the crew, who jumped on board his packet. Yet an American captain gravely relates, that after a severe gale, he passed a wreck, mentioned the number of seamen and passengers, whom he supposed must soon after have gone to the bottom, without even saying he offered them assistance.

Newark, November 19, 1793.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIII. To Miss M——, Woodfield.

THAT you may not, my dear grave sister, be nonplussed at starting, it is but fair to observe by way of text, prologue, and preface, that I've un-

dertaken to talk a little with you on a most serious topic; for, can anything be more serious than the total loss of the best of my many amiable accomplishments? Although, as you will perceive, I still retain my nonsense, yet, my everlasting rattle, that set it off to such advantage, is fallen from its high estate, leaving the former in the state of an unset diamond. I feel like a magpie before the sixpence has cut the reins of its loquacious bridle, and this has been my feeling ever since I left Woodfield, if I except those sparring-matches which took place at times between the younger Mrs. Van B—— and myself; but even here I had recourse to deception, for my lips were sure to remain cohesive till I fancied I was talking to our friend Kitty, and having to deal with an agreeable, sensible woman, this method did not require any great power of imagination. 'Twas amusing while my tongue was upon the full trot, to see the old lady compare notes—that is, to see her examine her son's letter, without being able to reconcile how I could be that grave, sage, sober, musing philosopher therein delineated. Now, having opened my pitiful case, 'tis evident that you must act as the compassionate conductor to carry off this accumulation of electrical fluid.

Oh, what felicity to be even a *dumb* waiter in your coterie! where, at least, I could hear Susanna's sprightly sallies—Nancy's full harmonious cadence, the President's varied lays, and the Secretary's shrewd remarks. You must be overwhelmed with good fellowship and good living, whilst I scarcely know that there are such things in the world, for French dishes and black cooks spoil the one, while the cold distant behaviour of the inhabitants ruins the other. Of course I never join the social dinner, the pleasant chatty tea-table, or the lively animated supper; but chew, like an old cow, my solitary cud, or pore, like an old family portrait, over some musty book.

New York has, to be sure, but just entered on her career of gaiety, which sits as easy upon her, as it did upon Reynard, who, to induce his brethren to be fellow crops, assumed great satisfaction on the loss of his tail. Two concerts are in contemplation, whose rivalry has reduced them to such insignificance, that probably they will neither of them be worth attending. The comedians have not the power of attracting an audience—the assemblies;—but hold.—T. Buchanan, a respectable merchant of this city, not only possesses sheep and oxen, and billy-goats, man-servants and maid servants, and nanny-goats, and negroes, but has, moreover, a beloved spouse, and seven fair damsels, his daughters—the Pleiades under whose bright influence I found my way to the assembly; it was the second this season, and consisted of about eighty ladies, and a superior number of gentlemen; the former, were dressed with great taste and elegance, and the air of ease and gaiety with which the generality of them danced, gave as favourable an idea of the Columbian fair, as it is possible to entertain; yet, I am far from thinking, that our British wenches need fear them as rivals in either the amiable or engaging virtues. Amongst the belles this evening, the two Miss Allans of Philadelphia united the greatest number of praises, as being the brightest ornaments of the room; they had, to be sure, the beauty of health, being fine, hale wenches—a gift not only more valuable, but more rare than beauty, at least from New York to Charlestown (S. C.), where a natural bloom is uncommon even in the country. I had kept a sharp look out for village maidens in my different tours through the country; and the same love of discovery has often led me to perambulate the New York and Baltimore markets to observe the rural nymphs,

the tinge of whose faces had invariably the appearance of being the reflection of the contents of their egg and butter baskets. I shall except a wood nymph of Maryland, who had, however, not more bloom suffused through her cheeks than could be well spared from the tip of a toper's nose, but I looked upon her as an exotic.

With your leave we'll join the ladies. Miss W——, of this city, had my suffrage, as being the belle of the room; yet numerous as was this assembly, it could not boast a Marston or a Proctor. A number of slovens were included among the herd of males. A green coat and black underclothes had the appearance of an undertaker on a work-day; a long crop, that of a Methodist preacher; a German, as out of credit with his laundress; a lank American, as if his coat had been cut out of listing, his waistcoat from his mistress' sash, and his tights from her garters; whilst the French looked like those harlequins hung in wire that dance by a string. On the whole, these crowded assemblies are far less agreeable than smaller collections; a greater degree of form is required to keep even the appearance of order. The division into sets deprives you of entering into the spirit of dancing. The room being small obliged us to divide into four sets, two of which danced alternately, at the rate of three dances in five hours. Thus the assembly is broken into two parties, each wishing the absence of the other: then again, a stranger cannot extend his acquaintance beyond the party he accompanies to the rooms, consequently, my partners have been, and will continue to be, one or other of the Miss B.'s.

The assemblies are held every fortnight for five months; the subscription is 45s., tea, coffee, wine, &c. included. Doors are opened at six o'clock. If minuets are not danced, and in general they are not, country dances begin at eight. Tea is hurried over in consequence of the smallness of the tea-room. About one o'clock the candles are burnt out! The New Yorkers have in contemplation the building of a subscription tavern and assembly room: the present assemblies are held in a chamber of the city tavern, which is small and inconvenient.

Although the Columbian nymphs are fond of assemblies, yet there is another winter diversion to which they are still more partial. This is the amusement of *sleighing*. When Cynthia smiles on our white robed earth, the fair Columbians, attended by their gallants, mount the sleigh, and drive, as merry as grigs, along the different highways, giving free scope to their wit, not only on their obsequious knights, but ready to pour in a broadside on every passing sleigh; whilst the easiness of the draught, the emulation of the contending sleighs, and the cheerful tinkling of the harness bells, induce the horses to travel with extraordinary velocity. Frequent parties are made on moonlight nights to Kingsbridge (twelve miles from New York), when after passing the evening in dancing and other amusements, they return like so many beagles just let loose from a kennel, making the roads more animated at midnight than they usually are at midday.

Thus have I described the only two amusements of which I have partaken; nor do I think I shall pass my winter agreeably, for visiting is little in vogue in this city, and the formal manner in which it is conducted deprives it of the power of pleasing; besides, I don't see any probability of enlarging the circle of my acquaintance, which makes me the more anxious to hear of those I've left behind. I don't know how Dan will clear himself for his neglect. I beg, pray, and desire that you yourself will tell me of the situation of Woodfield, and all matters there-

unto pertaining. The most trifling intelligence will be as acceptable as standing-pie-crust or a Yorkshire pudding, for know that, bread excepted, I never fall foul of any farinaceous production, nor even butcher's meat, having nothing to treat my gums with but a parcel of starved fowls. Let me hear of my friends far and near, above all, forget not Exmouth. Ask your President's leave to send me the minutes of your Society, to the members of which present my best respects—to Nancy in particular, hoping she caught no cold in her expedition to the Lakes; tell our friend Lucy that though I congratulate her on her sister's success in Dublin, yet I'm sorry that Woodfield's to suffer from her unexpected desertion; Lucy, I hope, will endeavour as much as possible to supply the loss of her sister by keeping herself more at home. Are you not already tired of your quiet, unruffled life? Don't you regret the loss of your bass-viol? Can Dan gallant you with equal address to plays, concerts, assemblies, and other places of rendezvous? Can he bring you home such loads of partridges and snipes? Can he so readily snuff candles, and reckon up one-hundred-and-one at cribbage? Oh! I'm afraid you've suffered an irreparable loss!

New York, December 15, 1793.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV. *To Mr. D. M—, Woodfield.*

BE assured Dan, that my epistolary concerns were never more deranged than at present. Like an unfortunate gamester, I venture stake after stake, but no prize reaches my hand. Must the pain of absence be increased by the gloom of uncertainty? Does Woodfield share the fate of Goldsmith's Auburn? Vessel arrives after vessel without bringing proof to the contrary. Have we not friends in three different ports who would forward your letters? It is indifferent by what vessels, provided they are bound for North America, as they come equally safe by all. Packets require fixed days, punctual payments, and may be taken by the enemy. I am anxious to hear how affairs are going on in Scotland, Liverpool, &c., or I shall be in the dark among the Virginians. Never was a poor lovesick fool in a more pitiable humour than was last night your wonder-hunting brother. He went to bed at ten o'clock, and tossed till midnight, when he rose, dressed, and sent the enclosed scroll (the preceding letter) at the head of a poor harmless damsel, not only to rouse her from her lethargy, but to relieve his own overloaded mind. Having therein sketched the amusements of a New York winter, it only remains for me to delineate a few other traits in the manners of the Americans which have come under my own observation. Whether it is to be attributed to prejudice, or to my slight knowledge, their character appears to me less amiable than that of the British; its principal features are prominently marked, and easily distinguishable, such as their inordinate pride, which is combined with insolence amongst the lower order of citizens; their jealousy and dislike of strangers, especially where they fear a rivalry in commercial concerns. Commerce is their god, and they are its knowing and assiduous votaries; ignorant as they are in some respects, they want no instruction on this head, as many a poor duped and deluded Briton can testify. Their aim appears to be to supplant all other commercial nations, and to become

the carriers for the world, nor do they think the period far distant when this wild dream shall be realized. What time can be spared from the counting-house is dedicated to the coffee-room, nay, there are multitudes who make politics their business. An American politician is one of the most vexatious of animals, using "declamation without argument, and assertions without proof." An attempt to convince one of them of his error would prove more arduous than to tie a knot on the rainbow. The manner in which politics were discussed at the table d'hôte at Baltimore so much resembled the gabbling of a flock of geese, as well in sense as in clamour, as often to oblige me to rise before I had time to swallow a glass of wine; nay, so disgusting did this subject become at last, that I quitted the table altogether, and this accounts for my never introducing politics in any of my letters. The English papers are Oracles of Truth when compared with those of this country, which, besides, contain an inundation of personal abuse and scurrility. No cat ever suffered so many deaths as the Duke of York! How often have the combined army and navy been defeated! Nay, the British troops have been recalled to quell the rebellion in England! One day *we* are to have a war with England, the next, they are to be *our* allies against France, when, at the same time, this government would dread a war, for she would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. A war with Algiers is more probable; but this country, like all others, contains a number of people who would sacrifice the public good to their private emolument. Before I conclude this subject, which I hope I shall never take up again, it will be necessary to say something on the dearest topic of American conversation. Liberty, though one of the most estimable gifts to man, has been so much abused, and chiefly by republicans, that I am afraid ere long, instead of having its universality established, we shall retain only its name. Look on the continent of Europe, and observe if the most despotic of states are not those of the republics. Is power, because it is divided, the less oppressive? Of France it is unnecessary to speak. As for America, it is but a new country, and, as yet, but in a state of probation; but when Washington, its grand corner stone, gives way, we shall see if it can realize its golden dreams. Can so large a tract of country remain always united? Can power be always lodged in the hands of a Washington? The Americans are not only factious, and difficult to please, but ambitious. Numbers are daily emigrating to Canada, a proof of secret discontent somewhere. Major Hewitson predicted that *I* should return a rank republican, but I grow daily more partial to our own form of government, which, from its divesting liberty of its licentiousness, is now thought worthy of subversion; such attempts, and their sad consequences, will naturally make our executive act with more than usual vigour, and instead of an increase of liberty, may produce a contrary effect.

Vanity, affectation, and the love of pleasure reign here with as full a sway as in any part of our Island. Never did I see, as here, so many pale, meagre, woe-begone, cadaverous looking beings, which, added to a great length of figure in the men, give them a resemblance to those trees in a plantation, which, being deprived by close proximity of a free circulation of air endeavour to obviate their want of breadth by overtopping their neighbours. Scarcely any country has had its climate more extolled than that of America, yet I look upon it to be partly the cause of the above effects, unless it can be proved that serenity includes salubrity. So far north as Philadelphia and New York, *les coups du soleil* are fre-

quent, and often mortal, the heat being at times more excessive and insupportable than in the West Indies. At such times the Americans drink copiously of wine and bitters before breakfast, *lengthy* draughts of punch and grog before dinner, and unremitted *whets* between dinner and the hour of rest. This truly is a most reducing season, and robs one of all the *embonpoint* collected during the winter. I came here in September when the heats were considerably abated, yet I passed a month of sleepless nights, restless, and panting for air, and almost driven to desperation by the horrid war-whoops of the mosquitoes, making me tremble for the relics of my already poisoned, disfigured, and delacerated hide. But when the sun's ardent blaze visits the southern hemisphere, and the piercing north-wester approaches our own—the Americans, instead of benefiting by his healthy, invigorating influence shut themselves up and breathe the tainted air of a close, pent chamber. Although December, never was I sensible of more agreeable weather; my clothing was not lighter in the hottest day of summer, yet wherever I go, I meet droves of shivering beings, though protected by heavy fur cloaks, caps, gloves, &c.; these, however, by the bye, are chiefly French, of whom I shall speak hereafter.

Congress has assembled as usual at Philadelphia—the state of Europe—the National Debt and Expenditure—the disrespectful behaviour of Genet, the French Minister, to the President of the U. S., and his endeavours to foment this country against England—and the war with the Indians will be the principal subjects of discussion. I should wish to send you the account now published of the late contagious fever in Philadelphia, but I expect it will be printed in England. From the 1st August to the 9th November, there died, all disorders included, 4031 persons; from the 9th to the 14th October, the fever was at its height, from 100 to 102 dying daily; this was the time when we skirted the city, and were told that the fever was so far abated that we need not be apprehensive of danger in passing through the city,

Write as often as possible; how can you excuse your neglect? It however will not make me less regular in my correspondence—I hope my father does not think that because I have entered but little on commercial topics that I mind nothing but pleasure; on the contrary, I endeavour to gain as much information as possible, but the Americans are jealous of the English, numbers of whom have established rival houses.

I am, &c.

New York, December 15, 1793.

A FEW WORDS ON THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

MANY regard Shakespeare with blind enthusiasm rather than with rational devotion ; and of his innumerable annotators, few there are who have ventured beyond the pale of verbal criticism into the more dignified path of calm animadversion ; although the works of this writer—whose beauties and defects are all in the extreme—afford the fairest subject for instructive observation.

If we examine one of his chief productions, the tragedy of Macbeth, it will be found that in two of the objects of consideration in the tragic drama, as in the epic poem—fable and character—it stands unrivalled.

For the foundation of the fable we have authentic history ; and the introduction of supernatural agents is authorized by ancient records and popular belief. In the time of Shakespeare, the wizard, or infernal mythology, was inculcated by the pen of royalty itself ; and the solemn legislative enactments of that period pronounced witchcraft a felony, punishable with death. This foundation of the fable in truth, or what is received as truth, aids the illusion of the drama ; for we enter the more feelingly into the representation of sorrows and distresses which we imagine have been actually experienced. To heighten this effect, the scene is laid in a period neither so remote as to be wholly involved in the darkness of antiquity, by which our interest in the spectacle would be enfeebled ; nor yet so near our own times, as to render the names and manners of the persons familiar to us, and thus deprive the drama of much of its dignity.

The favourite emotions of tragedy are terror and pity. To produce terror, violent passions must be brought into play ; the change of fortune from good to bad should be signal, great, and sudden, and when the sufferer is wholly unprepared for the sad reverse. To excite pity, the fable should represent persons possessed of every amiable quality sinking under the weight of inevitable misfortune, or unexpected calamity.

Let us look at the drama before us in these two points of view. On the one hand we have beings of superior power, but of malignant disposition, perpetually employed in perverting innocence, persecuting virtue, and crowding the annals of mankind with tales of ruin and of woe. These “murdring ministers” employ their knowledge of futurity, and other supernatural powers which they possess, in urging a man endowed with great and noble qualities, but marked at the same time with great infirmities, to crimes the most atrocious ; to a violation of the rights of hospitality, and the ties of honor, gratitude, and allegiance, and the murder of his sovereign, who loved, trusted, and promoted him. Macbeth, having thus acquired a crown by treason, is led on by his infernal advisers

to secure the possession of royalty by the commission of further crimes. He is filled with doubts and fears obscurely hinted, and dark expedients imperfectly suggested. Thus tortured, his mind is set upon the rack, and he is driven to plunge his native country in war and devastation, and to atone by a violent death, a death hastened by the false security into which the weird sisters lull him—and suffered, under the full force of retributive justice, for the very crimes to which, by their wicked machinations, he had been impelled.

On the other hand, we see a prince merciful and liberal, just and beneficent, treacherously murdered, while confident of his security, and in the midst of social enjoyment, by those to the shelter of whose roof he had entrusted himself. And the person who stands the highest in the confidence and good opinion of his sovereign, and had been loaded with wealth and honours by him, conspires to rob him of his kingdom with his life, and executes his diabolical purpose in the dead of night.*

The prediction is admirably contrived to complicate the guilt of Macbeth, and to consummate the mischief by the succession of various crimes; for while the usurper is tempted to conspire against his sovereign, by the promise of a throne to him personally, he is stimulated to the commission of the subsequent murders by the limitation of the crown to the issue of Banquo.

The murder of the wife and children of Macduff, and his sorrow for their loss, and the madness and miserable death of Lady Macbeth, although they may be considered as episodes, greatly heighten the feelings of terror, while they contribute to carry on the main action. The resentment of Macduff hastens the return of the exiles, and the invasion of Scotland, with the consequent death of the tyrant. The madness of Lady Macbeth discloses the guilt of the usurper; and her death, at a critical juncture of his fate, is a warning blow which for a moment chills his spirit, and then drives him rashly to expose himself in the fight.

With consummate skill, the catastrophe is not produced by a set of arbitrary and unconnected incidents predetermined by the poet, which might subsist equally well with any other set of characters, but is necessarily prepared and introduced by the ruling passions of the several actors in the drama.

As regards the moral, perhaps if the fable has a general tendency to shew the fatal effects of an unbridled indulgence of the passions, it is enough. But the tragedy inculcates several particular and important lessons. We are here shewn the danger of yielding to the suggestions of ambition, when the commission of crime is the price of the wished for attainment. We are taught how one degree of guilt paves the way for another more atrocious, until step by step a climax of wickedness is reached, the bare contemplation of which should cause a shudder at the outset; and we may see the stern necessity of combating at the very threshold the solicitation and the impulse to do ill.

In the delineation of the characters, Shakespeare has, we submit, been full as successful as in the fable, although, in offering this opinion, we have in some measure to contend with high authority; for Dr. Johnson asserts that this play has no nice discrimination of character, that the events are too grand to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and

* Shakespeare, with the admirable tact he displays throughout this wonderful drama, describes the night of the murder as being rough and tempestuous.

that the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents. Here the critic seems to impute to the tragic writer as a fault, the want of nice discrimination of character. In our humble judgment this is not strictly fair, for although tragedy requires in some degree a display of character, inasmuch as it represents human actions, still, to mark its nicer discriminations, is the province, not of tragedy, but of comedy. As far as the former requires, or admits the representation of character, Shakespeare has, in the drama before us, attended particularly to their minute delineation, and his principal personages are as admirably contrasted, and as ably designed as those of any other dramatic piece in the language.

Macbeth is a murderer, a usurper, and a tyrant; but he is not a common murderer, a common usurper, nor a common tyrant. He has a mixture of virtuous feelings and noble sentiments, and a variety of great, nay, amiable qualities; and Shakespeare shews us he had sufficient art at his command to render an assemblage of seemingly discordant elements highly natural, and still greater art to render an assemblage of estimable qualities highly detestable. The progressive depravation of character is painted with the hand of a master; the usurper, goaded by the consciousness of guilt within, by the public execration, by factions, and by cabals without, assumes a misanthropic turn, a savage ferocity, to which, originally, he was a stranger. Macbeth and his wife are both guilty of a horrible crime, but her guilt is the guilt of a woman, rash, precipitate, and regardless of consequences; his guilt is that of a man, reluctant, fearful of the event, and slow in resolution, but in the end, steadfast and persevering. They both feel remorse; she, like a true woman, first commits the crime, and then feels the stings of conscience so acutely that her reason fails; the remorse of her husband is more calm and deep, and closely follows each step of his criminal career.

As to the other part of the criticism of Dr. Johnson—that the conduct of the agents is determined by the course of the action—we advance, with all due respect to the great commentator, the converse of the proposition, and affirm that the course of the action is determined by the conduct of the agents; or in other words, that characters, such as Shakespeare has introduced, and placed in situations such as he has supposed, could hardly think, speak, or act otherwise than they do in the drama under consideration. By what is the course of the action determined? By the malign disposition of the witches; the credulity, ambition, and jealousy of the usurper and his wife; the princely virtues of Malcolm; and the generous loyalty, and domestic piety of Macduff. Thus, the events of the drama, instead of excluding particular dispositions, are produced by them; they constitute the course of action, and effect the catastrophe.

The character of Macbeth is such as tragedy delights to exhibit; a compound of great and malignant qualities, of good feelings and enormous guilt. He is not "*monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*," but a mere man, betrayed to the commission of extraordinary crimes by the concurrence of circumstances as extraordinary; by the instigations of supernatural agents, and by the arts and persuasions of a wife whom he holds in the fondest affection. Macbeth is brave, and naturally disposed to virtue. The witches place before his eyes the dazzling form of royalty to pervert his mind; and Lady Macbeth, who possesses great power over him, argues and laughs him out of his honest scruples. Partly by upbraiding, partly by blandishments, she confirms the wavering propensity to guilt, and at

last assists him in the perpetration of his first dreadful crime. Having thus "in blood stept in so far," one murder is engrafted on another; he perceives too late the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth, and perishes, sword in hand, with a bravery and a resolution worthy of a better cause.

Lady Macbeth is a woman of violent passions, but possessing elegance of manners and admirable address. This makes her influence over a man of abilities, like Macbeth, appear the more probable; and such an influence is necessary to produce the catastrophe in a manner at once natural and affecting. She is possessed of a masculine commanding eloquence, and of an intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart, and knows the precise moment for employing these resources with ready and certain effect. Her behaviour, both as a subject and as a queen, is marked with graceful ease, and distinguished by a strain of noble courtesy and dignified condescension. Her address and powers of conversation are finely marked in the two scenes where she does the honours of her house; first, at the reception of the king, and afterwards, at the feast for the nobles, when the ghost of Banquo appears. Her studied attention and exaggerated expressions of duty and gratitude to the king, at the very time when she was meditating his destruction, are highly natural. The anxiety she seems to suffer in her efforts to conceal Macbeth's disorder at the appearance of the ghost; her ready dexterity in obviating the suspicions of the guests, and attributing the emotions of her husband to a constitutional malady; and her earnestness to dismiss the company when she perceives his utter prostration, and the impossibility of further escaping detection, are all powerful proofs of the mighty genius and of the dramatic skill of Shakespeare.

Θηρα

THE MATRON AND HER FLOWER-GARDEN.

By T. D. JONES, Esq.

AUTHOR OF MONODY ON THE DEATH OF L. E. L.

'Twas evening's calm and tranquil hour, the smile of parting day
 With golden light illumed each scene ere yet it stole away ;
 The blithesome carol of the birds that sported on the trees,
 Like angel whispers, soft and sweet, came floating on the breeze.

Within a beauteous garden strayed as fair and sweet a child
 As ever breathed to Heaven a prayer, or exquisitely smiled ;
 She culled the rarest flowers that blossomed in luxuriance there,
 And twined them into wreaths to deck the tresses of her hair.

She roamed along in innocence, and even that moment seemed
 As gay as hope could render her, or poet ever dreamed :
 She rushed to seize each butterfly that flew before her eyes,
 And panted when she failed to catch the fluttering little prize.

* * * * *

Years glided o'er—again she sauntered there a gentle bride,
 The idol of her first affection walking by her side.
 The star of pure marital faith diffused its sacred ray,
 And gave a charm to every hour that fondly stole away.

She lingered in that garden then, where every shrub and flower
 That taste could wish for shed its sweets to bless the genial hour ;
 She felt that care had flung no cloud to chill enjoyment's glow,
 Or cast one saddening tinge of grief to shade her placid brow.

She gazed in fondness all around, and felt each scene impart
 A glow of satisfaction to her young and guileless heart ;
 She knew she planted every flower that bloomed before her there,
 And nursed them on from day to day with kind and anxious care.

" Welcome, fair scene ! " she then exclaimed. " Oh, would it were my
 lot,

To pass through life in quietness in this sequestered spot :
 Removed from all the empty pomp, the splendour, and the state,
 That wait in all the foolish pride of grandeur on the great ;

" Here to enjoy those rural scenes of innocence and ease,
 Where every rose expands to charm—where every shrub can please—
 Where silent contemplation loves to lead the mental eye
 Through Nature's smiling book aloft, and fix my thoughts on high ;

" Resigning all the glory and magnificence that shower
 Their foolish fascinations on the ' heartless sons of power.'
 How gladly would I bargain in this calm retreat to dwell,
 And bid this trifling world and all its vanities farewell."

She left that lovely garden in the summer of her youth,
 When her heart was soft as virtue's tear, and redolent with truth ;
 But she left it with a pensive smile—she left it with a sigh ;
 And the softest tear she ever shed then shimmered in her eye.

For many years she mingled with the noble and the gay,
 Where fame and fashion loved to bask in vanity's array ;
 She lived among the wealthy throng of dignity and state,
 And found herself the " favored one" among the " vaunting great."

Yet even then would Memory steal Reflection's eye away,
 To gaze upon that garden where she often loved to stray ;
 While Fancy, peering through the Vale of Retrospection, threw
 A spell of glory o'er each scene returning in review.

* * * * *

In after years she came again to see that garden, where
 She spent the summer of her youth, when Hope was fond and fair ;
 When pleasure gave to passing Time affection's hallowed light,
 And every star in prospect's sky beamed beautifully bright.

She stood within that garden, but, how changed she then appeared,
 No gladness sate upon her brow—no joy her bosom cheered :
 There seemed a sadness in her eye—a sorrow in her air,
 That marked the pensive touch of grief—the trace of silent care.

But all around was altered too—each scene that met her eye
 Made gloomy thought more dismal—made Feeling's spirit sigh,
 For Desolation's withering blast had made each flower its prey,
 And even the bower she loved so much lay mouldering in decay.

Yet even thus in Memory's sky she dearly loved to trace
 Those halcyon joys of bygone hours which time could not efface ;
 She gladly turned Reflection's eye, and fixed the enamoured gaze
 On scenes too well remembered then—the scenes of happier days.

For hours she mused in solitude, revisiting each spot,
 Which, even through the course of years, she never yet forgot :
 They all were sweet to Memory's eye ; some recollection threw
 A holy spell on every scene that came before her view.

She took one last fond look of joy, in calm serenity ;
 Each scene impressed itself afresh upon her memory—
 She left them vegetating, ere she turned to depart,
 Like sweet oases planted in the desert of her heart.

She left that spot for ever then, no tear was in her eye,
 She felt too much to shed a tear ; but grief was in her sigh—
 A silent spell of loneliness, a saddening pathos stole
 On every chord of feeling which vibrated in her soul.

But though she left that spot for ever, still no power of art
 Will ever blot those hallowed scenes of pleasure from her heart ;
 She'll love to gild their memory with Affection's fondest ray,
 Till the last pure ebb of feeling from her bosom steals away.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE HAYMAN FAMILY.

THE HEYMANS of Somerfield, co. Kent, *Extinct Baronets*, and the HAYMANS of Somersetshire, and of Youghal, in Ireland,* being all of the same lineage, anciently bore for arms, *Or, three chevronnels, gules*. These are the armorial bearings of the Seigneurs of Crève-cœur en Ange, in Normandy, from whom they claim descent, through "Crève-cœur," as his name is written in the Battle Abbey Roll, one of WILLIAM's Knights at the invasion of England. But their present ensigns are, *Argent, a chevron engrailed az. between three martlets sa. as many cinquefoils pierced or*; and an old family tale preserves the circumstance that caused the change. HAIMON DE CREVE-CŒUR was Lord of Chatham, in the reign of the heroic Lion-heart, and held among his subordinate demesnes, those of Farleigh, Teston, and Ledes, and a manor called Bleane, from which he was sometimes called SIR HAMO DEL BLEN. Accompanied by his three sons, his only ones, he joined the expedition to Palestine; and at Acre, Joppa, and Ascalon, signalized himself by his deeds of desperate valour. But the last of those terrible fields cost him his sons, who successively perished while defending the English banner. Wearied and grief-worn, he availed himself of the truce that was now made with the Soldan, and returned to England, bringing with him a little grandson, in whom his hopes of posterity centered. He brought him up with all the tenderness of grandsire love, and the boy grew the pride and admiration of all who knew him. The old man, on his death-bed, gave him all his broad lands, castles, and seignories, only stipulating that he should bear the same arms he had himself adopted, after the death of his sons. These were as follows:—The metal was changed from *or* to *argent*, to devote his humiliation: the chevron was retained, but instead of appearing in its triple form, was but once inscribed, to paint his isolation; in each quarter and at the base he had put a martlet—one for each son—to signify that, like those birds of passage, they had spread their wings and flown away from him to a better country. And with the same deep moral—for men love to dally with their heart's grief, until they soothe it into quietude—he adopted, instead of the loved war-cry or defiant boast, the humble words, for his motto, "*Cælum non Solum*," "Heaven, not earth," as shewing the country of his hopes. But that he might not wholly shut up in silence

* The latter family is now represented by GEORGE HAYMAN, Esq., of Holford, near Bridgwater, and MATTHEW HAYMAN, Esq., of South Abbey, Youghal, co. Cork, a magistrate for that shire.

the enemy and the field, that had robbed him of his sons, he took for his crest, "*A demi-Moor, full-faced, wreathed about the temples, holding in the dexter-hand a rose slipped and leaved all ppr.* Such is the tradition respecting the armorial bearings of the HAYMANS, "a very ancient family," as one of themselves wrote, half a century ago,* "that came to England with the Norman Conqueror in 1066; several of whom were in Parliament, and held places of honor and trust under the crown." We do not wonder at the romance of the story; for their blazon is evidently that of a pilgrim knight. The interpretation too is in itself so ingenious as to challenge our attention, if not win our credence.

A BRIDAL DRESS IN 1550.

JOHN Bowyer, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, was married in June, 1550, to Miss Elizabeth Draper, and, in a curious manuscript which is yet preserved, gives us an exact description of the trousseau presented by him to his bride.

"Wedyn-apparell bought for my wyffe, Elizabeth Draper, the younger, of Camberwell, against 17^o die Junii, anno Domini, 1550, with dispensalls:—

	s.	d.
<i>First</i> —4 ells of tawney taffeta, at 1s. 6d. the ell, for the Venyce gowne	46	0
<i>Item</i> —4 yardes of silk Chamlett crymsyn, at 7s. 6d. the yard, for a kyrtle	52	6
<i>Iiem</i> —One yard and a half of tawney velvet, to guard the Venyce gowne, at 15s. the yard	22	6
<i>Item</i> —Half a yard of crymson satin, for the fore slyves	6	8
<i>Item</i> —8 yards of russel's black, at 4s. 6d. the yard, for a Dutch gowne	35	0
<i>Item</i> —Half a yard of tawney sattyn	5	8
<i>Item</i> —A yard and a quarter of velvet black, to guard the Dutch gowne	17	0
<i>Item</i> —6 yards of tawney damaske, at 11s. the yard	66	0
<i>Item</i> —One yard and half a quarter of skarlett, for a pety cote with plites	20	0
Amounting to	271	4

The wedding-ring was far more massive than the modern thread of gold. If weighed, he tells us, "two angells and a duckett," and bore the initials of both parties, *J. E. B**p*r*. Our fair readers will be interested in comparing things as they are now, with the usages of three centuries since.

* Sir Peter Heyman's *memorial*, 20th May, 1783. Vide *Extinct Baronetcies*, 262 note.

AN OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE.

Now that the class of squires of primitive manners is yearly lessening by death, and must in a very short time be wholly extinct, let us take a portrait from real life.

Mr. Hastings, an old gentleman of ancient times in Dorsetshire, was low of stature but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion with flaxen hair. His clothes were always of green cloth; his house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well-stocked with deer, rabbits, and fishponds. He had a long, narrow, bowling green in it, and used to play with round sand bowls. Here, too, he had a banqueting-room built, like a stand, in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins, of this and last year's killing. Here and there a pole-cat was intermixed, and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him. At the lower end of the room stood a small table with a double desk; one side of which held a church Bible, the other the Book of Martyrs. On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasants eggs; tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco-pipes. At one end of this room was a door which opened into a closet, where bottles of strong beer and wine, which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house, for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet was a door into an old chapel, which had long been disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with thick crust well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding, and he always sang it in with "Thy part lies therein—a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put syrup of gilliflowers into his sack; and had always a tun glass of small beer standing by him which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be a hundred, and never lost his eye-sight, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag till he was fourscore.

Graphic as is this portraiture, and hale and hardy as was the life it depicts, few, we think, will lament the alteration which greater refinement of manners has brought with it. We are interested in knowing what the old squire was, but we rejoice in believing that his representative of

our own day is far different. The English gentleman, now, has trained himself to higher things. His reflective powers are more developed. His knowledge has increased. His manners have caught a softer tone. His character has been purified to almost feminine delicacy, without losing that manly vigour which constitutes its sterling worth. He is now our beau-ideal of perfect manhood.

SOME NOBLE SUFFERERS FROM WITCHCRAFT.

IN the church of Bottisford, is the sepulchral chapel of the Rutland family; and among the stately tombs, is that of Francis Manners, Earl of Rutland, his Countess, and their two sons, Henry and Francis, which attracts more than ordinary attention from the story attached to it in the church books. We give the extract, merely amending the spelling, and substituting small letters for the redundant capitals:—

“When the Right Hon. Sir Francis Manners succeeded his brother, Roger, in the Earldom of Rutland, and took possession of Belvoir Castle, and of the estates belonging to the earldom, he took such honourable measures in the courses of his life, that he neither discharged servants, nor denied the access of the poor; but making strangers welcome, did all the good offices of a noble lord, by which he got the love and good will of the country, his noble Countess being of the same noble disposition. So that Belvoir Castle was a continual place of entertainment, especially to neighbours, where Joan Flower and her daughter were not only relieved at the first, but Joan was also admitted charwoman, and her daughter Margaret, as a continual dweller in the castle, looking to the poultry abroad, and the wash-house at home; and thus they continued till found guilty of some misdemeanor, which was discovered to the lady. The first complaint against Joan Flower, the mother, was that she was a monstrous malicious woman, full of oaths, curses, and irreligious imprecations, and, as far as appeared, a plain atheist; as for Margaret, she was frequently accused of going from the castle, and carrying provisions away in unreasonable quantities, and returning in such unseasonable hours, that they could not but conjecture at some mischief amongst them; and that their extraordinary expenses tended both to rob their lady, and served also to maintain some debauched and idle company which frequented Joan Flower's house. In some time the Countess misliking her (Joan's) daughter, Margaret, and discovering some indecencies in her life, and the neglect of her business, discharged her from lying any more in the castle, yet gave her forty shillings, a bolster, and a mattress of wool, commanding her to go home. But at last these wretched women became so malicious and revengeful, that the Earl's family were sensible of their wicked dispositions; for, first, his eldest son Henry, Lord Ross, was taken sick after a strange manner, and in a little time died; and after Francis, Lord Ross, was severely tortured and tormented by them with a strange sickness, which caused his death. Also, and presently after, the Lady Catherine was set upon by their devilish practices, and very frequently in danger of her life, in strange and unusual fits; and, as they confessed, both the Earl and his Countess were so bewitched that they should have no more children. In a little time after they were apprehended and carried into Lincoln gaol, after due

examination before sufficient justices and discreet magistrates. "Joan Flower, before her conviction, called for bread and butter, and wished it might never go through her, if she were guilty of the matter she was accused of; and, upon mumbling of it in her mouth, she never spake more, but fell down and died as she was carried to Lincoln gaol, being extremely tormented both in soul and body, and was buried at Ancaster."

The examination of Margaret Flower, the 22d of January, 1618.

"She confessed that about four years since, her mother sent her for the right hand glove of Henry Lord Ross, and afterwards her mother bid her go again to the castle of Belvoir, and bring down the (other ?) glove, or some other thing of Henry Lord Ross'; and when she asked her for what, her mother answered, to hurt my Lord Ross: upon which she brought down the glove, and gave it to her mother, who stroked *Rutterkin*, her cat, (the Imp) with it, after it was dipped in hot water, and, so, pricked it often; after which Henry Lord Ross fell sick, and soon after died. She further said, that finding a glove, about two or three years since of Francis Lord Ross, she gave it to her mother, who put it into hot water, and afterwards took it out, and rubbed it on *Rutterkin* (the Imp), and bid him go upwards, and afterwards buried it in the yard, and said 'a mischief light on him, but he will mend again.' She further confessed that her mother and her [self] and her sister agreed together to bewitch the Earl and his lady, that they might have no more children; and being asked the cause of this their malice and ill-will, she said that, about four years since the Countess, taking a dislike to her, gave her forty shillings, a bolster, and a mattress, and bid her be at home, and come no more to dwell at the castle; which she not only took ill, but grudged it in her heart very much, swearing to be revenged upon her; on which her mother took wool out of the mattress, and a pair of gloves which were given her by Mr. Vovason, and put them into warm water, mingling them with some blood, and stirring it together; then she took them out of the water, and rubbed them on the belly of *Rutterkin*, saying 'the Lord and Lady would have children, but it would be long first.' She further confessed, that by her mother's command, she brought to her a piece of a handkerchief of the Lady Catherine, the Earl's daughter, and her mother put it into hot water, and then, taking it out, rubbed it upon *Rutterkin*, bidding him 'fly and go;' whereupon *Rutterkin* whined and cried 'Mew,' upon which the said *Rutterkin* had no more power of the Lady Catherine to hurt her.

"Margaret Flower, and Phillis Flower, the daughters of Jane Flower, were executed at Lincoln for witchcraft, March 12, 1618.

"Whoever reads this history should consider the ignorance and dark superstition of those times; but certainly these women were vile abandoned wretches to pretend to do such wicked things.

"*Seek ye not unto them that have familiar spirits, nor wizards, nor unto witches that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God?*"
Isaiah viii. 19.

This sounds sadly on our ears in the nineteenth century; nevertheless, the universal credence such malpractices obtained at the time, makes the tale a probable one. From the king himself to the humblest commoner,

no one doubted the power and malice of the so-called witches ; and many an unhappy woman was barbarously murdered, having been condemned of a crime which was impossible of occurrence.

CAPTAIN HUGH CROKER.

In a previous part of our present volume (pp. 180, 181), we gave our readers the romantic history of the capture of the city of Waterford, in Ireland, by two brothers named Croker, at the head of thirty musketeers. We are now enabled to complete the tale by information gleaned from other sources. When the surviving brother presented himself to Cromwell, his general welcomed him by a firm grasp of his hand, stooping from the war-horse on which he sat to give the hero his salute. A moment after, Cromwell took from his pocket a slip of paper, and, resting it on the pommel of his saddle he wrote an order for Croker to receive the forfeited estate of Sir Walter Coppinger, near Tallow, in the county of Waterford. Captain Croker soon after proceeded to get possession, and was received and kindly entertained by Sir Walter's fair daughter. He mentioned the unpleasant character of his mission, and displayed his authority. The maiden heard him in speechless grief, but bowed her acquiescence. She only craved leave to remain with her aged father within their ancestral walls, until another dwelling, and one more suited to their fallen fortunes, could be provided. Such entreaty could not be refused. He were less than man, and unworthy of a soldier's name, had he denied her supplication. The Irish beauty remained in possession of her castle of Lisnabrin. The dreaded victor was converted into the pleading suitor for her hand and heart. He was accepted ; and a long and happy union abundantly confirmed the wisdom of his choice.

BOLTON.

THE name, crest, and motto of the family of Bolton singularly accord. The name, compounded of two Saxon words " Bolt," an arrow, and " On" signifying in or into, was probably conferred upon the first bearer in consequence of his skill in archery, in the days when

" England was but a fling
Save for the crooked stick and grey goose wing."

The crest, a stag courant, pierced with an arrow, forms a good rebus or enigmatical representation of the name. The arrow in the stag bringing readily to the mind the appellation Bolton. The motto " La mort me suit," is the fancied exclamation of the deer on perceiving the approach of the well known archer :

" Cautus idem per apertum fugientes
Agitato grege cervos jaculare."

And a fair " Anagram" or artificial transposition of letters may be made which will give us " No Blot" another allusion to the bearer's skill.

Tho honourable office of bow bearer of the Royal forest of Bowland hereditary in the family may have been obtained by a like display to that recorded in the old ballad :

* * * *

An apple upon his head he set,
 And then his bowe he bent,
 Syxe score paces they were meatern,
 And thither Cloudeslé went.

* * * *

But Cloudeslé he clefte the apple in two,
 His soun he did not see,
 Over God's forhode sayde the Kynge,
 That thou shold shote at me.

I geve thee eighteen pence a day,
 And *my bow shalt thou bere*,
 And over all the north countre
 I make thee chyfe rydere.

* * * *

WASHINGTON IN LOVE.

IN 1756—twenty years before the brilliant era which shines like a rich gem in the pages of the world's history—a gentleman named Beverly Robinson occupied a dwelling (situated in New York) which, at that time, was considered a model of elegance and comfort, although, according to the prevailing tastes of the present day, it was nothing of the kind. It was standing, very little altered from its original condition, six years ago, on this side of the Hudson River, within two or three miles of West Point. Mr. Robinson enjoyed all the luxuries known to the colony, and some, besides, which the other colonists did not know—for instance, a rich and massive silver tea urn, said, by the gentleman's descendants, to be the first article of the kind, and for a long time the only one, used in America. In this dwelling so much admired, the space between the floors and ceiling was exceedingly low, and in many of the rooms (set off, about the fire-places, by polished tiles) the rafters were massive and uncovered, and all things else in the structure were exceedingly primitive. In this house were born or reared a brood of the most prominent and inveterate foes to the patriots of the American Revolution, and the object of that struggle that history mentions. Two generations of the Robinson family bore arms and held office in the armies of the English King, and fought determinedly in the cause.

Well—in this house, which will already have attached itself to the interests of the reader—the only victory that was ever gained over George Washington took place.

In 1756, Colonel George Washington, of Virginia—a large, stalwart, well-proportioned gentleman, of the most finished deportment and careful exterior; a handsome, imposing, ceremonious, and grave personage—visited his firm and much-esteemed friend, Beverly Robinson, and announced his intention of remaining his guest for many weeks. A grinning negro attendant, called Zeph, was ordered to bring in his master's portmanteau, additional fuel was cast into the broad and cheerful fire-place, an extra bottle of prime old Madeira was placed upon the table, whose griffin feet seemed almost to expand to twice their original size at the prospect

of an increase of social hilarity, and Colonel Washington was duly installed as a choice claimant of old fashioned and unrestrained hospitality.

Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, overwhelmed with attention, and in possession of every comfort, the visitor evinced unquiet and dissatisfaction. Every sound of an opening or closing door aroused him from apathy, into which he relapsed when it was ascertained that no one was about to enter the apartment. His uneasiness was so apparent, that his host at last endeavoured to rally him, but without effect. Mrs. Robinson finally came to the rescue, and addressed the colonel in direct terms.

"Pray, friend Washington, may we be acquainted with the cause of your dulness? There is some reason for it, and that reason lies with us. Tell it."

In vain the colonel argued that nothing had occurred to vex him—that he was not in want of any further inducement to present or future happiness; his entertainers would not regard his words, but continued their pertinacious endeavours to solve his mystery. At length, wearied by importunity, Washington—then twenty years before his greatness—leaned over the table, played with his glass, attempted to look unconcerned, and whispered to Mr. Robinson the single word "Mary."

"Yes!" responded Mr. R. interrogatively, as if unable to comprehend Washington's meaning.

"Is she well?" Does she still abide with you?"

"She does," replied the lady of the mansion.

Washington again became apathetic and contemplative, while several significant glances passed between the gentleman and his wife. Some five minutes were spent in perfect silence, which was only interrupted by the exit of Mrs. R. from the apartment. She speedily returned, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom Washington, with a countenance beaming joyfully, arose to greet with becoming respect. The young lady was Mary Phillipse, sister of Mrs. Robinson, and daughter of the owner of the Phillipse estate.

It was perhaps singular; but the time of her appearance and the period of the return of Washington's cordiality, was identical. Strange as it was, too, midnight found this young lady and the Virginia colonel alone, and in deep conversation. The conjugal twain who had kept them company in the early part of the evening had retired to their bed-chamber. More remarkable than all, daylight found this couple still together. The candles were burned down to the sockets of the sticks, and the fire-place, instead of exhibiting a cheerful blaze, harboured only a gigantic heap of ashes and a few dying embers. What could have prolonged that interview? Not mutual love: for the parties preserved a ceremonious distance, and the young lady evinced a hauteur that could be matched only by her companion in after years. And yet the truth must be told. There was love on one side; the colonel, smitten by the graces and rare accomplishments of a lady as beautiful as nature's rarest works, was endeavouring to win her heart in exchange for his own. He made his confession just as the cold grey of the dawn of morning broke up the dark clouds in the east. He confessed, in cautious and measured terms, it is true, the extent of his passion, and avowed what it was his earnest hope would be the result—that was, the gain of her hand. The lady hesitated. Was it the modesty of the maiden who dares not to trust her lips with the confession of affection it is her heart's desire to make? No! She respected although she did not love her interlocutor, and she felt diffident in making known to

him the true state of her feelings. At last, candour triumphed over delicacy, and she informed Washington, in set terms, that she loved another! She refused him! The greatest wonder of modern men was vanquished by a woman! He was speechless and powerless.

Trembling, with compressed lips and a countenance ashy pale, he crept from the place just as the old negress of the household entered to make preparations for breakfast. He sought his room, threw himself upon his couch, dressed as he was, and lapsed into a troubled sleep. The only victory ever won at his expense penetrated him to the soul. He was unhappy—supremely wretched; the future conqueror of thousands of brave men suffered because he had been rejected by a female. This was his first but not his last wooing.

Years rolled on upon the mighty tide of time. George Washington was the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces opposed to the royal government. The friend of his early manhood, Beverly Robinson, was the Colonel of the Loyal American Regiment raised in this State, and his son was the Lieutenant-Colonel. The house we have spoken of was in possession of the "rebels," and was occupied by Arnold, the traitor. It was afterwards the temporary residence of Washington. At the same time the husband of Miss Mary Phillipse, Roger Morris, was a prominent Tory, and a member of the council for the colony. Few of the parties were occupied by any reflections of an amorous nature. Time, in its progress, had worked mutations which had severed the closest ties, both of friendship and consanguinity. Those who were most intimate previous to the commencement of the war were now studied strangers, with drawn swords at each other's breasts. Even sons and fathers were estranged and arrayed in opposite ranks—even the child of that illustrious statesman, Dr. Franklin, was a bitter and uncompromising Tory. It must not be supposed the loyalist friends of the Colonel, George Washington, shared any better fate, so far as the acquaintanceship of the Father of his Country was concerned, than others. His old Hudson River friends he had not seen for years. The husband of Mary Phillipse was unknown to him—Beverly Robinson, grown grey and careworn, would scarcely have been recognised.

André was taken and condemned to death, and while under General Woodhull's charge was visited by Mr. Robinson in the capacity of a species of a commissioner which protected his person. What was the surprise of Washington a few days before the time of the execution to receive a letter from his old friend and entertainer, referring to past events, and claiming, on the score of reminiscence, a secret or private interview. The claim was acknowledged, and, late at night, Mr. Robinson, accompanied by a figure closely muffled in a cloak, was admitted to the General's apartment. For a moment these two men—their positions so widely different—gazed at each other in silence. Recollections of days gone by—of happy days uncorroded by cankering care—prevailed, and they abruptly embraced. Washington was the first to recover his self-possession. Suddenly disengaging himself, he stood clothed in that unequalled dignity which was his attribute, and said—"Now, sir, your business."

"Is," replied Robinson, in a choking voice, "to plead for André."

"You have already been advised of my final determination," replied Washington sternly.

"Will nothing avail?" asked Robinson, in smothered accents.

"Nothing! Were he my own son he should pay the penalty due to his offence. I know all that you will say: you will speak of his virtues—his

sisters—his rank, and of extenuating circumstances ; perhaps endeavour to convince me of his innocence.”

Robinson struggled with his emotions a few seconds, but unable to repress his feelings, he spoke but a single word, with such a thrilling accent, that he started at the sound of his own voice. That word was *George !*

“*General Washington, Colonel Robinson,*” responded the great patriot, laying great stress on each military title.

“Enough,” said the other, “I have one more argument—if that fail me, I have done. Behold my friend !”

“Your friend ? Who is he ? What is his name ?”

One other single word was spoken as the heavy cloak in which the mysterious friend was clothed fell to the floor and exposed the mature figure of Mrs. Morris, and that word, uttered with a start, by Washington, was—*Mary !* The suspense was painful but brief.

“Sir,” said Washington, instantly recovering, “this trifling is beneath your station and my dignity. I regret that you must go back to Sir H. Clinton, with the intelligence that your best intercession has failed. See that these persons are conducted beyond the lines in safety,” continued he, throwing open the door of the apartment, and addressing one of his aides.

Abashed and mortified, Mr. Robinson and his sister-in-law took their leave. The woman had gained a conquest once, but her second assault was aimed at a breast invulnerable.

THE CLUMP OF OLD FIRS.

A SONG OF DORSET.

SET TO MUSIC BY MISS LYDIA B. SMITH.

SHALL the Oak and the Elm and the Beech have a song,
And none to the hardy green Fir Tree belong ?

If bards of refinement refuse it their lays,
I'll be the rude minstrel to sing in its praise !
Then here's to the Clump of Old Firs on the hill !
In calm or in tempest, may they flourish still !

I lov'd them in childhood, when under their shade,
Kind parents beholding, I carelessly played ;
I love them in manhood, and though far away,
My thoughts to the Firs on the Down often stray.

They're a type of true friendship, for though winter frown,
Still green is the Clump of Firs on the Down ;
No leaves from their sturdy hale branches are cast,
Like a troop of false friends, when the sunshine is past.

Away then, good woodman ! thou must not come here,
Though some of the branches are now growing sear ;
No axe, but the stern one of Time shall invade
The Clump of Old Firs, to the Downs that give shade.
Then here's to the Clump of Old Firs on the hill !
In calm or in tempest, may they flourish still !

Horsmonden.

W. M. S. M.

THE LATE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

To the Editor of The Patrician.

SIR,—I have read, with great pleasure, the article in your last number, on the life and poetry of Wolfe, more especially as it so triumphantly vindicates his claim to the undivided authorship of the beautiful lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore. It may interest the writer of that paper, and, I should hope, your readers generally, to know that the surviving friends of Mr. Wolfe, and some other admirers of his genius, have recently formed a Committee for the purpose of erecting some memorial to him. A subscription has been opened; and already the list contains some of the leading personages of Ireland. I may instance the names of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Ex-Chancellor Plunket, and the Rev. the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

What the ultimate application of these funds shall be, must be of course in great part determined by the amount received. I should hope that a monument may be erected in the church of Cove, where the Poet drew his last breath. If, besides this, a sufficiency could be gotten for a bust, it would be well. The bust might be placed in the library of the Irish University; and the Poet has this additional claim for admittance, that he was a scholar of Trinity College. In the sculpturing of the bust, the aid of a plaster cast of Mr. Wolfe's features, taken after death, will be available. This cast is now in the possession of an inhabitant of Cove.

Subscriptions will be received in Dublin, by the Rev. Dr. Mac Donnell, Trinity College; Charles P. Croker, Esq., M.D., 7, Merrion Square West; the Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, Phoenix Park; the Rev. Charles Dickenson, 95, Lower Baggott-street; John Litton, Esq., 26, Leeson-street; and Mr. James Mc Glashan, 21, D'Olier-street. In Cork, by the Rev. William Welland; the Rev. Samuel Hayman; and Messrs. Bradford and Co., Booksellers. At Cove, by Edward Millet, Esq., M.D.; and the Venerable Archdeacon Russell, Clontibret Glebe, Castleblayney.

Yours very faithfully,

14th September, 1848.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.



CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Lancaster Castle.

TIME-HONORED Lancaster, a town among the most ancient and the most historic in England, the seat of the red rose, and the capital of the fairest duchy that appertains to the sovereignty of these realms,—Lancaster, rich in bygone deeds of fame, rich also in judicial events and recollections, though now no longer a place of regal pomp and pride, preserves attractions which are more perennial—those exceeding beauties of scenery amid which it has its locality. There is, indeed, no other town in England that can boast of such fine views about it as Lancaster. Of one of its aspects, that from Highfield, Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, the renowned romancist, thus speaks in her *Tour to the Lakes* :

“There is a view from this hill as pre-eminent for grandeur, and comprehending an extent of sea and land, and a union of the sublime in both, which we have never seen equalled. In the green vale of the Lune below lies the town, spreading up the side of a hill over-topped by the old towers of the castle and church. Beyond, over a ridge of gentle heights which bind the west side of the vale, the noble inlet of the sea, that flows upon the Ulverstone and Lancaster sands, is seen at the feet of an amphitheatre formed by nearly all the mountains of the Lakes ; an exhibition of Alpine grandeur, both in form and colouring, which, with the extent of water below, composes a scene perhaps faintly rivalling that of the lake of Geneva. To the south and west, the Irish Channel finishes the view.”

But we must leave the town itself to more particularly contemplate its main and most decorative feature, the Castle. This is one of the surpassingly magnificent buildings of England. In appearance it somewhat resembles the royal abode of Windsor, which, at various periods of our annals, it rivalled in stately splendour and stirring events. To detail more minutely the Lancastrian edifice's historic and architectural greatness, we recur, with satisfaction, to a very able description, published at Lancaster by Mr. Barwick, and here acknowledge the assistance it affords us.

“Lancaster Castle occupies, with the church, a commanding position on a hill to the west of the town. The Roman *Castrum* was commenced on the site of the present castle, the outline of the camp being an ellipsis, with a double wall and moat round the summit of the entire hill. Part of the moat yet remains. The form of the castle, as erected by the Romans, was a polygon. Two round towers are remembered by persons yet living, corresponding in shape with the foundations of other Roman

towers since discovered, and which lead to the belief that the castle once consisted of seven of these towers, distant from each other about twenty-six paces, and joined by a small and open gallery. The present towers are the Dungeon tower, Adrian's tower, the Well tower, the Gateway tower, and the large square central citadel called the Lungess. Of these, the lower part of Adrian's tower, the small square tower on the south side of the castle called the Dungeon tower, and the Well tower are supposed to be Roman. The large square tower built by Roger of Poitou, the Norman baron, rises in imposing majesty above the rest of the pile. Many antiquarians have supposed that the foundations of the Lungess tower are of Saxon origin. Be this as it may, there is little doubt that the superstructure is Norman, and of such massive strength as to bid defiance for many ages yet to come to the attacks of time. The castle was anciently surrounded by a cemented and almost indestructible mass called the Wery wall, made by the Romans. The Wery wall might be seen in many places less than a hundred years ago, together with the ditch outside of it. This wall, when described by Stukely, ran west of the castle and church, towards Bridge-lane, pointing directly on the river. At Bridge-lane it made an angle, and ran along the brow of the hill, to Church-street.

"The Gateway tower, though of less vast proportions than the Norman keep, is the most picturesque part of the building. It was built by John o'Gaunt, whose statue occupies a niche over the entrance. The lilies of France, semi-quartered with the lions of England cut in a shield, were placed on one side of the entrance; with a label ermine of three points, the distinction of John o'Gaunt, on the other. The Gateway tower is flanked by two octagonal turrets, 66 feet high, surrounded by watch towers. Round the towers and over the curtain are over-hanging battlements, supported by three rows of corbels, perforated in a perpendicular direction, to allow of boiling water or molten lead being poured down upon assailants, in the event of an escalade. The castle underwent a thorough repair and restoration by John o'Gaunt. It had suffered greatly from the fury of the Scots, who, in 1322, invaded England, and burnt Lancaster, doing great damage to the castle. John o'Gaunt deepened and restored the ancient moat, placed a drawbridge in front of his Gateway tower, and put up a portcullis of thick wrought iron, the place of which may still be seen at the entrance gate.

"The Castle of Lancaster in the time of John o'Gaunt was at the height of its grandeur and magnificence. Ever since the creation of the barony of Lancaster by the Norman Conqueror, Lancaster Castle had been not only a strong military fortress, but also the baronial residence. But its palmiest days were under the earls and dukes of Lancaster, before the duchy became an appendage of the crown. Either members of the royal family of England by birth, or in alliance with the blood-royal by marriage, the dukes and earls of Lancaster held their court in the Castle of Lancaster in something like royal state. It became the resort of the flower of England's chivalry. Barons, knights, and esquires who had won immortal honour on the well-fought plains of France, as well as ladies of high birth and gentle breeding, were entertained as guests within its walls, or formed the suite of these powerful nobles and their families. The dresses of the court were, as we have seen, of the richest character. Many were the gay processions of high-born dames upon their palfreys, and gallants in attendance upon their chargers, that wended their way

down the Market-street of that day, upon some excursion of health or pleasure. Hawking was a favourite sport, in which the ladies of the court took great delight ; and the chief falconer on such occasions became an important personage. The pleasures of the chase often summoned the nobles and knights from their early repose ; a large red deer, with horns much larger than our present bucks, being found in great plenty in the forest of Bowland, in Wyersdale, Roeburndale, Hindburndale, &c. On other occasions the men-at-arms and archers were marched out for military inspection and review, while the dames of the court were sure to lend animation to the scene by their presence. Archery was a favourite pastime ; and the meadow to the south-west of the castle, in which the modern Toxopholites (known as the John o'Gaunt's archers) meet for practice, has probably often been the scene of friendly trials of skill, in which archers in suits of "Lincoln green" have contested the prize with the sturdy Lancashire bowmen. The walls of the castle itself were daily the scenes of brilliant pageants and princely festivities. The barons and vassals of the honor held of the Earls of Lancaster as in chief, and were under a sovereign allegiance and fealty to them, as they to the king. The surrounding barons, knights, and tenants, were bound to frequent the palace of the earl, both to do feudal suit and service, and also to grace his court with their presence. To these, on state occasions, magnificent hospitality was tendered ; nor were these state feasts, at which the ladies of the court were entertained, without the further sanction which the presence of bishops, priors, and other ecclesiastics could confer. The noble baron of beef, the foaming tankard of ale, and the wine of Bordeaux for the guests above the salt ; the affability of "the good Earl," and, afterwards, of "the good Duke" of Lancaster ; the rude mirth and good humour of the feudal era ; the peals of laughter which followed the witticisms of some favourite and privileged jester, all testifies that

‘Twas merry in the Hall,
When beards wagged all.’

"The castle gradually went into decay until the reign of Elizabeth. The threatened Spanish armada caused the various castles and forts along the coast to be put into a state of defence, and Lancaster Castle underwent a thorough renovation. In the battlement of the Lungess Tower may be seen a stone with the inscription,

‘ E. R.

1585 R. A.’

The first initials are, of course, those of the Queen ; the latter denote the High Sheriff of the County in 1585 (Ralph Ashton, Esquire). The castle suffered greatly during the civil wars, and its history since that period has been simply that which attaches itself to it as the County Gaol and Debtors' Prison.

"The history of the political and criminal trials of which Lancaster Castle has been the theatre, would make a most bulky but interesting volume "

To speak of the castle as it is, the structure occupies an elevated situation to the west of the town. It is come at either by a steep ascent from the higher end of Market-street, or by the Church steps from Church-street, which also conduct to the Church yard. The approach from Market-

street gives the best idea of the commanding position of the castle. The Gateway tower is here seen in all its picturesque and compact beauty. The interior of the Gateway tower contains the Governor's office, and an apartment in which are preserved arms and ammunition, fetters, handcuffs, &c. During the shock of an earthquake on the morning of March 17, 1843, which was severely felt in many of the northern provinces, the fetters and other prison implements in the Gateway tower clanked against each other with great violence.

The first view of the interior of the Court is grand and imposing. Before is the huge square Lungess tower, looking like a pile hewn square from the solid rock. The various modern prison buildings to the right and left, with their smooth and solid masonry and architectural disposition, are seen to great advantage from the castle yard, which contains a fine open area of 2800 square yards. Most of the buildings abutting on the castle yard are modern, and date from 1788, when the castle was enlarged and improved under the authority of an act for improving prisons.

The Great Tower is of enormous strength. A winding staircase of low narrow stone steps at the S.W. angle of the Great Tower leads to apartments occupied by the male crown prisoners. The old Shire Hall, a lofty and spacious room with a deeply recessed window and strong iron bars, is contained in the Great Tower, and is now used as an hospital. The old Crown Court is west of the debtors' arcade and rooms, and is now occupied by the Duchy Court and Council Room. Adjoining it are two apartments of great size and height called the Howard and Hanway rooms, used for sleeping rooms for the better conducted felons, and well ventilated. The modern portions of these buildings were erected in 1793.

The winding staircase before mentioned conducts to the summit of the Great Tower. The only turret of this tower remaining is one called John o'Gaunt's chair. The view from this commanding elevation is thus depicted by the poetic pencil of the authoress of the "Mysteries of Udolpho." "Overlooking the Lune and its green slopes, the eye ranges to the bay of the sea beyond, and to the Cumberland and Lancashire mountains. On an island near the extremity of the peninsula of Furness, the double point of Peel Castle stands up from the sea, but is so distant that it resembles a forked rock. This peninsula, which separates the bay of Ulverstone from the Irish channel, swells gradually into a pointed mountain called Black Combe, thirty miles from Lancaster, the first in the amphitheatre that binds the bay. Hence a range of lower, but more broken and forked summits, extends northwards to the fells of High Furness, rolled behind each other—huge, towering, and dark; then, higher still, Langdale Pikes, with a confusion of other fells that crown the head of Windermere and retire towards Keswick, whose gigantic mountains, Hellvellyn and Saddleback, are, however, sunk in the distance, below the horizon of the nearer ones. The top of Skiddaw may be discerned when the air is clear, but is too far off to appear with dignity. From Windermere Fells the heights soften towards the vale of Lonsdale, on the east side of which Ingleborough rears his rugged front, the loftiest and most majestic in the scene. The nearer country from this point of the landscape is intersected with cultivated hills, between which the Lune wends its bright but shallow stream, falling over a weir, and passing under a very handsome stone bridge at the entrance of the town, in its progress to the sea. A ridge of rocky eminences shelters Lancaster on

the east, whence they decline into 'the low and uninteresting country that stretches to the channel.'

On the east side of the castle, near the vestiges of Adrian's Tower, is the Record office of the duchy and county palatine. The apartment in this tower in which the archives of the county are kept is called John o'Gaunt's Oven, and is thirty-eight feet high.

The new Crown and County Courts on the north-west and north sides of the castle next claim attention. They are approached by a beautiful terrace of stone, and present an extensive frontage of modern Gothic architecture. The Crown Court is a square and lofty Hall, which will contain 1500 persons.

The Shire Hall and Nisi Prius Court is a most elegant structure. It is formed by the moiety of a space of fourteen equal sides. The roof is supported by seven clustered columns of four single shafts each, which spread into Gothic arches of great lightness and beauty. The ceiling is of open stone work. Here, as in the Crown Court, the body of the Court is raised along the whole breadth by broad steps. The east side of the Hall is ornamented by an alcove of tracery-work, terminating in finials, foliage, and miniature turrets.

The Castle terrace is a delightful promenade, with a solid stone pavement always clean and dry, and overlooking a romantic combination of land and water, bay and mountain. Beneath the raised stone terrace are a lower terrace and parade, containing a lawn and a few young trees. The latter terrace and the Church yard are a favourite promenade, which, in point of beauty, few towns can equal.

The book from which we borrow, thus very sagely remarks as to the fact of Lancaster Castle being preserved for the purposes of a seat of justice, a use certainly not unworthy of its former greatness :

"Some writers, who yet allow that Lancaster Castle is one of the finest objects in the kingdom, are perverse enough to complain of the integrity and usefulness of the structure. In the place of these magnificent towers, occupying a commanding site, and conveying the idea of vast strength, they would have ruined walls and crumbling battlements overgrown by ivy, and speaking of partial demolition and decay. Such are not our notions of the requirements of the picturesque, nor will they be those of the majority of intelligent visitors. The associations of baronial splendor—of feudal haughtiness—of princely hospitality—and of the pomp and circumstance of chivalry—are recalled much more vividly by those seemingly impregnable walls, than by any of the broken lines and dismantled battlements of those who hold that

Beauty never dwells
Till use is exiled.

"Long, therefore, may the proud Norman Keep, the magnificent Gateway, and the rest of those ducal towers rear their mighty heads, untouched by the tooth of time or of neglect."

So say we: and long may they continue to be graced, if not by sovereignty itself, then by that ermined majesty of England, which wields the sword and poises the balance of Justice in a manner unrivalled at any time by any other country of the universe.

Harewood Castle, Yorkshire.

THIS picturesque and interesting ruin possesses peculiar claims on the attention of the antiquary, as well on account of its extreme antiquity and curious reminiscences, as in consequence of the remarkable fact, of its having uninterruptedly continued in the possession of the lineal descendants of the original grantee, Robert de Romelli, (who received this fair domain, together with its numerous manors, and dependent lordships, as well as all Craven and Richmond, from the immediate gift of the Conqueror), until the year 1654, when Robert de Rythre removed from Harewood Castle to the Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire.

The untimely death of the "boy of Egremond," in the river Wharfe, on the memory of which "the poet's pen" has set the impress of immortality, constitutes an incident in every way calculated to lend an additional interest to the—

"streams and dells,

Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, lake,"

surrounding this "chiefless castle," and to invest with a melancholy charm, those

"Gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells."

Other consequences were also the result of that event; on the Lady Avicia de Romelli, sister of the "boy of Egremond," devolved, as sole heir, the vast possessions of Robert de Romelli, in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, &c. This "well-dowered dame" married William de Meschines, nephew of the Conqueror, brother of the Earl of Chester, and Lord of Coupland, and other places; the result of which union, was the birth of two daughters, between whom, as coheirs, the ancestral estates were ultimately divided. The younger of these, the Lady Cecilia, married into the Royal Family of Scotland, whilst the elder, Avicia, Lady of Harewood, Skipton, &c., carried her moiety to her husband, Warine FitzGerald, eldest son of Warine FitzGerald, Chamberlain to Henry the First; from a younger son of whom, the Ducal House of Leinster, in Ireland, is derived. The line of FitzGerald terminated in an heiress, though whose marriage with Lord de Courci, Baron of Stoke Courci, Harewood passed into that family, the eldest branch of which, also being finally represented by an heiress, who intermarried with Lord de Lisle, of Rougemont, the castle became the principal residence of his lordship's descendants. This Lord de Lisle was remarkable, as being one of the first Knights of the Garter. His lordship's heiress, Elizabeth de Lisle, having married William, Lord Aldeburgh, who was summoned to the House of Lords, in 1373, Harewood Castle became the residence of that family. Edward Baliol, King of Scotland, having about this time been driven out of his own dominions, was, throughout a considerable period, most kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained at Harewood Castle, by his kinsman, Lord Aldeburgh, in commemoration of which event, and also of the consanguinity of the parties, Lord de Aldeburgh caused the royal arms of Baliol to be elaborately sculptured, and placed over the principal entrance of the castle, in immediate proximity with those of Aldeburgh. His lordship's only son, Sir William de Aldeburgh, dying in the lifetime of his father, and without issue, Harewood Castle, with its numerous lordships and manors, devolved on his daughters, Sybilla and Elizabeth, the former of whom

became Lady de Rythre, having married Sir William de Rythre, of Rythre Castle, Yorkshire, the lineal descendant and representative of William, Lord de Rythre, who was summoned to Parliament in 1297. Sir William and Lady de Rythre, by a deed, executed in the 15th of Richard II., conveyed certain lands, in their manors of Kyrkeby Orblawers, and Kereby, in Nottinghamshire, to the Monastery of Beauvale, in the same county, for the appointment of two priests to sing masses daily, and for ever, for the souls of themselves and their descendants, and also for the soul of their relation, Edward Baliol, King of Scotland. Lord Aldeburgh's other daughter, Elizabeth, married first, Sir Bryan Stapleton, second son of Lord Stapleton, of Bedal, co. York, and his wife, Agnes, only child and heir of Lord Fitzalan. This marriage was unproductive of issue. Her ladyship married, secondly, Sir R. Redmayne, and had issue, a son. Between the descendants of these sisters, the De Aldeburgh peerage fell into abeyance, until, on the extinction of Lady Redmayne's descendants, it became vested exclusively, in the representative of Lady de Rythre. The subjoined extract, from Thoresby's Leeds, may not prove uninteresting. "These unfortunate Saxons falling into the immediate grasp of the Conqueror, lost their chance of compounding for an inferior tenure under a new grantee, and appear to have been wholly dispossessed of this fair domain of Harewood. At the time of the Domesday Survey, there was neither church nor castle here, but the erection of both is attributable most unquestionably to Robert de Romelli, the first grantee from the Conqueror. The first notice of the former, however, appears in the grant of the Lady Avicia de Romelli to the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre in York Cathedral, and a Norman arched window, yet remaining, will carry up the date of that portion, at least, to the earliest period of the twelfth century. This is a fortunate place; blessed with much beauty and fertility, and in the compass of a country village, with an entire, though dismantled castle, surrounded by a wide extent of plantations and pleasure grounds, and a parish church, filled with unmutated sculpture of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But one portion of the place is fraught with interest to the lover of genius and of virtue; for while the long series of the Lords of Harewood produced nothing but ordinary knights and barons, who fought, and hunted, and died, and were forgotten, Gawthorpe was the patrimonial residence of Chief Justice Sir William Gascoigne, and the favorite retreat of his illustrious but unfortunate descendant the Earl of Strafford. The following quotation will demonstrate what delight the place was capable of affording to that great man, before the charms of ambition had seduced him from the better occupations and sincerer pleasures of a country life; had he never abandoned his pleasure grounds, lakes, gardens, and fish-ponds, he would have died indeed, a country gentleman, but probably, in a good old age, and in the course of nature."

"Sir Thomas Wentworth, to Sir George Calvert, principal Secretary of State"

"Our harvest is all in; a most fine season to make fish-ponds; our plums are all gone and past; peaches, quinces, and grapes almost fully ripe, which will, I know, hold better relish with a Thistleworth palate. These only, we country gentlemen muse of, hoping, in such harmless retirement, for a just defence from the higher powers, and possessing ourselves in contentment, pray with Dryope, in the poet—

'Et si qua est pietas ab acutae vulnere falcis
Et pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.'

"Gawthorpe, Aug. 31, 1634."

I shall begin with the castle and its lords. This once singularly fine and stately edifice stands on the steep slope of the hill, rising southwards, to which the lower floors are adapted. The principal entrance has been from the north-east, and beneath a square turret, adorned with the shields of De Aldeburgh and Baliol, a compliment from Lord de Aldeburgh to his royal kinsman, Edward Baliol, whom his lordship protected and entertained here, when driven out of his own dominions in Scotland. On the occasion of the sojourn here of the King, Lord Aldeburgh provided a costly service of gold and silver vessels, on which were inscribed certain sentences in the Latin language, commemorative of the royal exile's residence at Harewood Castle. The walls of the great hall were decorated with expensive hangings, and portraits of his lordship's ancestors, Lords of Harewood, chiefly done by Italian masters, whilst silver lamps, fed with fragrant oils from the Levant, were tastefully pendant from the ceiling and profusely disposed amongst the hangings. Finely trained steeds, and hounds of divers kinds, also contributed to alleviate the misfortunes of the illustrious guest; nor did the anxious concernment of the host confine itself to things temporal; the spiritual welfare of his Majesty was attended to with like care, as appears by the institution of two priests at the Monastery of Beauvale, to sing masses for the soul of Edward Baliol, by Sir William de Rythre, the heir and son-in-law of his lordship.

Between the shields of Aldeburgh and Baliol lies the predestinarian motto of the founder in black letters, "Wat Sal be Sal." A beautifully sculptured apartment over the space between the outer and inner doorway of this tower has been the domestic oratory, richly adorned with shields and arms. The great hall, which is of the most ample dimensions, is rendered extremely remarkable by a recess near the upper end of the west wall, which has almost every appearance of a tomb contemporary with the building, and a tomb it has been repeatedly affirmed to be. But of whom? Of the founder, certainly, if it were a tomb at all; yet is he known to have been interred in the parish church; besides, whoever dreamed in those days of being buried in unconsecrated earth; or, what heir would have permitted so incongruous a circumstance in a scene of conviviality? Besides, the original slab has been removed, and, instead of a stone coffin, nothing appears but a mass of solid grout-work, while, instead of kneeling figures of priests or children, beneath is discovered, on a sort of frieze, a light and elegant enrichment of vine leaves and grapes.

From the last circumstance, combined with its situation at the head of the high table, it would appear to have been an ancient side-board. The union of Gawthorpe and Harewood has never been distinctly accounted for; Gawthorpe being in the township of Harewood, and never enumerated amongst the mesne manors dependent on the honor, does not appear to have been a manor at all, but merely a portion of Harewood. But it gave name and residence to a family, whose heirs brought it to the Gascoignes, in which name it continued till another heiress brought it to the name of Wentworth; this lady was mother of Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford.

However, the evidence of various inquisitions clearly demonstrates that Gawthorpe was a subinfeudation of Harewood, held by the Gascoignes from the Lord de Lisle, Lord Aldeburgh, and subsequently from the De Rythres, the heirs and lineal representatives of those noble families; holding, as has been shewn, by subinfeudation, the Gascoignes were consequently vassals of the De Rythres and their ancestors during several centuries.

The Gascoignes appear to have been a prudent, thriving, and circum-spect family; the De Rythres, generous, hospitable, unsuspicious, and confiding, and as a natural effect of such conduct, the vassal, as in many other instances, ultimately supplanted the lord; for at the time when the fee of Gawthorpe vested in the heiress of the Gascoignes, and through that lady in her son the Earl of Strafford, the male line of the De Rythres was surviving.

Robert De Rythre, the last of the name who inhabited Harewood Castle, appears from an inquisition to have been aged twenty-one years, A^o 38 Elizabeth. In 1634 he finally removed from this stately habitation of his ancient and lordly line, and retired to the isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire, one of the hereditary estates of the family, where he died in 1637, aged 87.

It is a singular fact, that after the intermarriage of the two co-heirs of Lord Aldeburgh with Sir William De Rythre and Sir R. Redmayne, respectively, the two families thus united, during eight descents of the one and nine of the other, seem to have lived on such cordially intimate and friendly terms, that they not only kept the estate undivided, but inhabited the castle alternately, and not unfrequently together. Throughout this very lengthened period, Rythre Castle, near Selby, with its lordly dependencies and valuable manors, including the broad and fertile lands of Scarcroft, remained in possession of that family.

The entire succession of the hereditary lords of Harewood from the period of the Conqueror, is distinctly exhibited and deduced with the greatest accuracy in the elaborate pedigree hereunto annexed; heralds' visitations, and successive inquisitions, together with numerous records of the most authentic nature, form the materials out of which it has been constructed. The De Rythre arms repeatedly occur in sculpture and stained glass. In the great hall they were formerly exhibited with the following quarterings, and are still extant in the church of Harewood:—1st, azure, three crescents or; 2nd, argent, eight cross crosslets fiché, in centre a lion's head erased azure; 3rd, gules, a cross vairé flory, argent and azure; 4th, gules, a lion rampant argent, charged on the shoulders with a fleur-de-lis, azure; 5th, or, a fesse between two chevrons sa; 6th, lozengy, argent and gules; 7th, ermine, a chevron gules, charged with three shells argent; 8th, azure, three crescents or. Harewood Manor, when in possession of the De Rythre family, had annexed to it the following manors, lordships, honors, and dependencies:—Gawthorpe, Wyke, East Keswick, Hetheric, Weardley, Wiscoe-Hill, Barton, Leonard, Thorpe-Ash, Loft-House Head, Stubbs, Tick-Hill, Sea-Croft, Ouston Balne, &c. In consequence of Sir Robert Aske, son-in-law of Sir Ralph De Rythre, having been implicated as leader in the insurrection termed the "Pilgrimage of Grace," which occurred in the year 1536, and had for its object the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion, and in which the leading nobility and gentry of Yorkshire and other counties had almost universally participated, a very large proportion of the De Rythre estates underwent confiscation, although it would appear that Sir Robert Aske was merely in possession of them as trustee for his brother-in-law, Henry De Rythre, who was then an infant. Yet in these days of arbitrary power the injustice was submitted to, although the lands were, and in all probability still are, reclaimable by the lineal heir and representative of the De Rythres.

On the suppression of the insurrection, Sir Robert Aske was executed, drawn and quartered, at York; Sir Thomas Percy, son of the earl of

Northumberland, together with many other persons of rank and distinction were subjected to a similarly unhappy fate. It may not be uninteresting to introduce here the advertisement by which this fine property was recommended to public notice. It will serve to convey some idea of its nature and extent, and also to exhibit the difference which obtains between the unpretending and unexaggerated productions of those times and the puff of a modern auctioneer. This occurred shortly after the death of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, into whose possession it had come through the instrumentality of the causes already detailed, namely, the cunning and gradual encroachments of his maternal ancestors, the Gascoignes, on their confiding and improvident lords, the De Rythres, and the effects consequent on the attainder of Sir Robert Aske. This occurrence took place shortly after the removal of Robert de Rythre to Axholme, when, for the first time, Harewood Castle ceased to be the residence of an hereditary proprietor, after having been, throughout a period of more than six centuries, uninterruptedly the principal seat of an unbroken line of hereditary knights and nobles.

"10th Novembr" 1656.

"A particular of the Castle and manor of Harwood, conteyninge the dependency of Gawthorpe, and divers lands, tenement^s, Hereditam^s, hereafter mentioned, in the Co. of York.

"THE CASTLE DECAYED ;

"The seigniori of great extent, though formerly greater before the out-part^s thereof were cut off.

"The castle of Harwood decayed, yet the stones thereof being much ashler, and the timber that is left fit for building an hansom new house, &c., may save a deale of charges in the stone work, or (else if allowed to the tenants of Harwood towne for repairs and buildinge) would be very useful and necessary for that purpose, considering it is a market towne. Therefore the castle may be adjudged to be well worth £100. There is belonging to the same a very large barne.

"There is a charter obtained by Sir William de Rythre for a market to be held every Monday in this towne of Harewood. 2 head faires, besides a fortnight faire in summer tyme; which if well managed might bring in tyme the market to a good height. There is a mannor of great extent, with court leet and court baron, waives and estrayes and Felon goods, &c., belonging to the same, also large commons; the whole well stored with all kinds of Wild Fowle, the river of Wharfe affording greate store of Fishe. as salmon, trout, chevins, oremus, and eyles. The lord of the mannor being the Impropriat^r hath the presentation of the vicar to the vicaridge. In the groundes contained in this particular there is great store of timber trees, and wood besides the hedgerows, and besides wood to bee left for the repayer of Houses and mill dams worth at least £2000. The opinion of divers is that all the wood contained in this particular is worth £3000. The stank or pond att Hollin Hall is well stored with carps and eyles. The stank or pond att Gawthorpe with trout, roch, gudgeons, and eyles. Gawthorpe Hall most part of the walls built with good stone, and all the houses covered with slate and a great part of that new building. Four rooms in the oulde buildings all waynscotted. Five large rooms in the new building all waynscotted likewise, and collored like wall tree. The matereals of which house if sould be would raise £600 at leaste. To this belongeth a parke in former tymes well stored with deere, a park like place it is with a brooke running through the middle of it, which turns four pair of mill stones att 2 milles. Upon the river of Wharfe there is a corn mill with 2 pair of milstones, the dam of which was almost all made new laste yeare and cost near unto £100.

There is a garden and orchards about 6 acres in compasse, fenced round with high stone walles. The garden towards the north side hath four walles lying one above another; both the gardens and orchards well planted with great store of fruit trees of several kinds. The court leet and court Baron att present extend over the following townships—Harewood, East Keswick, Wyke, Wigton, Weardley, Weeton cum Westcoe Hill, Dunkeswick."

The church of Harewood having been given by the lady Avicia de Romelli to the chapel of St. Mary, in York Cathedral, the donation was contested by Warine Fitz Gerald, who had married her granddaughter. This was in the 10th of John, 1209, and appears to have been successful; but in the year 1353, Lord de Lisle of Rougemont, considering that his ancestors, Lords of Harewood, had been benefactors to the priory of Bolton in Craven, gave the advowson of this church to that house, on condition that they should grant to him and his heirs a rent charge of 100*l.* per annum, out of Howden, Wigton, and other lands; and that a chantry of six priests (differing from a college only in the terms of the incorporation) should be founded at Harewood, and seven at the priory of Bolton, to sing masses daily for the souls of Robert Lord de Lisle, his father, and Margaret Lady de Lisle, his mother, besides a special collect for himself, his children, and his lineal heir or representative, in every generation for ever. A benefice which could sustain such a charge, must have been very opulent indeed. The advowson of the vicarage was vested in the prior and canons of Bolton until the dissolution, when it appears to have returned to his lordship's hereditary successors, the De Rythres, Lords of Harewood. The present church surpasses any parish church in the county, in the number, beauty, and perfect preservation of the tombs of its lords; those which exhibit the greatest taste, and most elaborate sculpture, belong to the De Rythre family, with regard to whom this curious particular is observable, namely, that for some centuries after 1370, they had sepulture alternately here and in Rythre church. The most interesting tomb, independently of the mere merits of the structure, is that of Sir William Gascoigne of Gawthorpe, on which he is represented in his scarlet robes, with his coif covering his head as of old, and an antique purse at his girdle; the effigy of Elizabeth, his wife, is also exhibited; she was the daughter of Sir William Mowbray, of Kirklington. A brass fillet surrounding the tomb, which was torn away during the civil wars, bore the following inscription:—

"Hic jacent Willielmus Gascoigne, nup. cap. just. de Banco Hen. nup. Regis Angliae quarti. Et Elizabetha uxor ejus qui quidem W ob. die dominica IV. die decembris anno dni M.CCCC.XII.XIV. Henricis IV. * factus judex. M.CCCC.I.

Opposite to this is the truly magnificent tomb of Sir William de Rythre, and his wife Sybilla, the daughter and coheir of Lord de Aldeburgh; the statues of these, which are finely sculptured, are cumbent and nearly entire. The monument of the Redmayne family is also in a very high state of preservation. The figure of Lord de Lisle, an ancestor of the De Rythres, distinguished by the armorial bearings of his family, a fess between two chevrons, exhibited on his tabard, was perfectly entire, in the east window of the north chapel, until the church was repaired in 1793, when it was removed to a lumber room in Harewood House, and forgotten. On a subsequent search it could nowhere be found. This circumstance is very much to be regretted, as, independently of the merits which it possessed as a work of art, a very considerable degree of interest must necessarily have

attached to it, not only through the consideration of its high antiquity, but on account of his lordship having been the first Knight of the Garter, and one of the most munificent benefactors of the church itself. The west end of the church opened into the former pleasure grounds of Harewood Castle. It is kept with the neatness of a Cathedral, and seems to have suffered principally by the removal of the screens and lattices, a proceeding which sadly interferes with the religious solemnity of the scene. Another innovation, the bad taste of which cannot be sufficiently condemned, occurred in the destruction of the gorgeous canopy, which heretofore formed a most appropriate sepulchral appendage to the tombs of the De Rythres. "Instead, however, of deploring what is gone in compliance with the rage of tasteless innovation, there is more cause to rejoice on account of what remains, and it is to be hoped that these beautiful memorials of the De Rythres and Gascoignes will long be preserved, ranking as they do amongst the most valuable and interesting remnants of ancient art."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* the following lines occur; they appear to have been written in deprecation of the intended removal of Robert de Rythre, or Ryther, from Harewood Castle to his estate of Axholme in Lincolnshire. They are but a fragment of the poem, and remarkable for the partial realization of the prophecy which they embody—

"Whilst over proud Harewood de Rythre holds sway,
His sun shall not set, nor his grandeur decay;
But if from the hall of his fathers he goes,
There's ruin to him, and success to his foes;
Then let him remain, nor to others give place,
Lest Gascoigne, his vassal, should whelm his race—
His honors, his name, his proud lordships, and all
Shall stand if he stays—if he goes they shall fall;
Whilst a century doubled and more, shall roll by,
Ere to heir of his name its lost honors shall hie."

In the manuscripts of the Cottonian library, a very curious and original letter of James Rythre to the Earl of Sussex, occurs. It is dated at Harewood, January 6th, 1569-70, and is thus marked and described: "Cal. B. IX. 250. James de Rythre to the Earl of Sussex, about several seizures of property on the borders (orig.)"

It appears by a confirmation charter of Henry II., that a Sir William de Rythre, of Rythre Castle, was then Chancellor of England. This personage held very considerable possessions in Yorkshire and other counties per Baronian. The deed referred to is thus noticed in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*:—

"Prioratus S. Augustini de Bristol in agro Gloucestrensi. Carta Roberti filii Hardingi, de fundatione ejusdem, &c.

"Rex omnibus ad quos, &c. Salutem. Inspecimus cartam quam H. quondam dux Nor fecit ecclesiæ beati Augustini de Bristol, de canonicis regularibus, in hæc verba . . . Testibus Willielmo de Rythre, chevalier Cancellario nostro, &c., &c."

Sir Hamelin de Rythre, grandson of the former, and also a baron by tenure, is thus referred to in a deed, executed by his son, Sir William de Rythre; this deed appears to have been dated a few years subsequent to 1228, and conveys certain lands to the church of St. Peter, in York. It is entitled, "Carta Willielmi Filii Hamelini de Rythre, vel Ridera, chiv," and thus proceeds:—

"Sciant omnes, qui literas has viderint vel audierint, quod ego Willielmus filius Hamelini de Rythre, consensu et assensu fratris mei junioris Willielmi, concecisse, et presenti carta, confirmavi Deo et S. Petro, ad re-ædificationem ecclesiæ suæ donationem illius aeræ prati, juxta Æsfield, quam pater meus pro salute animæ suæ, et uxoris suæ, et liberorum suorum, B. Petro ita concesserat. Insuper eum consensu ejusdem fratris mei Willielmi, unam mansuram terræ in Iitdehill, quæ contineat 12 perticatas in longitudine, et 4 perticatas in latitudine, ita ut B. Petrus, et homo ibi habebit et habeat, in communi pastura quatuor vaccas cum fœtibus earum, et quatuor equas cum pullis earum, et quatuor sues eum toto nutrimento suo. Et si in tempore pannagii, viginti porcos super annatos habuerit, adquietabit se homo per viginti denarios, et si plures porcos super annatos ibi habere voluerit, per licentiam domini. Et habebit in boscio ad adificandam suam, et ad proprium ignem, quantum ibidem fuerit necessarium. Hæc omnia ego Willielmus et frater meus Willielmus junior manutenebimus et Warantrabimus legitime B. Petro ad ecclesiam suam re-ædificandam et homini suo tenendo liberè et quietè, &c. Et si qui fideles pietatis intuitu, ad opus ecclesiæ B. Petri reformandæ, equam, vel taurum, vel bovem, vel alia animalia viacilentia contulerint. Licentiam habeant ibi donec reformentur," &c.

Independently of the curious structure and form of the foregoing deed, it is interesting as shewing concurrence in brothers of the same name; a practice sometimes permitted when a desire to preserve an ancient or loved family name sought to increase the charms of its retention by the adoption of the means to which reference has been made. Sir William, father of Sir Hamelin, conveyed by deed the church of Rythre to the Priory of Nun-Appleton, in the reign of Richard I. In the confirmation charter of King John the donation is thus described: "Ex dono Willielmi de Rythre militis, ecclesiam de Rythre cum omnibus pertinentiis suis." His name, and that of his daughter Agnes, occur as witnesses to a deed conveying other grants to the same priory.

In the church of Rythre this family had sepulture antecedently to their acquisition of the Harewood estates, and occasionally afterwards. It is in the Ainsty of York, and contains in the south aisle, a series of monuments, of which the following description is extracted from "The Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain." "The first is a cross-legged knight (that position being the badge of a crusader) in a round helmet, with a rib down the front, mail gorget and sleeves, with wrist-bands, mail gloves, greaves and shoes; sword straight from middle of waist; on his shield three crescents, De Rythre; a lion at his feet. By his side, on a distinct slab (both slabs laid on brickwork), a lady in a cap, the cape of her gown up to her chin, and behind her head, and falling at her ears, long straight-buttoned sleeves, and others pendant; her mantle faced with fur, and a dog at her feet. The knight represents Sir William Lord De Rythre, who accompanied Edward the First, in his twenty-fifth year, in his expedition into Gascoigne, and the year following, and three more, into Scotland, in all of which wars he greatly distinguished himself by his martial daring and knightly accomplishments, and who was summoned to Parliament from twenty-eighth Edward I. to second Edward II. The lady represents his wife. At their head is an alabaster knight in plaited armour, his hair straight in front, curled at sides; mitten gauntlets, straps at elbows, gorget of mail, his collar fastened by a heart, from which hangs a lion, sword, and dagger, collared dog under right foot, and under left a bearded head, open mouthed; under his head a helmet, the crest gone. His body has the rich reticulated mitred head-dress, with a jewel in front; angels support her cushions; in her hands a heart. She wears long sleeves, a plaited petticoat; the hem of her gar-

ment is studded ; at her feet a flap-eared dog with a studded collar. On the north front of the tomb, in four pair of niches, four knights in plaited armour ; the fourth in a mantle, holds in his left hand a shield resembling that of St. George, his right hand lifted up, or on his sword. Four ladies with the mitred head-dresses, fillet in front, and veil behind, hold the same shields ; one has a book open over it ; two have their right hands elevated and open ; the third holds in her right hand a rosary. At the west end are three such ladies ; and at the east end three such knights. This tomb has a ledge. This is the monument of John second Lord De Rythre, and son and successor of William ; he was governor of Skipton castle, second Edward II. His lady was sister of Guy Earl of Warwick, of the family of Beauchamp. At the head of the last tomb is one more ancient, with a blue slab, whose ledge has labels of the scroll form, and on the south side of the tomb a shield with three crescents. This probably is the tomb of Sir Hamelin de Rythre, who accompanied Richard Cœur De Lion to the wars of the Crusades. In the east window of the south aisle (which probably was the chantry chapel) are azure, three crescents, or. Rythre. In the east window of the chancel are azure, three crescents, or. ; and a good figure of a woman's head praying, and 'Qui me istius ecclesiæ fieri fecit.' In the north window lions segant or, and azure, and the arms of Rythre." Sir William de Rythre, to whom allusion has been made, married Ella, daughter of Sir William Fitzwilliam ; her mother was Ella, daughter of William de Warren, Earl of Surrey, who was descended from Gundred, daughter of William the Conqueror ; her mother was Maud, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, and granddaughter of Robert King of France. John second Lord de Rythre was succeeded by his son Robert, whose son and heir, Sir William, married the only child of Sir William Tunstal, of Holdemene, from which marriage sprang Sir William, who married Sybil, daughter and co-heir of Lord de Aldburgh of Harewood Castle ; their son, Sir William de Rythre of Harewood Castle, was lord of Scarcroft and high sheriff of Yorkshire in the seventh and ninth of Henry VI. He married Matilda, daughter of Sir Thomas Umfraville of Harbottle Castle, co. Northampton, and co-heir of her brother, Gilbert de Umfraville, fourth Earl of Angus. Sir William died in 1441, and Lady de Rythre in 1435. They had two sons, Sir William and Gilbert. Sir William married Eleanor, daughter of Sir John Fitzwilliam, of Sprotburgh, and dying in 1476, was buried at De Rythre church. His surviving issue were Sir Ralph, Thomas, and Nicholas, who settled at Scarcroft, where his descendants, who, it is presumed, became ultimately extinct, resided for several generations. Sir Ralph, the eldest son, married Lady Katherine Percy, only daughter of Henry, fifth Earl of Northumberland, and dying at a very advanced age, was succeeded by his only son, Henry de Rythre, who married Agnes, only daughter of John Lord Hussey, and died without issue in 1543. Thomas, second son of Sir William and Lady de Rythre, held the high court appointment of cofferer to Edward IV. ; he was attainted in 1483, but restored in blood in 1485. He left two sons, George and Thomas. William, eldest son of George, was esquire of the body to Queen Mary, and succeeded at Harewood on the death of his cousin Henry de Rythre, in 1543. He married Mary, daughter of Sir James Hales, and dying in 1563, was succeeded by his son James, who was esquire of the body to Queen Elizabeth ; his lady was Elizabeth, daughter of William Atherton, Esq., of Atherton. Robert, his only son, was born in 1631, and died in 1692, when he was succeeded by his only son, Robert de Rythre, barrister-at-law, who died in 1698, having bequeathed

his estates to his sixth cousin, John de Rythre of Scarcroft, he being the nearest relation of whom he had any knowledge; in this will he settled the estates on the name, in the strictest manner permitted by the laws of entail. Alluding to the subject he uses the following words: "In order that a portion of the vast estates which belonged to our extravagant ancestors may be preserved in our ancient family." Thomas de Rythre, second son of the cofferer, settled at Muccleston, in Staffordshire, and married Rachel, daughter of Henry Pole, or Poole, Esq.; his eldest son Edward settled at Carrington, in Cheshire, where John, only son of Edward, was born. About this time, it would appear, that the practice of pronouncing the surname, Ryder, was introduced; as we find the ancient and modern orthography indifferently employed in reference to this John de Rythre, Ryther, or Ryder, in the university entries. He received his education at Jesus College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts on the 3rd February, 1580, and that of Master on the 5th of July, 1583, shortly after which he obtained the living of St. Mary, Bermondsey, to which the crown had presentation; about this time he compiled his celebrated English and Latin Dictionary, to which he added more than four thousand words, which were not to be found in the most copious dictionaries then extant. This work was published at Oxford, in quarto, which, says Mr. Ryder, in his preface, "I have not done without great pains and charges." In this undertaking, however, he received considerable assistance from the exertions of his friend, the Earl of Sussex. The book was universally regarded by the learned as an invaluable contribution to English literature, and elicited many very flattering compliments in Greek and Latin verse, some of which are prefixed to the work. That of Dr. Underhill is as follows:—

"Quantum Thomasio Calepinus cedere debet
Tantum præclaro Thomasius ipse Rydero."

When the rich living of Winwick, in Lancashire, became vacant, he was presented to it by the patron, William, Earl of Derby, between whom and Mr. Ryder a family connexion subsisted. Possessing a sort of hereditary interest at court, and being moreover a great personal favourite of Elizabeth, he was, in obedience to Her Majesty's commands, elected Dean of St. Patrick's, in the year 1597. The following letter of Archbishop Loftus, addressed to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and written in reply to the missive which the Queen had caused to be written, "requiring that John Ryder, A.M., should be elected to the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin," occurs in *Strype's Ecclesiastical Annals*.

"IT MAY PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,—Immediately after the receipt of your letter, signifying Her Majesty's pleasure and commandement, in the behalf of Mr. Ryder, to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, I assembled my chapter, and made the same known unto them, whom I found humbly willing, according to Her Majesty's pleasure, to make election of him; but forasmuch as they made a scruple to elect him until he were a member of themselves, which they alledge to be done by them in discharge of their consciences, being sworn to the form of this foundation, I have, to remove that scruple, reserved a prebend, now void, and in my gift, for Mr. Ryder, which presently, on his arrival here, I will admit him unto; and have taken the hands of my chapter thereupon to elect him, which I assure your Lordship, upon my credit (which I would not break with you for all the deaneries and bishopricks in Ireland), shall be done within ten days next after Mr. Ryder's coming. Whereunto I find my said chapter the more willing (although there be among themselves as many learned Graduates as belong to any one Church that I knowe in England), because they acknowledge

your Lordship to be a chief pillar for the upholding of the Church. And so, hoping that your Lordship will rest well satisfied for this time with the proceedings aforesaid, I commend you with all my prayers to God's blessing.

"Your Lordship's humble servant at command,

"AD. DUBLIN.

"From Dublin, 29th of November, 1597."

Before Mr. Ryder left England, he was constrained to enter into an engagement with the Lord Treasurer, to continue, after his election and installation, the payment of three hundred marks per annum throughout the remainder of the term during which his predecessor, Meredith, would, had he lived, have been bound to pay the same. In conformity with this arrangement, Mr. Ryder executed a bond, and bound himself, in a penalty of £1000, to pay the sum of three hundred marks annually, for five years, from the first of April, 1598. This bond was cancelled on the 30th of September, 1602; the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and the Master of the Rolls, having signified that they had received full satisfaction from Dean Ryder. On the 16th March, 1598, the Dean was presented by the Crown to the rectory of Geashill, in the diocese of Kildare. The subjoined details of his controversy with Fitz Simon the Jesuit, are calculated to throw some illustration on the manners and peculiarities of the period, and to shew that the extension of the Dean's hospitality and friendly offices were perfectly uninterfered with by considerations having their origin in the rancorous debasement of bigotry, or festering asperities of sectarianism.

Henry Fitz Simon, the learned Jesuit, was not only the frequent recipient of Dean Ryder's hospitality, but indebted to his unceasing and benevolent exertions in his behalf for those comforts and that considerate indulgence which alleviated the rigours of a lengthened imprisonment, to which, in consequence of some grave political offence, he was subjected. The Dean ultimately enjoyed the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of having been instrumental in procuring for the Jesuit the restoration of his liberty, in virtue of an order of King James to the Lord Deputy and Council, dated 12th of March, 1603.

Fitz Simon's tract was entitled "A Catholike confutation of Dean Ryder's clayme of Antiquitie, and a caulming comfort against his caveat; in which is demonstrated, by assurances even of protestants, that al antiquitie, for al points of Religion, in controversie, is repugnant to protestancie: secondly, that protestancie is repugnant, particularlie to all articles of beleefe: thirdly, that puritan plots are pernicious to Religion and state: and lastly, a repleye to Dean Ryder's rescript, with a discovery of puritan partialitie in his behalfe. By Henry Fitz Simon of Dublin, in Ireland, of the Societie of Jesus, Priest."

The Jesuit, in his advertisement to the reader, says, "that the dispute between the dean and himself was occasioned by various table conversations which happened from time to time at the deanery of St. Patrick's, but that it was more immediately referable to an argument which occurred on the 29th of November, in the year 1600, at the deanery, between William Nugent, Esquire, a Roman Catholic gentleman of education and fortune, and the dean. Mr. Nugent affirmed that there was no diversity of belief, or religion, between the modern Roman Catholics and the Primitive Christians of the apostolic times; contrary to which assertion, the dean maintained that the difference was as great as between Protestantism and

Papistry, and the faith of the Primitive Catholics was the same as that of Protestants; these opinions being very opposite, both parties agreed to seek a solution of the learned, which, if it should justify Mr. Nugent's persuasion, then Mr. Ryder would recant; if it did not, then Mr. Nugent would become a Protestant. To obtain the said solution, a letter was written by Mr. Ryder, dated on the 21st of the following October, and addressed from doubtful Catholics to all priests and Jesuits, and Seminarists, requiring of them to shew whether the doctrines of the Primitive Christians did accord with that of modern Roman Catholics, in the following articles, viz.:—first, that the body of Christ is actually present in the blessed sacrament; secondly, that the Scriptures should not be perused by the vulgar; third, that prayers for the dead, and the doctrine of purgatory, ought to be credited; fourth, that prayers should be addressed to saints; fifth, that the ceremonial of the mass did obtain in ancient times; and sixth, that the supremacy of the Pope was admitted and acknowledged."

Mr. Nugent affirmed that the Jesuits and Roman Catholic priests of Ireland were able to prove, by the Scriptures and fathers, the affirmative of these several propositions to be doctrines apostolical and catholic, and that the church of Rome, and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, hold no opinion touching the same, but what the Holy Scriptures and primitive fathers held, within the first five hundred years after Christ's ascension. The answer to this appeal was required within three months; and it was desired by both sides that Fitz Simon, who was then in confinement in Dublin Castle, should take on him to maintain this controversy. He accordingly, on the second of January, sent his answer to Dean Ryder, by Michael Taylor, Esquire, written in the name of the Catholic priests of Ireland. The dean read the reply with a great deal of pleasure, and having expressed much satisfaction, promised to prepare a rejoinder to it very speedily. Four days afterwards he waited on Fitz Simon in the castle, informing him, that if his signature were subscribed to the treatise, the reply should soon be made; the Jesuit consented, and on the 28th of September, 1602, Mr. Ryder published his reply, a copy of which was forthwith transmitted to the Jesuit; it was entitled, "A Friendly Caveat," &c. Having read this elaborate and very learned production with great care and attention, and occupied about three months in assiduous consideration of the various arguments therein contained, and the numerous authorities by which they were supported, Fitz Simon intimated to the dean, that if he would allow him access to books, a communication with his brethren, and an amanuensis to engross his writings, he would join issue with him, before the Lord Deputy and Council, and Fellows of the College of Dublin. Mr. Ryder cheerfully acquiesced in this proposal, and applying to the government in reference to the subject, obtained all the indulgence solicited, as to books, the intercourse of friends, and the printing-press. In addition to these favors, the dean supplied him with a catalogue of the books in the new library of the university, all of which were at his command without any hindrance or restriction whatsoever. Notwithstanding these facilities, however, the Jesuit's rejoinder did not make its appearance until after the lapse of many years, although several letters passed between them on the subject, both before and after his liberation, which, as has already been observed, was owing altogether to the benevolent interference of the dean. However, the Jesuit transmitted to Mr. Ryder certain observations, written on about two reams of paper, of which his rejoinder,

printed at Roan in 1608, was a mere amplification. Having read these arguments very carefully, and shewed the production to many considerable persons, and to the fellows of the university, the dean very speedily published another book in reply, which caused a very considerable sensation, on account of the argumentative ingenuity and theological erudition by which it was characterised. After his enlargement, several private meetings took place between them, and according to the Jesuits' own account, a short time previously to that event, a disputation also occurred in the presence of the constable of the castle, and some other personages of distinction, after which the dean dined with his adversary and some other prisoners. In page 210 of his "Catholike Confutation," Fitz Simon says, that Dean Ryder had yearly 1700 barrels of corn, idly and without price, as tithes of his deanery. In page 227, he relates the following anecdote:—"Whilst I was in confinement at the castle, I was taking the air on Saint Martin's eve on the north-west tower, when Dean Ryder came to visit one Mr. Browne, and I requested him to come up; after some conversation, he asked me to inform him of a certain point which a great statesman had made dubious to him; whether I was a Jesuit, or a priest, or both. I answered that I was unworthily both. He replied, would you prefer yourself before a simple secular priest? I answered that I never had a controversy about pre-eminence with any. The dean seemed a little confounded with this answer. I then desired him to do me the favour of answering a like question; whether himself was a bare minister, a dean, or both? He answered he was a minister, but not a dean according to my notion of the term. I answered, then you are a Puritan, inasmuch as you refuse the name of dean, but as you hold the deanery you are Protestant, which answer made him laugh very heartily." Fitz Simon's book, which is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, contains certain marginal observations, written in the dean's own manuscript, in which he emphatically contradicts this, as well as other assertions, charging him with entertaining Puritanical principles.

In 1601, Mr. Ryder published his celebrated letter "Concerning the News out of Ireland, the Spaniards' Landing, and the present state thereof." On the 12th of January, 1612, he was consecrated Bishop of Killaloe, and on the 4th of the following July, he obtained a dispensation from the archbishop, which was on the same day confirmed by King James the First, to hold the rich benefice of Winwick, Lancashire, in commendam with his bishopric, "*Quoad vixerit et prefuerit.*" He died on the 12th of November, at Killaloe, and was buried there in St. Flannan's church. His lordship was the author of several books and treatises relating to various departments of literature, and displaying close research, extensive acquirements, and abilities of the very highest order; his poetical productions were remarkable for point and elegance. He married Fridiswid, second daughter of Edward Crosby, Esquire, of Crosby Place, Staffordshire, and left an only son, Thomas, who was Secretary of Legation to the English embassy at Paris; whilst so residing in the French capital, his sons Henry and Thomas were born there, the former of whom was educated at Westminster school, from whence he was admitted into Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards to an *ad eundem* degree in Trinity College, Dublin; his first promotion was to the prebend of Malahiddert, in the archdiocese of Dublin, after which he became Archdeacon of Ossory, from whence he was advanced to the see of Killaloe (which his grandfather had held) by letters patent, bearing date 5th of June, 1693, and consecrated on Trinity

Sunday following, in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the diocese of Meath, by Narcissus, Archbishop of Cashel, assisted by the Bishops of Limerick and Killala. He died at Wyanstown, on the 30th of January, 1695, and was buried in the church of Clonmethan, in the diocese of Dublin. His lordship's eldest son Thomas went into holy orders, and in the year 1720, was promoted to the rectory of Mitchelstown, county of Cork. He married (see Burke's "Landed Gentry") Martha, daughter of Bretridge Badham, Esquire, M.P. for Rathcormack, and had issue Henry, and two younger sons, St. George and John. Henry died in 1749, leaving an only son, Abraham St. George, who married Frances, daughter of William Harrington, of Grange-Con Castle, Esquire. His eldest and only surviving son is Captain William Ryder, of Riverstown-House, representative and heir of the Lords De Rythre, of whom he is the direct lineal descendant, through Thomas De Rythre, treasurer to Edward the Sixth.

The third son of Thomas Ryder of Macclestone was Sir William Rythre, or Ryder, of London, who received the honour of knighthood from Elizabeth. He was uncle to the Lord Bishop of Killaloe, and father of Mary, who married Sir Thomas Lake, afterwards principal Secretary of State to James I. Lady Lake, it would appear, inherited an immense fortune, and was possessed of singular fascinations of manner, and personal attractions of no ordinary description, whilst her husband, Sir Thomas Lake, was universally considered to be inferior to no gentleman of the day, either in ability or accomplishments. Their daughter, Elizabeth, even excelled her mother in beauty, whilst her mind, bold, original, and capacious, received all the cultivation derivable from the concurrence of wealth, opportunity, and an insatiable desire for self-improvement. Yet all these advantages, seldom indeed existing separately, and so very rarely united, were completely counterbalanced by a misconception, which, having received admission into her mind, gradually effected such a modification in the exercise of its faculties, as caused it eventually to convert every incident, circumstance, and occurrence, into proofs of the delusion,—the infatuation—under whose vile despotisms it laboured ;—an infatuation, which ultimately proceeded to the adoption of measures the most odious in contrivance, and criminally execrable in purpose, to which, perhaps, any female, otherwise pure and undepraved, had ever resorted. This overmastering feeling, which would have been speedily dissipated by a vigorous exercise of the high reasoning powers with which she was endowed, was jealousy, under the fatal influence of which the deadliest emotions were engendered, and the fairest prospects of human felicity utterly blasted, and laid desolate for ever. "After Sir Robert Cecil had attained the ministration of affairs, the place of Secretary of State was divided into two, and Sir Thomas Lake appointed to one of them and so continued, says A. Wood, with honourable esteem of all men, till malice and revenge, two violent passions, overruling the weaker sex, concerning his wife and daughter, involved him in their quarrel, the chief and only cause of his ruin." * "Lord Roos, in February, 1616, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Lake, principal Secretary of State, by Mary, daughter and heir of Sir William Rythre ; and in July of the same year, his title of Lord Roos, which had been disputed by the Earl of Rutland, was adjudged in his favour. He returned from Spain in March, 1616-17, and in August following secretly withdrew himself out of England, leaving his estate in great disorder, after having sent a challenge to

* Saunderson's "Life of James I."

his brother-in-law Arthur Lake ; and though he was required by the Lords of the Council to return, refused to comply with their order."* Saunderson, who was Secretary to Lord Roos, in his embassy to Spain, gives the following account of the dispute between Francis Countess of Exeter and the Lake family.

"The Lord Roos, through Sir Thomas Lake's credit, was sent ambassador extraordinary into Spain, in a very gallant equipage, in the year 1611, with hopes of his own to continue longer, to save charges of transmitting any other. In his absence here fell out a deadly feud (no matter for what) between the Lady Lake, and her daughter's stepmother the Countess of Exeter, which was fully described in a letter, and sent from England to me at Madrid. A youthful widow this countess had been, and virtuous, the relict of Sir Thomas Smyth, Clerk of the Council and Registrar of the Parliament, and daughter of William fourth Lord Chandos ; and so she married and became bed-fellow to this aged, diseased, gouty, but noble Earl of Exeter, who was the maternal grandfather of the Lord de Roos. Home comes the Lord Roos from his embassy, whereupon he fell into great neglect of his wife and her kindred, and refused to increase the allowance to her settlement of jointure, which was promised to be completed at his return ; not long after he stays in England, but away he gets into Italy, and turned a professed Roman Catholic, being cozened into that religion here by his public confident Gondamore.

"In this last absence never to return, Lady Lake, and her daughter Lady Roos, accuse the Countess of Exeter of former incontinency with the Lord Roos, whilst he was here, and that therefore he fled from his wife, and from his marriage bed, with other devised calumnies, by several designs and contrivements, to have poisoned the Ladies Lake and Roos. The quarrel blazoned at court to the king's ear, who, as privately as could be, singly examines each party. The countess, with tears and imprecations, professes her innocency, which to oppose, the Ladies Lake and Roos counterfeit her hand to a whole sheet of paper, wherein they make her with much contrition to acknowledge herself guilty, and crave pardon for attempting to poison them, and desire friendship for ever with them all. The King gets sight of this, as in favour to them, and demands the time, place, and occasion when this should be writ. They tell him that all the parties met in a visit at Wimbleton (Lord Exeter's house), where in dispute of this difference she confessed her fault, and desirous of absolution and friendship, consents to set down all under her own hand, which presently she writ at the upper end of the great chamber at Wimbleton, in the presence of Lord and Lady Roos, Lady Lake, and one Diego, a Spaniard, his lordship's confiding servant. But now they being gone and at Rome, the King forthwith sends Master Dendy, one of his Serjeants at Arms, sometime a domestic of Lord Exeter's, an honest and worthy man, post to Rome, who speedily returns with Lord Roos's, and Diego's hands, and other testimonials, that all the said accusations, confession, suspicions, and papers, concerning Lady Exeter, were notoriously false and scandalous, and confirm by receiving their eucharist, in assurance of her honor and her innocency. Besides, several letters of her hand, compared with this writing, concluded it counterfeit. Then the King tells the Ladies Lake and Roos, that the writing being denied by Lady Exeter, their testimonies as parties would not prevail without additional witnesses. They then adjoin one Sarah Wharton, their chambress, who they affirm stood behind the hangings,

* Birch's "Life of Prince Henry."

at the entrance of the room, and heard Lady Exeter read over what she had writ; and to this she swears before the King. But after a hunting at New Park, the King dined at Wimbledon, and in that room observes the great distance from the window to the lower end, and placing himself behind the hangings, (and so different lords in their turn) they could not hear a loud voice from the window. Besides, the hangings wanted two feet of the ground, and might discover the woman if hidden behind, the King saying 'oaths cannot conceal my sight.'

"And the hangings had not been removed in that room for thirty years before, of which particular the King fully satisfied his mind. Nay, more than all these, the Ladies Lake and Roos counterfeited a confession in writing of one Luke Hutton, that for 40*l.*, the Lady Exeter should hire him to impoison them, which man, with wonderful providence, was found out, and privately denies it to the King. And thus prepared, the King sends for Sir Thomas Lake, whom in truth he valued, tells him the danger to embark himself in this business, advising him to leave those who were really implicated in the quarrel to the law, the matter being ready for a star-chamber adjudication.

"He humbly thanked his Majesty, but could not refuse to be a father and a husband; and so he put his name with theirs in a cross-bill, which at hearing, took up five several days, the King sitting in judgment. But the former testimonies, and some private confessions of Lady Roos and Sarah Wharton, which the king kept in secret, made the cause for some days of trial appear doubtful to the court, until the King's discovery, which concluded the sentence pronounced upon the parties. Sir Thomas and Lady Lake were fined ten thousand pounds to the King, five thousand pounds to Lady Exeter, and fifty pounds to Hutton. Sarah Wharton was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail about the streets, and to do penance at St. Martin's church. The Lady Roos for confessing the truth and plot in the midst of the trial was pardoned by the most voices from penal sentence, although she it was whose groundless jealousy of Lady Exeter and representations to her mother on the subject had originated this ruinous proceeding. The King, I remember, compared "the crime to the first plot of the first sin in paradise, the lady, to the serpent, her daughter, to Eve, and Sir Thomas Lake to poor Adam, whose love to his wife, the old sin of our father, had beguiled him. I am sure he paid for all, which as he told me, cost him thirty thousand pounds, the loss of his master's favour, and offices of honour and gain, but truly with much pity and compassion at court, he being held an honest man." A descendant of Sir Thomas Lake's was raised to the peerage by the style and title of Lord Viscount Lake, in consequence of his brilliant services, and distinguished military achievements.

HIPPEUS.

NEGLECTED GENEALOGY.

HILTON OF BURTON.

"Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui."

THE collector of the following fragments of family history has been animated by no family pride in endeavouring to preserve the remembrance of such remnants of antiquity and curiosity as have escaped the ravages of all-devouring time. His is the peculiar pride of the annalist, who is proud, not of the length of a mouldering pedigree, but of some historical quarterings in his escutcheon—of some blood of heroes, warriors, and legislators flowing in his veins—in the same way that an Englishman feels proud of his country which has produced a Shakspeare or a Bacon. He has ever shrunk with disgust from the vulgar pride that would disdain the absence of high birth in others, and he cares not a rush whether his family or his friend be descended from prince or peasant. He alone, and not his connexions, can disgrace his lineage :

"Handsome is that handsome does."

In contemplating the mouldering monuments of the ancient dead, by the "dim, religious light" of a dilapidated country church, where

"Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone,"

such conviction of the shortness of life and the vanity of worldly splendour may force itself on the mind, as may induce us to seek for those blessings which this world can neither give nor take away, and which shall be of eternal duration. The glory of man, although consigned to marble and bronze, is doomed to perish ; even those noble features which it was believed would bloom for ever, and confer immortal beauty on the city called *Eternal*, have, in succession, flourished and faded away.

In a former number of the "Patrician" appears at some length the history of the Barons of Hilton, the ancient and chivalrous Lords of Hilton Castle, in the Palatinate of Durham. Of that illustrious stem, the family, whose genealogical memoirs follow, was an offshoot, which, at a later period, became more closely allied by intermarriage with the senior line.

For the high antiquity of the Barons of Hilton, see Surtees's *History of Durham*, where the pedigree of this extraordinary family is clearly carried back, not only to Romanus, the Knight of Hilton, *temp.* Hen. II.,

A.D. 1154, but to the reign of the Anglo Saxon King, Athelstan, A.D. 925, and even into more remote antiquity. The title of Baron is supposed to have been acquired before the creation of Barons either by writ or summons, from the general courtesy of the country, which accorded it out of respect to the rank and immemorial existence of the family. Thomas Thompson, Esq., of Cottingham Castle, author of the *History of the Church and Priory of Swinestead*, has the following passage:—“This family of Hilton shewed one of the most ancient pedigrees in England. The first person of the name found upon record was Sir William Hilton, Knight, who married the daughter of Sir John Gressley, and had issue, Adam Hilton, who lived in the time of King Athelstan, which is seven hundred and twelve years since this present year 1668. This family was of five descents before the Conquest, and had, A.D. 1660, the nine-and-twentieth descent surviving, in which time were twenty-four Knights, eighteen whereof were in continued succession.* It is known that the Hiltons were warriors and legislators. They were engaged in various wars, and were summoned to Parliament in different reigns, and were people of great consequence in the country for several ages.”

The Barons of Hilton intermarried with the greatest and noblest houses viz., Mowbray, Conyers, Ogle, Lumley, Neville, Percy, Lovaine, Vipont or Veteripont, Stapleton, Surtees, Bowes, &c.

Lewis, in his *Topographical Dictionary*, says that “Hilton Castle was the residence of the ancient family of Hilton from the time of King Athelstan to the year 1746. The building has the arms of the Hiltons and their alliances engraved on it in several places.”

During the reigns of the early Plantagenets (Elizabeth Plantagenet, natural daughter of Edward IV., by Lady Elizabeth Lucy, was an ancestor of the Hiltons), the Hiltons occur frequently in the public records, and at various periods represented the Borough of Appleby in Parliament.

Soon after the time of Hen. VIII., the Manor of Burton, co. Westmoreland, came to the branch of the Hilton family which is the subject of this notice, probably in marriage with the heiress of Burton, whose arms were, Arg., a bend wavy Sable.

An aisle or burying chapel on the north side of Ormside Church belonged to the Hiltons, Lords of the Manor; and a large vault on the north side of the Parish Church of Saint Michael's, Bongate, Appleby, is the ancient burying place of the Hiltons of Hilton, in the same parish.

In the reign of Hen. II., about 1157, ROBERT DE HELTON and other good men were witnesses to the fourth Charter, by Thorphin, son of Robert, granting the Manor of Bleatarn to the Abbot and Convent of Byland, co. York. In the reign of Hen. III., about 1217, JOHN DE HELTON, John de Hormesheved, Ralph de Dacre, and Thomas de Musgrave, with other good men, were witnesses to a Charter confirming lands to the Abbey of Byland, co. York. In the latter end of the reign of Hen. III., and the earlier part of the reign of Ed. I., about 1272, Sir Michael de Harclay and JOHN DE HELTON were with others witnesses to a division of the Manors of Orton and Musgrave between the Dacres of

* From “A Collection of the Discents of several of the Northerne Nobility and Gentry, especially such as have been active in the wars against the Scots. By John Burton, M.D., F.S.A.”—*Constable MSS.*

Dacre Castle, co. Cumberland, and the Musgraves of Musgrave, co. Westmoreland. In the 17th Ed. I. are found witnesses to grants of demesne lands of Sizergh Hall, Roger de Burton, Richard de Preston, Kts., and about the same time, John de Burton, Gilbert de Culwen, William de Pickering, Seneschal, Roger de Barton, and Henry Stanley, Kts. In the 18th Ed. I., about 1290, JOHN DE HELTON and THOMAS DE HELTON, with other good men, are found witnesses to a partition of the inheritance between the two daughters of the last Lord Robert de Veteriponte. In the register of the Priory of Wetheral, JOHN DE HELTON and Thomas de Derwentwater, with others, are found witnesses to a grant of land to the said Priory, &c. In the 20th Ed. I., by a deed dated at Burton, WILLIAM DE HELTON granted certain lands at Ormeshead to THOMAS DE HELTON: witnesses whereof were Henry de Threlkeld, Sheriff of Westmoreland, Henry de Warthecopp, Thomas de Warthecopp, Richard de Blenkinsopp, Hugh de Ormesheved, and others. In 25th Ed. I., JOHN DE HELTON, and Agnes his wife, had the wardship of the body and lands of Johan, daughter and heir of William de Sulleby, committed to them by Isabella de Clifford, widow of Roger de Clifford. In the 8th Ed. II., by the Inquisition *post mortem* of Robert de Clifford, it is found that WILLIAM DE HELTON held of the said Robert on the day on which he died, the Manor of Burton; the wardship whereof, when it should happen, was worth £10 yearly, and the coinage, a military tenure, 13s. 4d. In 1317, King Edward II. presented WILLIAM DE HELTON to the Rectory of Wiggeton. In 1340, about 13th Ed. III., ROBERT DE HELTON was presented to the Rectory of Dufton, co. Westmoreland, by the Lord Ralph de Nevill, who married the mother of William, Lord Greystock. In 43rd Ed. III., WILLIAM DE HELTON held the Manor of Burton. In the 50th Ed. III., WILLIAM DE HELTON served in Parliament as Burgess for Appleby. In the 2nd Rich. II., John, son of JOHN DE HILTON, by a deed dated at Burton, made a settlement of certain lands and tenements, rents and services, in the villa of Sanaford and Hilton Bacon, upon AGNES DE HILTON (his daughter, as it seemeth), and the heirs of her body; remainder to THOMAS, son of JOHN DE HILTON, and the heirs of his body, with remainders over. In the 15th Richard II., after the death of Roger de Clifford, the Inquisition finds that WILLIAM DE HILTON and Agnes his wife held the Manor of Burton, as of the right of the said Agnes; so that here it had gone off with the said Agnes, married, probably, to one of the same family. In the 20th Rich. II., JOHN HELTON and John Burgham, and in the 1st Henry IV., John Helton served in Parliament for Carlisle. In the 20th Rich. II., and also again in the 18th Hen. IV., JOHN DE HELTON represented the Borough of Appleby in Parliament. About the 20th Rich. II., Catharine, dau. of William Hilton, Esq., was *m.* to William Thornburgh, of Thornburgh, Esq., co. York. In the 10th Hen. V., after the death of John de Clifford, the Inquisition finds that WILLIAM DE HELTON held the Manor of Burton by homage and fealty, and 13s. 4d. coinage. In the 6th Hen. VI., JOHN HELTON served in Parliament for Carlisle. In the 15th Hen. VI., ROBERT HELTON, son and heir of William Helton, son and heir of William Helton, son and heir of Thomas Helton, brother and heir of William Helton, made a settlement of certain lands at Ormeshead and Great Asby. In the reign of Hen. VI., JOHN DE HELTON served in Parliament for Appleby. In the 31st Hen. VI., WILLIAM DE HELTON held the Manor of Burton of Thomas de Clifford, by the like services as above.

Next we come to a pedigree certified at Dugdale's Visitation, in 1664, which pedigree nevertheless, although it consisted of only six generations, seems (as most of the other heraldic pedigrees, when compared with the *inquisitiones, post mortem* and other authentic documents) to be very imperfect. Sir Daniel Fleming's pedigree of the family is the correct one, and should run thus:

I. CHRISTOPHER HELTON, of Burton, esquire, in the reign of Edward IV., *m.* Margaret daughter of Thomas Marshall, of Kirk Oswald, and had issue.

In 10 Hen. VIII., June 6th, 1518, John Helton and Thomas Harryson, esquires, and others, were witnesses with Roland, Hugh, and Edmund Machel, of Crackenthorpe Hall, to an agreement with Sir Edward Langhorne.

In 34 Hen. VIII., about 1543, Sir William Musgrave, Sir Thomas Curwen, Robert de Helton, Lancelot Wharton, Lancelot Lowther, Thomas Wyberg, John Thwaites, Edward Aglionby, William Pickering, James Pickering, Henry Barton, Hugh and Ambrose Machel, with other good men, were sent for by Sir Thomas Wharton's letter to supply horse and foot for border service.

In 36 Henry VIII., divers rents and services, issuing out of the lands of William Hilton, William Adison, John Adison, and others, were granted to Thomas Lord Wharton.

II. ROBERT HELTON, esquire, of Burton, in temp. Henry VIII., held the manor. He *m.* a Hartley, and had issue.

In 1526, about 17 Hen. VIII., Sir Henry Hartley was vicar of St Laurence, Appleby, Westmoreland.

Temp. Queen Eliz., Barnaby Machel, John Hartlay, Rainold Hartlay, and John Robinson, were first governors of the Free Grammar School, Appleby, Westmoreland.

These heraldic pedigrees, especially at any considerable distance of time, are generally very imperfect, and contradicted for the most part by records, where we have been so fortunate as to meet with such. It was impossible for the heralds to judge in most cases of their authenticity, and the person certifying the same might not be perfectly acquainted with the antiquities of his family. Richard, mentioned as second in the pedigree of his family (vol. iii. of *Burke's Landed Gentry*, p. 704), as acknowledged in a foot note, should have been Robert, and then his son and heir Thomas. For immediately, in the 18 Henry VIII., by an inquisition of knights' fees holden of Henry Earl of Cumberland, it appears that Robert Hylton then held the manor of Burton. And in the same year, 1526 or 7, by the will of Edward Hilton, clerk, whereby he devised a cottage at Helton Bacon to charitable uses, Robert Hilton, of Burton, and his heirs, are made trustees of that charity.

In the 19 Henry VIII., the said Edward Hilton, clerk, granted to Robert Hilton, of Burton, esquire, and his heirs, a moiety of the manor of Helton Baun.

In the 1 and 2 Ph. and M., upon an inquisition of knights' fees in Westmorland, it is found that Thomas Helton then held the manor of Burton.

Accordingly, in Sir Daniel Fleming's pedigree of his family, he makes Andrew's father, Thomas, who *m.* Anne Wharton, of Kirkby Thore; and Thomas's father, Robert, who *m.* a Hartley; which

agree with these inquisitions. And in the 29 Henry VIII., there is a release from Isabella Hylton, one of the sisters and co-heirs of the late Robert Barton, of Ormeshead, gentleman, widow of Richard Hylton, of Burton, to Thomas Hylton, gentleman, son and heir of the late Robert Hylton, of Burton, gentleman, of her right in certain lands descended to her from her brother Robert Barton, of Ormeshead, gentleman, in Westmoreland, Cumberland and Northumberland, *teste* De Henry Barton, of Ormeshead. So that it seemeth that Robert and Thomas should have come in (and so the chronology seems to require) after Christopher at No. 1, and that Richard at No. 2 was not the direct line, but came in by special agreement. (Dr. Burn and Flem)

- III. THOMAS HELTON, Esq., in 29 Hen. VIII. and 1 and 2 Ph. and M., held the manor of Burton. He *m.* Anne Wharton, of Kirkby Thore Hall, lineally descended from Gilbert, the second son of Thomas Wharton, of Wharton Hall, by his wife, the daughter of Sir Robert Lowther, Knt. of Lowther, which Gilbert *m.* Joan, dau. and heiress of Kirkby, of Kirkby Thore, and had issue. (See *Burke's Landed Gentry*, vol. i., p. 171.)
- IV. ANDREW HELTON, Esq., in temp Eliz., held the manor of Burton, He *m.* Alice, dau. of John Aglionby, of Carlisle, and by her had issue. (1) John, (2) Winifred, *m.* to Leonard Musgrave, of Johnby, Cumberland, (3) Julian, *m.* to an Irish lord, and afterwards to a sea captain.
- V. JOHN HILTON, Esq., temp. Jas. I., held the manor of Burton, being son and heir of Andrew. He *m.* Mary, dau. and co-heir of Saxton, of Byham Hall, in Essex, and died about the year 1630, in 5 Ch. 1. He had issue,
 1. Cyprian.
 2. George, who *m.* Jane, dau. of — Fletcher, of Dovenby, in Cumberland.
 3. Johan, who died unmarried.
- VI. CYPRIAN HILTON, Esq., temp. Jas. I., held the manor of Burton as son and heir of John, He *m.* Frances (widow of John Dudley, of Dufton, Esq., of the family of the Dudleys of Yanwath Hall, descended from the Dudleys of the south), dau. and sole heir of Sir Christopher Pickering, of Ormeshead, and with her had the manor of Ormeshead Hall. This Cyprian died Dec. 22nd, 1652, having had issue,
 1. Christopher.
 2. John of Stanemore, who *m.* Isabell, dau. of John Farer, of Warcop Tower.
 3. Andrew, who *d. s. p.*
 4. Mary, *m.* to William Farer, of Warcop Tower.

Among the escheats in the 13 Chas. 1, it is found by inquisition that William Fayrer died, seized of twelve messuages and tenements, in Slegill, holden of the King by knight's service.

In the north aisle of Ormeshead church is the burying chapel belonging to the hall, wherein is one large gravestone, upon which are three inscriptions, on so many plates of brass, viz. :—

1. The Epitaph of Sir Christopher Pickering, knight, who died Jan. 14th, 1620, having been five times sheriff of Cumberland.

2. Of Cyprian Hilton, Esq., who died Dec. 22nd, 1652.

3. Of Cyprian Hilton, Esq., who died 27th Dec. 1693, and left three sons and five daughters.

In the wall of Penrith church, on the south side of the chancel, is preserved the following inscription of one of the family:—

“Orate pro animâ Christophori Pykring militis, qui obiit 7^o die mensis Sept. Anno Dom. Milles^o. Do. xii^o.”

The hall is an ancient tower house, built as a place of defence.

The arms of Pickering were, Ermine, a lion rampant, azure, crowned or.

VII. CHRISTOPHER HILTON of Burton and Ormeshead, Esquire, *m.* Barbara, dau. of George Braithwait, of Warcop, Esquire, and Winifred, dau. of Sir Richard Fletcher, of Hutton, Kent. They had a son and heir.

VIII. CYPRIAN HILTON, of Burton and Ormeshead Halls, Esquire, who *m.* Abigail, the only child of Hugh Wharton,* Esquire, of a younger branch of the family of Wharton, of Wharton Hall.

* Wharton Family

Wharton was anciently written Wherton, and when transferred into the barbarous Latin of those days, *Quertin*; for in the place of the letter W. they frequently substitute Q., sometimes G. But whether this place may have had its name from any battle fought there, can be only matter of conjecture.

So early as the reign of King Edward the First, there was a family of great antiquity and note, deriving its surname from this “fair Lordship,” situated on the river Eden, one of whom married a daughter and heiress of Philip Hastings, of Croglin, in Cumberland, whereby the Whartons obtained part of Croglin, as afterwards they got the whole. And it is remarkable that the Hastings’ arms were the same as those of Wharton, viz., in a field sable a manch argent. The crest, on a wreath—a bull’s head erased. And King Ed. VI., in recompense of the services of the first Thomas Lord Wharton, granted to him an augmentation of his paternal coat, viz., a border ingrailed or, charged with legs of lions in saltire gules, armed azure.

It is remarkable that this family of Hastings traces lineally from Thomas de Hastings, who lived about 20th Hen. II. who was son of Thomas de Hastings, son of Alan, son of Thorphin de Alverstain, (who lived temp. Hen. I.) son of Uctred, son of Gospatric, son of Orme, second son of Ketel, son of Eldred, son of Ivo de Taillebois, first Baron of Kendal, brother to Fulke, Earl of Anjou, and King of Jerusalem, who came to England with William the Conqueror.

These lands remained in the family until the attainder of Philip Duke of Wharton, in 1715, who died at the age of 32, in 1731.

In Kirby Stephen Church is an aisle belonging to Wharton Hall, in which is a large monument of alabaster. On the table, which is six feet square, raised about 3½ feet from the ground, are three figures at full length, viz., Thomas first Lord Wharton, in the middle; on the right side Eleanor, his first wife, and on the left his second wife, Anne. About the table on the edges, beginning at the west end, is the following legend:—

“Thomas Whartonus jaces hic, hic utraque conjux;
Elionora suum hinc, hinc habet Anna locum.
En tibi, terra, tuum, carnes accosa resume;
In cœlos animas, tu Deus alme, tuum.”

Under this head is the crest of the Wharton arms, viz., a bull’s head (for in the days of coat armour something terrible was generally erected upon the helmet), which is supposed by the common people to represent the devil in a vanquished posture. Under which notion a waggish schoolmaster, once of that place, thus paraphrased the above legend:—

The arms of this branch of the Hiltons were found, Sable, 2 saltiers in chief, and three annulets 2 and 1 argent. The crest, on a wreath Moses's head irradiated on a demigriffin, with a stag's head above these, and the motto "Tant que je puis."*

In 1684, the said Cyprian and Abigail, his wife, enfranchised divers customary temements in Hilton Bacon.

About this time the inquisition finds that in the year 1693 (the same in which the said Cyprian died), "Philip, fourth Lord Wharton, and Thomas Wharton his son, father of the Duke, convey to Trustees, a close of pasture called Naitby Birkett, then in the possession of their relative, Hugh Wharton, gentleman, or his assigns, &c., for the use of &c. in Swaledale."

The said Cyprian Hilton died in 1693, leaving the said Abigail his widow, and nine children, viz., (1) Christopher, (2) George, (3) Margaret, (4) Barbara, (5) Hugh, (6) Elizabeth, (7) Mary, (8) Abigail, and (9) John.

Which JOHN HILTON had several sons, who died young, and seven daughters, the eldest of whom, MARY, was *m.* to DANIEL ROBINSON, esquire,† ("now sheriff of the said county, unto whose learning and critical knowledge in antiquities we have been much obliged in our investigations of this part of the county," says Dr. Burn, author of *Burn's Justice*), and had issue,

- I. Mary, *m.* to Captain Tunstall, *s. p.*
- II. Janet, *m.* to a Mr. Smith, *s. p.*
- III. John, an officer in R. N., *d. s. p.*
- IV. ANNE, of whom more anon.
- V. Elizabeth, *m.* to Dr. Atkinson, physician, *s. p.*
- VI. CHRISTOPHER, an officer in the E. I. C. S., *m.* and had issue,

"Here I Thomas Wharton do lie,
With Lucifer under my head;
And Nelly my wife hard by,
And Nancy as cold as lead.
Oh, how can I speak without dread!
Who could my sad fortune abide,
With one devil under my head,
And another laid close on each side?"

Joseph Addison (eldest son of Lancelot Addison Dean of Litchfield, and of Maulds' Meberm, co. Westmoreland) principal author of the *Spectator*, &c., was Secretary to Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who *m.* Miss Lee, a dau. of Sir Henry Lee of Dichley, in Oxfordshire.

* The above shield of arms is copied from an old tankard belonging to the last Cyprian Hilton, of Ormeshead

† Mary, only child of his relative John Robinson, also of Appleby, Westmoreland, Esquire, M.P. and some time Secretary to the Treasury (and who, whilst Commissioner of His Majesty's Woods and Forests, planted thirty thousand acorns in Windsor park) was *m.* in 1781, to the Right Honourable Henry Viscount Neville, Earl of Abergavenny, K.T., &c., by whom she had several children. Dr. Burn, in his *History of Westmoreland* says (p. 26-7), Richard II. created Ralph Neville Earl of Westmoreland, a man of the greatest and most ancient birth of English nobility, as descended from Uctred, Earl of Northumberland. The aforesaid Earl Ralph, by his wife, Catharine, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had so fair issue, and the name of Nevill became thereby so greatly multiplied, that almost at one and the same time there flourished besides the Earls of Westmorland, an Earl of Salisbury, an Earl of Warwick, an Earl of Kent, a Marquis Montacute, a Duke of Bedford, a Lord Latimer, and Lord Abergavenny, all Nevills.

1. Christopher, drowned in the Abergavenny, East Indiaman.
2. Maria, *m.* to Anthony Preston, Esquire, of Musgrave Hall, Penrith.
3. Marianne, *m.* to John Hall, Esquire, merchant, Liverpool, and has issue.
4. Jane, *m.* to George Litton, Esquire, Liverpool, and has issue.
5. Eliza, *m.* to William Dobinson, Esquire, whose mother was a Curwen, of Workington, and has issue.
6. Margaret, spinster.
7. Catharine, *d. unm.*

VII. Anthony, an officer in E. I. C. S., *d. s. p.*

Of these children, ANNE ROBINSON, the third dau. of Daniel Robinson, Esq., married GEORGE HARRISON, of Eden Grove, Bolton, and of Appleby, Esq., who had succeeded to the estates of his father, Frank Harrison, Esq.,* and was many years an active magistrate for the county of Westmoreland, and the intimate friend and companion of Dr. William Paley, of the rectory of Musgrave. Of the marriage, there was issue, four sons and three daughters.

- I. FRANCES, who *m.* Isaac Thompson, of the Thompsons of Barton, co. Cumberland, (a branch of which family about the sixteenth century settled in Herts.) and had issue, six sons and five daughters,
 1. George, in holy orders, who *m.* Marianne, second daughter of Captain John Lewis White, son of Major-General John White, of Bengal, by Miss Lee, one of three co-heiresses.
 2. Margaret, *d. unm.*
 3. Agnes, *m.* Rev. John Kemp.
 4. Isaac, *m.* Barbara, the only child of Mr. Bowen, living on his own estate in Bertie, Canada.
 5. Anthony, *d. inf.*
 6. John, *d. inf.*
 7. Jane, *d. inf.*
 8. Jonathan, *m.* an American lady.

* FRANK HARRISON, of Whitfield Brow, (now Eden Grove) Bolton, Esquire (which property came to the Harrisons from the Whitfields through the Newtons) was a relative of the Law family, now represented by the Earl of Ellenborough. He *m.* the daughter and heiress of John Newton, of Whitfield Brow, Esquire, and had, issue, three sons and six daughters,

1. FRANCIS, a merchant at Lancaster, *d. s. p.*
2. THOMAS, an officer in the Royal Navy, *d. s. p.*
3. GEORGE, in the Royal Navy, of whom in the text.
4. FRANCES, *m.* — Shepherd, Esquire, Lancaster.
5. MARGARET, *m.* Captain Sir Richard Pearson, Knight, R.N., of whose family an account is appended to these memoirs.
6. ——— *m.* McParsonage, merchant.
7. JANE, *d. unm.*
8. MARY, *m.* Mr. Taylor, a silk merchant in London.
9. ELIZABETH, *m.* John Thwaits, Esquire, and hath issue,
 1. ———, *m.* to Mr. Kennell.
 2. Fanny, *unm.*
 3. Mary, *m.* — Bradley, Esquire, of Kirkby-Lonsdale, and has issue.
 4. George, a physician at Appleby.

Dr. Burns says, "it is found that there hath been a family from very ancient time at Crosby-Raventhwaite, of the name of Thwaite. In 1572, Sir Rowland Thwaits was incumbent of the church of Crosby-Ravensworth, or, as it is sometimes called, Ravenshwait.

9. Mary, *m.* — Winder.
10. Anne, *m.* — Graham.
11. Harrison, *m.* a Dutch lady.
- II. GEORGE, *unm.*
- III. MARY, *d. unm.*
- IV. ANNE, *m.* to Rev. Christopher Bird, M.A., and has issue,
 1. Anne, *unm.*
 2. Margaret, *m.* to John Hornby, of Hornby, Esquire, M.P., &c.
 3. George, in holy orders.
 4. Christopher, in holy orders.
- V. JANE, now living in the quondam house of her ancestors, known as Old Hilton Castle, Appleby.
- VI. ANTHONY, Lieut.-Col. R.A., *m.* a Spanish lady, and has issue,

George, *m.* to Anne Miller, a niece of Sir S. Northcote, Bart.,
and of Lieut.-Col. Sir W. M. G. Colebrook, K.H., Lieu-
tenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

Mary Jane, *unm.*
- VII. JOHN.

The Pearson Family.

This family was of considerable antiquity at Langton, near Hilton Bawn, co. Westmoreland, and related to the Sedgwicks, of that place. The gallant Sir Richard Pearson, R.N., who appears in the following pedigree, greatly distinguished himself, and did good service to his country in the ever-memorable engagement that took place on the 23rd September, 1779, with Commodore Paul Jones, of the "Bon Homme Richard," and the rest of his squadron; the "Alliance" and "Pallas" frigates, and the "Vengeance" brig.

Sir Richard commanded the "Serapis," and by his bravery and conduct saved the Baltic fleet under his convoy, though obliged to submit to a much superior force. The "Serapis" had 250 men, 49 killed, 68 wounded. All the men and guns abaft the mainmast on the lower deck were blown up, the ship was set on fire several times, and the mainmast shot away. The "Bon Homme Richard" lost 306 killed and wounded out of 375 men, was set on fire twice, very much damaged, her lower deck guns dismounted, and so leaky that she sank the next day with all her wounded.

During the action, the desperate Commodore lashed his ship to the "Serapis" with his own hand, which doubtless prevented the "Bon Homme Richard" from sinking at an earlier period of the engagement. He also shot his Lieutenant, for hauling down the American colors in surrender, and knocked his chief carpenter on the head down the hold, who had come from below to inform him the ship was sinking.

For this smart though bloody affair, Captain Pearson was knighted by his Sovereign George the Third, made a Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and presented with the freedom of the town and a purse of £300 by the corporation of Hull. Having been dreadfully wounded, the gallant officer only survived his honours a few years, and died greatly lamented by his brother officers, and by none more than by his gracious Sovereign and Patron, George the Third.

Richard Pearson, Sen., baptized August 17th, 1648.

Richard Pearson, Jun. . . . March 28th, 1678.

Robert Pearson, February 8th, 1679.
 William Pearson, December 26th, 1681.
 Thomas Pearson, February 12th, 1684.

SIR RICHARD PEARSON, Kt., Lieut.-Governor of Greenwich Hospital born at Lanton, near Appleby, Westmoreland, 21st of March, 1731. Eldest son of the above Richard Pearson, jun., and grandson to the senior, *m.* Margaret Harrison, dau. of Frank, and sister of George Harrison, Esquires, of Whitfield Brow, Bolton, and had issue,

I. Richard Harrison Pearson, born at Appleby, July 12, 1769, and died at Plymouth, January 9, 1838, a Vice-Admiral, *m.* Miss Maria Holmes, and left one dau., who *m.* Mr. Greves, and has several children.

II. Thomas Harrison Pearson, born in Park Row, Greenwich, August 15, 1772, died young.

III. Mary, born at Dover, March, 31, 1774, *m.*, 1st Richard Higginson, Esq., 2ndly, Rev. Richard Mason, died without issue, August 21, 1841, near Lymington.

IV. John Studholme, born at Dover, June 29, 1775, died young.

V. Henry Shepherd, born at Dover, October 20, 1776, *m.* Caroline Lyons, sister of Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., G.C.B., ambassador in Greece (whose dau. is *m.* to the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, son of the Duke of Norfolk) died at Boulogne, France, April 13, 1840, leaving one son, Richard Lyons Otway, and five daughters.

VI. Hannah Frances, born at Dover, October, 27, 1779, *m.* Rawson Boddam Crozier, Esq., late Captain in the Engineers, and has had six sons and one daughter. Their eldest son:—

1. Richard Crozier, Captain, R.N., born August 26, 1803, in Bombay, *m.* Julia, fourth dau. of George Stone, Esq., of Chishelhurst, Kent, and 68, Lombard Street, and has a daughter, and a son, Richard Pearson, born 26th January, 1842.

2. Rawson John, Captain, E.I.C.S., *m.* Emily, dau. of John Brightman, Esq.

3. William Pearson, Lieut., R.N., born at Bath, October 2, 1810.

4. Francis Henry, Madras Civil Service, born September 5, 1812, *m.* only dau. of J. B. Gresham Paske, Esq., who *d.*, leaving one son, Gresham Rawson Crozier, born August 1837, in India. He *m.* again, Harriet, eldest dau. of the Rev. Sir George Burrard, Bart., of Walhampton, Hants.

5. Henry Thomas, born 29th June, 1814, died 4th March, 1844.

6. Frances Margaret, born October 15th, 1815.

7. John Christie-Hammond, born April 9, 1821; drowned July 4, 1834.

VII. John Hodgson Pearson, born at Greenwich, Aug. 7, 1781, *d.* suddenly, from the bite of a cobra copella in 1814; at the time a judge on the Malabar Coast.

VIII. Elizabeth, born at Greenwich, Dec., 21, 1782, *d.* young.

IX. Margaret, born at Greenwich, Jan. 10, 1784, *d.* young.

X. Thomas, born at Greenwich, March 22, 1785, *d.* young.

XI. Jackson, born at Greenwich, Jan. 23, 1787, died while a prisoner in France, March 11, 1807.

XII. Emilia, born Sept. 8, 1790, died young.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

- Adams, John, Esq. This gentleman was the eldest son of Mr. Sergeant Adams, the assistant judge at the Middlesex Sessions. Mr. Adams, jun., was called to the bar by the honourable society of the Middle Temple, the 25th of January, 1839. He practised as a conveyancer and equity draughtsman, and also in the Courts of Chancery, in London, and on the Northern Circuit. He died on the 18th September, at his residence in Connaught-square.
- Addams, Joseph, Esq., of Swanage, co. Dorset, formerly of the E.I.C.S. 13th Sept., aged 77.
- Addams, Mary, third daughter of Dr. Addams, 28th Aug., at Hageley House, Hants.
- Addis, Mrs. Lucretia, formerly of St. John's, Southwark, 19th Aug., aged 75.
- Alexander, James, Esq., 12th Sept., at Somerhill, Tonbridge, aged 80.
- Algar. On the 31st. Aug., at Drogheda, Janc, widow of the late Robert Algar, Esq., Collector of Customs, and dau. of the late William Hamilton Ash, Esq., of Ashbrook, county of Londonderry.
- Anderson, Elizabeth Anne, wife of Wm. Anderson, Esq., 10th Sept.
- Applegarth, Sophia, wife of Augustus Applegarth, Esq., of Dartford, 23rd August.
- Arnold. On Sunday, the 10th Sept., at Adswood, near Stockport, Cheshire, James Arnold, Esq., in his 54th year, formerly of Cambrian-house, Norwood, Surrey.
- Atkins, Ann, fourth daughter of the late A. E. Martin Atkins, Esq., of Kingston Lisle, Berks, 5th Sept., aged 35.
- Austin, the Rev. Anthony, 26th Aug., at Alderton, Wilts, aged 62.
- Baker, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. John Baker, of Bromley, Kent, 14th Sept., aged 79.
- Banks. On the 19th Aug., at the Vicarage, Hemingford-Grey, Huntingdonshire, the Rev. Joseph Staines Banks, L.L.D., in the 83rd year of his age.
- Bastard, Percival North, Esq., 28th Aug., at Stourpaine, Blandford.
- Bayford, Frances, widow of John Bayford, Esq., of Doctors' Commons, 12th September.
- Becke, Sarah Jessica, relict of Cecil Becke, Esq., formerly of Devonshire Street, Queen-square, 22nd August.
- Bedford, Alfred, Esq., 12th Sept., at the Grove, South Lambeth, aged 28.
- Bellamont, Miss Lucipia Hanly, late of Cambridge-terrace, youngest and last surviving daughter of the late Earl of Bellamont, 11th Sept.
- Bentinck, Lord George, on the 21st Sept. His Lordship's death was most sudden. While walking from Welbeck Abbey to Thoresby Park, the seat of the Earl of Manvers, Lord George appears to have dropped down dead. The cause was a disease of the heart. In our fourth volume, page, 159, we gave a full account of his Lordship's political life, his ancestry and family connexions.
- Bickerton, Walter, Esq., of Pall Mall East, 9th Sept., aged 54.
- Bond. On the 15th July, at Port Royal, near Cadiz, Mary Ann Margaret Bond, the sister-in-law of Mr. Donald Cormack, of Xerez de la Frontiera, aged 40.
- Birch, Rev. Wm., Rector of Glenfuld, co. Leicester, 6th Sept., aged 81.
- Blakeney. On the 3rd Sept., at his residence, No. 19, Queen's-road, Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park, William Augustus Blakeney, Esq., formerly Major in the 87th (or Prince of Wales's Irish) Regiment, in the 77th year of his age.
- Boghurst, Philip, Esq., at Worthing, 17th August.
- Boileau. On the 2nd Sept., after a few days' illness, at his residence, No. 2, Fitzwilliam-sq. North, Dublin, Simeon, Boileau, Esq., in the 65th year of his age, eldest son of the late John Theodore Boileau, Esq.
- Bolling, William, Esq., M.P. This gentleman was a native of Bolton, and an eminent manufacturer there. He was

- first elected M.P. for the town of his birth in 1832, and he continued to represent it in four parliaments, until the period of his death. Although his staunch Conservative opinions made him many strong political opponents, in Bolton, his private worth and his liberality as an employer caused Mr. Bolling to be generally respected. He died at Bolton, on the 30th Aug., from the effects of a paralytic stroke.
- Bowen, Lucy, relict of the Rev. William Bowen, 17th Sept., at Leamington.
- Bowling, Louisa, wife of Henry Hawkins Bowling, Esq., E.I.C.S., 9th June, at Bengal.
- Bradshawe. On the 30th Aug., at her residence at Folkestone, in her 61st year, Charlotte Maria, relict of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Parish Bradshawe (H.E.I.C.S.), Resident at Lueknow.
- Breynton Augusta, youngest dau. of the late John Breynton, Esq., formerly of Hannah-hall, co. Stafford, 28th Aug.
- Bridgwater. On Friday last, the 1st Sept., at Dartmouth-terrace, Blackheath, aged 14, Wilnot Bridgwater, last surviving son of Symonds Bridgwater, Esq., formerly of Dominica.
- Bright, Eliza, wife of Henry Bright, Esq., of Ealing, late of Paddington, 24th Aug.
- Brook, Richard, Esq., 15th September, at Petistone Lodge, Suffolk, aged 77.
- Brooks, Mary Anne, only dau. of John Thomas Brooks, Esq., of Flitwick Manor House, 19th Sept., aged 26.
- Brown. On the 27th Aug., at the offices of Mr. Hindmarsh, solicitor, 7, Creseent, Jewin Street, Cripplegate, in the 19th year of his age, Mr. John Porrit Brown, son of William Brown, Esq., of Cliff-house, Whitby, Yorkshire.
- Brummell. On the 9th of June, at Cape Coast Castle, of fever, John Henry Brummell, Esq., Surgeon on the Staff, eldest son of W. C. Brummell, Esq., of Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park.
- Burfuld, Jessy Duke, eldest daughter of Charles Burfuld, jun., at Hastings.
- Burgess, Mrs. of Greville House, Leamington Priors, 17th Sept.
- Burnett. On Saturday, the 2nd Sept., at the house of her brother-in-law, Henry Austin, Esq., in the Hanley-road, Hornsey-road, Frances Elizabeth, wife of Henry Burnett, Esq., of Higher Ardwick, Manchester, daughter of John, and elder sister of Charles Dickens, Esq., aged 38.
- Burton, Sarah, relict of Francis Burton, Esq., M.D., of the 12th Laneers, and Cumberland Street, 10th Sept.
- Burton, James, Esq., of Stamford Hill, 17th Sept., aged 88.
- Butler, John, Esq., of Caerleon, Comonmouth, 1st Sept., aged 52.
- Butter. On the 19th of June, at New York, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, John Butter, Esq., surgeon of the Colonial Hospital at Trinidad, and formerly of Bristol, aged 42.
- Byrth, Mary Stewart, second daughter of the Rev. Dr. Byrth at Wallasey Rectory, near Liverpool, 18th Aug., aged 18.
- Cabrow, Henry, Esq., 20th Aug., at Addlestone, Surrey, aged 40.
- Campbell, Captain John, late of the Royal Marines, 27th Aug., aged 63.
- Carlisle. On Thursday the 31st Aug., at Woodhouse, near Cheadle, Staffordshire, Prudence, relict of the Rev. William Carlisle, of Belmont, perpetual curate of Ipstones, in the same county, and rector of Sutton, in the county of Derby, aged 76.
- Camsen, Ann, wife of Thomas Camsen, Esq., of Flexbury, co. Cornwall, 3rd Sept.
- Carr. On the 24th inst., at Dover, Ann, the wife of William Carr, Esq., of Slaley-cottage, Blackheath-park.
- Carter. On the 5th Sept., deeply lamented, in the 62nd year of his age, John Carter, Esq., of the Lord Mayor's Court-office, London, and Ferry-house Twickenham.
- Carter, Miss, of Edgeott, co. Northampton, 20th Aug., aged 77.
- Cartwright, William, Esq., of West Teignmouth, Devon, 5th Sept., aged 80.
- Cartwright. On the 19th inst., at his residence in the Albany, deeply regretted, John Cartwright, Esq., for upwards of 25 years H. B. M. Consul-General, at Constantinople.
- Chabot, Charlotte, 9th Sept., at Kingsland, aged 67.
- Chambers. At Point de Galle, in the Island of Ceylon, on his return from India, after 35 years' service in the British army, Colonel Courtenay Chambers, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 25th Regiment (or King's Own Borderers), and formerly of the Grenadier Guards.
- Chapman. On the 14th of July, at Poonah, of fever, aged 23, Lieutenant George Chapman, Bombay Engineers, third son of William Chapman, Esq., of Wimpole-street.
- Chinery, Ellen Rebecca, dau. of Edward Chinery, Esq., of Lymington, 12th Sept.
- Choppin, Miss Hester, of Homerton, 22nd Aug., aged 82.
- Clark, the Rev. Marcus, M.A., and formerly scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, 6th Sept., at Kilkee, a watering-

- place in Clare, Ireland. Mr. Clarke, son of the late Rev. Marshal Clarke, of Tipperary, and brother of Sir John Clarke, Knight, was rector of Shronell, co. Tipperary, which he quitted the Saturday before his decease, in the full vigour of health. He arrived at Kilkee on the same day; and the Wednesday following he repaired to an inlet in the cliffs on the western side of the Bay, called Burn's Cove, to enjoy bathing in the sea. Here he undressed, and plunged into the ocean, when, woful to add, he was instantaneously struck by apoplexy, and floated just beneath the surface a lifeless corpse. The remains were soon got out, but the vital spark had fled. Mr. Clarke had married Maria, youngest daughter of the late William Hill, Esq., of Donnybrook, near Doneraile, co. Cork; and leaves by her a young family to deplore his irreparable loss.
- Clutterbuck, Edward Coningham, eldest son of the Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, 17th Sept., aged 11.
- Clutton, Mrs., widow of Owen Clutton, Esq., 15th Sept., aged 69.
- Cobb, Henry, Esq., formerly Commander E. I. C.'s ship, Kent, 14th Sept., aged 60.
- Cole, Anne, youngest dau. of the late Thomas Cole, Esq., 16th Aug., at Glasgow.
- Cole, Hennetta Mary Anne, wife of the Rev. Augustus W. Cole, of Sundridge, Kent, 20th Sept., aged 25.
- Coombes, William, Esq., of Dorking, Surrey, 17th Aug., aged 63.
- Cooper, Anne, relict of John Cooper, Esq., of Sutton's-gate, Hornchurch, 8th Sept.
- Coote, Charles Perdon, Esq., of Ballyclough Castle, co. Cork, 3rd Sept., aged 24.
- Coppen, Isaac, jun., of Islington, 1st Sept., aged 42.
- Cotton, Caroline, youngest dau. of Matthew Cotton, Esq., 7th Sept.
- Cox, William, Esq., formerly of the Coldstream Guards, son of the late General Thomas Cox, 11th Sept., aged 81.
- Cox, John, Esq., of Hyde-park-street, 27th Aug., aged 64.
- Cradock, Mrs. Sheldon, 4th Sept., at Leicester.
- Crespigny. On the 22nd Aug., at Sidmouth, in the prime of life, after a short illness, Emma Margaret, the wife of Charles Champion Crespigny, Esq.
- Crofts, James Thomas, only son of James Crofts, Esq., of King-street, Cheapside, 31st July, at McCarthy's Island, Africa, aged 25.
- Crooke, James, Esq., Lieutenant R. N., 17th Aug., aged 64.
- Crosthwaite, Elizabeth, eldest dau. of the Rev. J. C. Crosthwaite, rector of St. Mary, at Hull, 8th Sept.
- Curtis, Mrs. C. B., 6th Sept., at Leasam-house.
- Davidson. At Brompton, on the 4th Sept., Mrs. Ann Davidson, late of St. George's-terrace, Gravesend, relict of the late Cochran Davidson, Esq., of the Corn-exchange, London.
- Davis, John Soudley, Esq., of Peckham, 13th Aug., aged 65.
- Day, Mary Anne, wife of George James Day, Esq., 5th Sept., at St. Joes, co. Huntingdon, aged 40.
- De Starck, Rear-Admiral, 4th Sept., aged 84.
- Dickson. On the 26th Aug., at the house of his aunt, Mrs. R. W. Smith, Wem, Salop, Thomas Lloyd Dickin, aged 28, youngest son of Mr. George Dickin, of 29 Queen-street, Cheapside.
- Dickson, Major-General William, 11th Sept., at Beenham-house, Berks.
- Dickinson. On the 23rd of June, at Bombay, aged 19, Alexander Wedderburn Dickinson, Esq., of the Civil Service, youngest son of Colonel T. Dickinson, late Chief Engineer under that Presidency.
- Douglas, Charles, Lord. This nobleman, Lord-Lieutenant and hereditary Sheriff of Forfarshire, died on the 10th Sept., in his 73rd year. The title he had enjoyed since 1844, when he succeeded his elder brother. His father, the first Peer, was Archibald Steward, who contested with the Duke of Hamilton for the estates of his uncle, Archibald, Duke of Douglas, and eventually succeeded, after a long suit, known so well by the name of "the Douglas Cause," which made a noise all over Europe, and is one of the most extraordinary ever litigated. Lord Douglas, just deceased, was never married. His brother and successor, the Hon. and Rev. Jas. Douglas, Rector of Broughton, co. Northampton, now fourth Baron, is married to Williamina, second dau. of the late Hon. General James Murray, but has no issue.
- Doveton, Bazett, Esq., of Gloucester-place, late of the Bombay Civil Service, 29th Aug., aged 60.
- Dowson, Christopher, Esq., junr., 16th Sept., at Blackheath.
- D'Oyly. On the 1st Sept., at Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, after a few days' illness, Henry Thomas, eldest surviving son of the late Rev. G. D'Oyly, D.D., rector of Lambeth, Surrey, and Sun-

dridge, Kent, in the 30th year of his age.

Dundas. On Sunday, the 10th Sept., at her house, Albion-place, Reading, Berks, aged 68, Charlotte Elizabeth Wightman, relict of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Dundas, K.B.C., Dyce, David, Esq., Surgeon, 48th Regiment, 13th Aug.

Egginton, Joseph Smith, Esq., of Kirk Ella-house, co. York, 11th Sept., aged 50.

Ekins. On the 23rd inst., at Lampton, Middlesex, in her 60th year, Mary Anne, widow of the late Clement Ekins, Esq., Surgeon to the 93rd Highlanders.

Eliot, Lionel Granville, Esq., son of Lionel Duckett Eliot, Esq., of St. John's-wood, 3rd Sept.

Elliott, John, Esq., of Grove-lane, Camberwell, 4th Sept., aged 72.

Elliot, George Scott, Esq., 15th Aug., at Woodslee, co. Dumfries.

Evans, Marianne Bailey, wife of W. J. Evans, Esq., M.D., 7th Sept.

Evatt, Miss Emma Douglas, of Brighton, 20th Aug., aged 44.

Evelyn, Sir Hugh, Bart., 4th Sept. This gentleman, the last male descendant of the author of "Sylva," died, at his residence, Forest Hill, Sydenham, in the 78th year of his age. The venerable Baronet represented George Evelyn, who first brought the art of making gunpowder to perfection in England: and the celebrated and accomplished John Evelyn, author of "Sylva," who entertained the Czar Peter the Great, at Sayes Court, Deptford, with such princely hospitality. It is to the spirit of planting timber, created by the writings of Evelyn (who was Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital), we are indebted for the timber that built our ships during the naval wars of his Majesty George III., the scarcity of trees having attracted the earnest attention of those officers of the Crown. With Sir Hugh Evelyn, Bart., expires the third Baronetcy that has been granted to this ancient family. In early life he served in the Royal Navy, having been present as midshipman of the *St. George*, in Rodney's action of 1798, and at the taking of St. Lucia, in the West Indies. There is always a melancholy feeling in recording the extinction of an ancient family, but more especially when the genealogy is adorned with a name so distinguished in our country's annals as that of John Evelyn, whose high

character and honour stand brightly forth amid the corruption and licentiousness of the period in which he lived. Of that eminent man, the Baronet, whose decease we record, was the great-great-grandson.

Eyre, Jane, wife of Elijah Eyre, Esq., of Lynn, 19th Aug.

Eyton. On the 30th Aug., at Judd-place East, New-road, Mrs. Sarah Eyton, aged 82, relict of the late Edward Eyton, Esq., of Meeklenburgh-square.

Falkland, Miss Elizabeth, formerly of Sloane-street, 13th Sept., at St. Alban's, aged 56.

Farrer, Francis, youngest son of H. W. Farrer, and grandson of the late Alexander Gordon, Esq., of Charterhouse-square, 20th Sept., aged 11.

Fellow, Rice George, Esq., 11th Sept., at Park-village East.

Field, Jeremiah, Esq., late of the 2nd Life Guards, 4th Sept., aged 59.

Fisher, Thomas, Esq., Wosecott, Dorking, co. Surrey, and St. Peter's College, Cambridge, 11th Sept., aged 35.

Flavell. On the 9th Sept., at Holt, in the 76th year of his age, the Rev. Josiah Webb Flavell, 47 years rector of the parishes of Stody and Hunworth, and an acting Magistrate for the county of Norfolk.

Foster. On Wednesday, the 23rd Aug., after a few hours' illness, at his residence, Peckham, Charles Foster, Esq., Secretary of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews.

Fraser. On the 26th Aug., at Chichester, George Fraser, Esq., Lieutenant, Royal Navy, youngest son of the late Major-General John Henry Fraser, of Ashling-house, Sussex.

Frazer. On the 11th July, at Sindia, near Antioch, Syria, Augustus Henry Frazer, Esq., late a Captain in the Royal Artillery, eldest son of the late Colonel Sir Augustus Frazer, K.C.B., of the same Regiment, aged 36.

Freke. On the 20th Aug., of paralysis, Colonel Henry John Freke, C.B., of Hannington-hall, Wilts, one of the Deputy Lieutenants, and a magistrate for the county, aged 72.

French, Charlotte, relict of Dr. John D. P. French, M.D., 14th Sept., age 74.

Freshfield. On the 14th Sept., at Brighton, Miss Anna Maria Freshfield, third dau. of J. W. Freshfield, Esq., of Moor-place, Betchworth, Surrey.

Firze, Mrs. Thomas, 30th Aug., at Richmond, Surrey.

Gambier. On Sunday, the 27th Aug.,

- in Eccleston-square, Charles Samuel, eldest son of the late Samuel Gambier, Esq., aged 58.
- Giberne, Capt. Henry, 7th Bombay Artillery, 4th son of the late Mark Giberne, Esq., 1st Sept., aged 37.
- Gilbert. On the 26th Aug., at his residence in York, Robert Gilbert, Esq., second son of the late Rev. Robert Gilbert, rector of Settrington, Yorkshire.
- Giles, Jerry, youngest son of the late Francis Giles, Esq., C. E., 27th Aug., aged 16.
- Gosling. On the 22nd Aug., in Gloucester-place, after a very short illness, Elizabeth Rosannah, the eldest daughter of the late John Gosling, Esq., of Gloucester-place, New-road.
- Goodwin, Harvey, Esq., late of Cromer, co. Norfolk, 11th Aug., at Aylsham, aged 61.
- Gore, the Rev. F. L., late of Torquay, Devon, and many years Rector of Stewartstown, Ireland, 20th Sept., aged 72.
- Gout, J. Lewis, Esq., 25th Aug., at Smyrna, aged 72.
- Gowing, Geo., Esq., 11th Sept., at Howland-street, aged 38.
- Graham. On the 19th Aug., at the residence of his sisters, Belgrave-house, Turnham-green, John William Graham, Esq., late of the Hon. East India Company's service.
- Greene. On the 4th Sept., at the house of her father, the Rev. T. Matthews, Shrewton Vicarage, Wilts, Christiana, wife of Mr. E. H. Greene, Ealing, Middlesex.
- Greville. On the 4th Sept., at North Mymms-place, Hertfordshire, Evelyn Harriet Jessie, only surviving daughter of Mr. Fulke and Lady Rosa Greville, aged two years and eight months.
- Griffith, Thomas, Esq., of New Place, Southampton, 13th Sept.
- Hall, Margaret, widow of Walter Hall, Esq., of Ruffside, co. Durham, 13th Sept., aged 60.
- Hall. On the 24th Aug., at the residence of his son, Long Cross Parsonage, Chertsey, Humphrey Hall, Esq., late of the Hermitage, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, in the 86th year of his age.
- Hamilton, Thomas Henry, youngest son of the late Alexander Hamilton, Esq., of Maunchlike Castle, co. Ayr, 21st Sept., aged 14.
- Hampson. On Thursday the 14th Sept., at the residence of his father, 7, Dorset-square, Regent's-park, James William Rody Hampson, aged 15 years and 8 months, grandson of the late Charles Hampson, Esq., of Nonsuch-house, Castle Pollard, co. Westmeath, Ireland.
- Harland, Sir Robert, Bart., of Sproughton, Suffolk. The death of this venerable Baronet, which occurred on the 18th Aug., at his residence, Wherstead Lodge, causes the title to become extinct. Sir Robert was a kind friend to the poor, a generous landlord, and in every respect an estimable man. Severely will his loss be felt in the neighbourhood wherein he resided, and long will his worth and his benevolence be held in honoured remembrance. The worthy Baronet was only son of the late Admiral Sir Robert Harland, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty in 1782, and great-grandson and heir maternally of Colonel John Duncombe. He married in 1801, Arethusa, daughter of Henry Vernon, Esq., of Great Thurlow, and niece of Francis, Earl of Shipbroke, but had no issue. At the time of his death, Sir Robert was in his 83rd year. He held the office of High Steward of Ipswich for the last twenty years.
- Hathorn, George, Esq., at Brunswick Square, 13th Sept. aged 84.
- Haynes, Miss Elizabeth, of Stoke Park, Salop, 6th Sept., aged 81.
- Hemmett. On the 17th Aug., Mrs. Sarah Hemmett, aged 93, relict of the late John Hemmett, Esq., formerly of Clove Place, Kingston, near Taunton.
- Héron, J. Knight, Esq., of Manchester 3rd Sept., aged 43.
- Hesse Homburg, the Landgrave of. Gustavus Adolphus Frederick, Sovereign Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, was a General of Cavalry in the Austrian service. He was born on the 17th Feb., 1781, and succeeded his brother, the late Landgrave, Philip Augustus, on the 10th Dec., 1846. He had married, on the 12th February, 1818, the Princess Louisa, daughter of Frederick, late hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, by whom he leaves two daughters. His Serene Highness died on the 7th inst. of apoplexy; his title is inherited by his only surviving brother, Ferdinand Henry, now the Sovereign Landgrave.
- Heush, Charles, Esq., of Bedford Square, 4th Sept., aged 73.
- Hewlitt, J. C., Esq., of Chancery Lane and Brixton, 11th Sept.
- Heyliger, Eva Beata, wife of William Heyliger, Esq., 28th July, at St. Croix.
- Hipkins, Mary Ann, relict of Paris Hipkins, of London, 5th Sept., aged 59.
- Holden, Rebecca, relict of the late Hyla

Holden, Esq., of Wasperton House, co. Warwick, 17th Aug.

Holness, William, Esq., of Sydenham, 31st Aug., aged 86.

Horsfall. On the 31st Aug., at Tunbridge Wells, John Garnett Horsfall, Esq., of Rolton Royde, Bradford, Yorkshire, in the 61st year of his age.

Houldich, Richard, Esq., of Hampstead, 31st Aug., aged 90.

Howard, George Rayner, at Worthing, aged 26.

Howe. On Thursday, the 7th Sept., at his residence, 3, Trigon Terrace, Clapham Road, Robert Howe, Esq., late clerk of works and professor of practical architecture at the Royal Engineer Establishment, Chatham, in the 61st year of his age.

Huddleston, Sarah, wife of Edward Huddleston, Esq., of Sawston Hall, co. Cambridge, 12th Sept., aged 67.

Humbert, Daniel, Esq., formerly of London, 1st July, on his passage from New Orleans.

Ingham. On the 20th Aug., at Camberwell, Elizabeth, the relict of Joshua Ingham, Esq., of Stillingfleet, in the county of York, and daughter of the late John Hall, Esq., of Leeds.

Jackson, Lucy, wife of Henry Jackson, Esq., 30th Aug., at Henley-on-Thames, aged 75.

Jennings, Richard, Esq., 23rd Aug., at Portland-place, aged 68.

Jerningham. On the 22d Aug., at Bath, aged 31, James Edward Jerningham, Esq., second son of the late Edward Jerningham, Esq., and nephew of Lord Stafford.

Johnson, Thomas, Esq., late of the Cape of Good Hope, 15th Sept., aged 57.

Jones, John, Esq., of Brighton, 2d Sept., aged 80.

Jones, the Rev. Morgan Walter, B.D., Vicar of Ospringe, Kent, 13th August, aged 69.

Justice, Martha, relict of Thos. Justice, Esq., late of Appleford, co. Berks, 8th Sept., aged 63.

Keal, Edward, Esq., 5th Sept., at Ebury-street, Pimlico, aged 83.

Kettle. On the 12th Sept., at Boulogne-sur-Mer, aged 27, Mary Anne, wife of Rupert Kettle, Esq., barrister-at-law, and only daughter of John Dixon, Esq., of Wolverhampton.

Killingworth, Caroline, wife of James Killingworth, Esq., 16th Aug., at Kingsland, aged 37.

Knaggs. On the 16th Aug., aged 21, after four days' illness, Corinne Marguerite Knaggs, the wife of Walter

Knaggs, Esq., Deputy Receiver-General of the Island of Jamaica, at the residence of her father-in-law, J. Knaggs, Esq., of Mornington-crescent.

Kreeft. On the 29th Aug., at sea, on the voyage home from Gambia River, Captain C. Kreeft, only son of Captain John Bernhard Kreeft, of Barth, in Pomerania.

Lake, Leonard Marler, youngest son of John Lake, Esq., of Tulse Hill House, aged 31, 9th Sept.

Lausseure, Mr., of Nuits, 9th Sept., at Paris.

Leathes, John Francis, Esq., of Herringfleet Hall, Suffolk. The death of this lamented gentleman occurred on the 8th Sept., at his seat, Herringfleet Hall. He was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, and served as high sheriff of the former in 1827. The family of Mussenden, of which Mr. Leathes was the male representative, came over from Normandy, temp. William the Conqueror, and soon acquired such high position that Sir William de Mussenden held the dignified office of Grand Admiral of England, A.D. 1133. He founded the Abbey of Missenden, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin, in fulfilment of a vow made during a dreadful storm at sea, in which his whole fleet were in the most imminent danger. From this ancient house lineally descended Carteret Mussenden, Esq., M.P., for Harwich, who assumed, at the death of his maternal uncle—William Leathes, Esq., Minister Plenipotentiary at the Hague—the surname and arms of Leathes. He was father of George Leathes, Esq., of Herringfleet, Major of Dragoons; whose son—John Francis Leathes, Esq., Lord of Herringfleet and Reedham—forms the subject of this brief notice. At the time of his death Mr. Leathes had completed his 61st year. He was never married.

Leckie, Lucy Anne, youngest daughter of P. C. Leckie, of Old Broad-street, 8th Sept.

Lee, Laura, youngest daughter of the late Richard Lee, Esq., banker, of Lombard-street, 11th Sept.

L'Estraux, Lieutenant-General George Guy Carlton, C.B., Colonel of the 61st Regiment, 21st Aug.

Levinge, Sir Richard, Bart. This respected gentleman dropped down dead, while walking in the grounds of his beautiful seat of Knockdrin Castle, on the 12th Sept. Up to the fatal mo-

- ment he appeared to be in his usual health. He had not quite reached his 63d year. Differing from the great majority of his class, Sir Richard resided constantly on his estate; and, by the extensive improvements he made on his demesne, as well as by his encouragement of agriculture, afforded employment and encouragement to the peasantry of the district. He was the first to introduce into the province of Leinster the manufacture of tiles for the rough draining, which have since been so extensively and so profitably used. The family of Levinge is of very ancient date, being derived from Sir Walter Levinge, a soldier of the Cross, and companion in arms of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The first who settled in the sister island was the Right Hon. Sir Richard Levinge, of Parwick, co. Derby, who distinguished himself as a lawyer, became successively Solicitor-General for Ireland, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in that kingdom. He obtained in 1704, the patent of Baronetcy, which is still enjoyed by his descendants. Of this eminent person, Sir Richard Levinge, whose death we record, was great-grandson. He succeeded to the title at the decease of his father, Sir Charles, in 1796, and married, 1810, Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Boothby, first Lord Radcliffe, by whom he had nine sons and two daughters; the eldest of the former is the present Sir Richard George Augustus Levinge, seventh baronet of Knockdrin Castle.
- Lindo.** On the 28th Aug., Abigail, third daughter of D. A. Lindo, Esq., of Mansell-street, the authoress of the Hebrew and English and English and Hebrew Lexicon, aged 45.
- Lindsay.** On the 31st Aug., at his residence, 17, Carlton Villas, Maida Vale, in his 44th year, Captain Charles Basil Lindsay, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service, youngest son of the late Hon. Robert Lindsay, of Balcarras.
- Lutwidge, Charles, Esq.,** late Collector of Customs at Hull, 7th Sept., aged 81.
- Lye, Mrs.,** of Boreham, near Warminster, 13th Sept., aged 66.
- MacKenzie, Isabella,** relict of Captain George MacKenzie, 13th Sept., aged 86, at Greenwich.
- MacMinn, Francis, Esq.,** of Donaghadee, Ireland, 20th Aug., at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, aged 72.
- MacNaughtan, Colin, Esq.,** of Kelvin Grove, 29th Aug., at Glasgow, aged 65.
- Manning, Henry, Esq.** The decease of this gentleman occurred at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, on the 11th Sept., aged 63. He was the last male representative of his branch of the ancient family of Manning, founded by Simon de Manning, Lord of the town and castle of Betreds, in Kent, who accompanied Richard I. to the Holy Land. He also derived, through his grandmother, the heiress of James Mingaye, of Woodbridge, from the old Norman family of Mingaye of Amringale. Mr. Manning has died without issue.
- Manser, David, Esq.,** 17th Aug., at Rye, aged 47.
- Markland.** Admiral John Duff Markland, C.B. He entered the service so far back as fifty-eight years ago, in 1790; he was midshipman of the *Nymph*, at the capture of the *Resistance* and *Constance*, French frigates, in 1797; he was afterwards midshipman of the *Amethyst*, and took part in the capture of *Dedaijuence* in 1801. He commanded the *Bustard* when that vessel seized a convoy near Trieste. At the siege of Trieste itself, he was Captain of the *Milford*; he was also present at the celebrated capture of the principal ports in the Adriatic. This gallant veteran died at Bath on the 28th Aug., aged 68.
- Marshall, Anne,** wife of Alderman Sir Chapman Marshall, 21st Aug., aged 42.
- Martineau, Elizabeth,** relict of Thomas Martineau, Esq., of Norwich, 26th Aug., aged 78.
- Martin, A. G., Esq.,** 14th Aug., at Victoria Lodge, Turnham Green, aged 73.
- McCalmont.** On the 30th Aug., at Bellevue-house, Southampton, Margaret Jane, daughter of the late Hugh McCalmont, of Abbey Lands, county of Antrim, Esq.
- McEwan, Charles Edward,** youngest son of Robert McEwan, of Highgate, 26th Aug.
- Miles, Jane,** wife of Thomas Miles, Esq., of Ston, Easton, co. Somerset, 11th Sept., aged 84.
- Miles, Lady,** wife of Colonel Sir Edward Miles, C.B., F.R.S., 24th Aug.
- Mitchell.** On the 23d Aug., at Greenhill, Lasswade, near Edinburgh, Agnes, eldest daughter of the late John Mitchell, Esq., Consul General for the British Government in Norway.

Moore. On the 29th August, at Blandford, after a long and painful illness, Lydia Eliza, the beloved wife of Frederick Harry Moore, Esq., of Blandford, Dorset, solicitor.

Morson, Henry, Esq., 20th Aug.

Nesbit. On the 18th of May, 1843, at sea, on board the *Rajasthan*, on her voyage from Bombay to England, Hay, daughter of the late Rev. Kenneth Bayne of Greenock, the wife of the Rev. Robert Nesbit, Free Church Missionary, Bombay.

Nethercoat, Isaac, of Leatherhead, Surrey, 21st Aug., aged 77.

Newton, Samuel, Esq., of Croxton Park, co. Cambridge, and Pickhill Hall, co. Denbigh, 15th Sept., aged 80.

Ogilvie. On Thursday, the 31st Aug., at Harrogate, aged 77, James Charles Bladwell Ogilvie, Esq., of Swannington-hall, Norfolk.

O'Reilly. On the 3rd Sept., at his residence, the North Gate-street House, Chester, of English cholera, John Edward O'Reilly, Esq., M.B., of Trinity College, Dublin, the O'Reilly of Annagh Abbey, in the county of Cavan.

Osborn, Sir John, Bart., of Chicksand Priory, co. Bedford. The decease of this venerable Baronet, who was in his 76th year, took place on the 29th Aug., at his residence in Porchester-terrace. Sir John was only son of the late General Sir George Osborn, Bart., by Elizabeth, his first wife, eldest dau. and co-heir of John Bannister, Esq., and grandson of Sir Danvers Osborn, Bart., Governor of New York, by the Lady Mary Montagu, his wife, daughter of George Earl of Halifax. He married, 14th Sept., 1809, Frederica Louisa, daughter of the late Sir Charles Danvers, Bart., and had five sons and three daughters; the eldest of the former being the present Sir Geo. Robert Osborn, Bart., who is married to Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Kerr, sister of the Earl of Antrim. The Bedfordshire family of Osborn was founded and the estate of Chicksand purchased, by Peter Osborn, Esq., Treasurer's Remembrancer and Privy Purse to King Edward VI. In early life, Sir John Osborn was attached for a short period to Lord Whitworth's embassy at the Court of Russia, after which, returning home, he became one of the Knights of the Shire for the county of Bedford, in 1724, and continued to sit in Parliament for many consecutive years. From 1811 to 1824, he held

office as one of the Lords of the Admiralty; and in the latter year was appointed a Commissioner for Auditing the Public Accounts, all the duties of which station he fulfilled till within a short period of his decease.

O'Verbury, Mary Hood, wife of Nathl. O'Verbury, Upper Tooting, 17th Sept.

Paddon. On the 19th Aug., Ellen, wife of Edward Paddon, Esq., of Fareham, Hants, and fourth daughter of the late Christopher Magnay, Esq., of East-Hill, Wandsworth.

Parker. On the 30th Aug., at No. 30, Connaught-terrace, the house of her son-in-law, Robert Vincent, Esq., Mary Ann, the widow of the late Captain John Parker, R.N., in her 83d year.

Paskin, Mary, wife of Charles Paskin, Esq., of the Vote Office, House of Commons, 9th Sept, aged 47.

Peel. On the 18th Aug., at South-shore, near Blackpool, in his 38th year, Robert Peel, of Church-bank, Lancashire, Esq., third son of the late Robert Peel, Esq., of Acreington-house, and Hyndburn, in the same county.

Pell, Bennett, Esq., late of Finsbury-place, 25th Aug., at Mitcham, aged 65.

Perram, John, Esq., late of Norfolk-sq., Brighton, 26th Aug., at Clapham, aged 62.

Perios. On the 13th Aug., in London, aged 31, Frederick Claude Hamilton, only surviving son of the late Monsieur Perois, of Londonderry.

Pettigrew, Jane, wife of W. H. Pettigrew, Esq., surgeon, 24th Aug.

Phipps. On the 19th July, at Madeira, in the 30th year of his age, Thomas Phipps, Esq., eldest son of the Rev. Barré Phipps, Rector of Selsey, Sussex.

Pitcher, Mrs. Sarah Jane, 17th Sept., at Clapham.

Pitt, Stephen, Esq., of Cricket Malherby, co. Somerset, and of Kensington, 24th Aug.

Plimpton, Richard, Esq., 31st Aug., at St. John's Wood, aged 76.

Polhill, Frederick, Esq., of Howbury Park, co. Bedford, 20th September at Ramsgate, aged 50. This gentleman was last surviving son of the late John Polhill, Esq., of Cavendish-square, and grandson of Nathaniel Polhill, Esq., of Howbury Park, an eminent banker in the City, and tobacco merchant of Southwark, which he represented in Parliament. The family of Polhill is one of the most ancient in the counties of Kent and Sussex, having had possessions in the latter shire since the

- reign of Elizabeth, and, in the former, time immemorial. Captain Polhill, whose death we record, sat for many years in the House of Commons as M.P. for Bedford. He was formerly an officer in the army, but retired from the service in 1830, being the senior Captain of the King's Dragoon Guards. He married in 1834, Frances Margareta, daughter of John Dakeyne, Esq., of Bagthorpe House, Notts, and has left one daughter, Georgiana, and an only surviving son and successor, Frederic Charles, an officer in the 6th Dragoon Guards.
- Plumley, William Dawson, Esq., of Mornington-place, 20th Aug., aged 61.
- Poole, Octavia, relict of the late Charles Poole, Esq., formerly of the Grove, Stanmore, 18th Sept.
- Prescod, William Hinds, Esq., of Barbadoes, 9th Sept.
- Prichard. On Monday, the 11th Sept., at the Red-lodge, Bristol, in his 35th year, the Rev. James Cowles Prichard, late vicar of Mitcham, Surrey, eldest son of Dr. Prichard, Commissioner in Lunacy.
- Pritchard, Thomas, son of the Rev. Geo. Pritchard, and late of the firm of Cartwright and Pritchard, Chancery-lane, 10th Sept.
- Pullen, the Rev. W., M.A., at Babbe-combe, Devon, 13th Sept.
- Pye, Mr. James, of Berkley-sq., 12th Sept., aged 56.
- Ranking, Arabella, wife of Joseph Ranking, Esq., formerly of Cheapside, 7th Sept. aged 73.
- Raven, Katherine, 26th Aug., at Hol-loway.
- Raven, John, Esq., of Summerfield, co. Norfolk, 3d Sept., aged 66.
- Rawlins, Sarah, wife of Samuel Rawlins, Esq., of Rotton Park, co. Warwick, 27th Aug., aged 80.
- Reade. On the 13th Sept., at Hutton Locras, near Gisborough, Yorkshire, aged 26, Melville Barbara, wife of George Reade, Esq., of that place, and second daughter of the late John Watson, Esq., of Wick-lodge, Brighton.
- Renton. On the 9th Sept., at Stanford-house, near Woodstock, Mary Ellen, widow of the late A. H. Renton, Esq., M.D., formerly of Funchall, Maderia.
- Riccard, Marian, wife of Russell Martyn Riccard, Esq., of Nunnery, South Moulton, 16th Sept.
- Richardson, Sir W. H., of Chessel-house, Hants, 13th Sept., aged 57.
- Richardson, Mrs. James, 12th Sept., at Regent's Park-terrace.
- Riley, George Francis, fourth son of William F. Riley, Esq., 24th Aug., at Forest Hill, near Windsor, aged 18.
- Robson, John, Esq., of the Stock Exchange, 23d Aug., aged 67.
- Ross, John MacKenzie, Esq., many years editor and proprietor of the *Ceylon Herald*, and afterwards of Upper Odewell estate, on that island.
- Ross. On the 20th Aug., at his residence, Oakdean, near Cowden, Kent, in the 61st year of his age, Lieutenant-Col. William Ross, H. P., late Colonel of the 23d or Royal Welsh Fusileers.
- Russell, James, Esq., of Dunlersey-house, co. Donegal, formerly of South-wark and the New Kent-road, 2nd Sept.
- Sanders, the Rev. J. Willis, M. A., of Thwarts, in Millom, co. Cumberland, 6th Sept. aged 39.
- Sanders. On the 22nd Aug., at her residence, Clapham Road, Frances, relict of Joseph Sanders, Esq., and sister of Martin Stutely, Esq., Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park.
- Saunders. On the 14th Sept., in London, in the prime of life, George Saunders, Esq., youngest son of the late Captain Arthur Saunders, Esq., 12th Royal Lancers, lately a graduate of Oxford.
- Scholefield. On Thursday, the 24th of Aug., in her 23rd year, Caroline Sophia, the beloved wife of John Scholefield, Esq., of Edgbaston, Birmingham, and eldest daughter of James Shaw, Esq., of Park Grove.
- Selwyn. On the 26th Aug., at the Rectory, Hemingford Abbots, Huntingdonshire, in her 57th year, Fanny, the beloved wife of the Rev. Edward Selwyn, second daughter of the late Rev. John Simons, rector of Paul's Cray, Kent.
- Sergison, the Rev. William, late of Cuck-field Park, co. Sussex, 17th Sept., aged 69.
- Shears, Richard, son of J. H. Shears, Esq., of Streatham Hill, at Port Philip, last March.
- Skelton, William, Esq., of Upper Ebury Street, 13th Aug., aged 86.
- Sladen. On the 4th Sept., at the house of her uncle, at Lee, near Blackheath, Mary Eleanora, seventh daughter of John B. Sladen, Esq., of Ripple-court, in the county of Kent.
- Smith, Benjamin, of Leicester, 25th Aug., aged 40.
- Soaper, George, Esq., late of Guildford, Surrey, 27th Aug., at Godalming.
- Spong, Jane, relict of William Spong,

- Esq., of Cobtree House, Boxley, Kent, 17th Sept.
- Springet, the Rev. William Henry, of Rayleigh House, Brixton, 29th Aug., aged 61.
- Stewart, Robert, Esq., 16th Sept., at Bromley, St. Leonards, aged 57.
- St. John. On the 3rd Aug., of decline, Henry, eldest son of Robert William St. John, Esq., Her Majesty's Consul-General at Algiers.
- Stirling, William Henry, Esq., of the 60th Rifles, 24th Aug., aged 21.
- Stock, James, Esq., 10th Sept., at Westdale House, near Liverpool, aged 76.
- Stokes, William, Esq., of Newington Crescent, Surrey, 27th Aug.
- Stringer, George, Esq., formerly of Islington, 28th Aug., at Tottenham
- Strother, Ann, eldest daughter of Anthony Strother, Esq., of the Shrubbery, Shooter's hill, 13th Sept, aged 13.
- Taylor, Russell Scott, Esq., eldest son of the late Edward Taylor, Esq., of Manchester, 15th Sept.
- Tebbit, Frederick, Esq., 7th Sept., at Cottage House, Clapham-common, aged 23.
- Thompson, John, Esq., 31st Aug., at Tottenham, aged 93.
- Thompson, Marie Caroline, only child of the late Alexander Thompson, Esq., of Barbadoes, 13th Sept.
- Thorold. On the 30th Aug., at 5, Albany-terrace, Regent's Park, aged 76, Anne Eliza, eldest daughter and heiress of the late Samuel Thorold, Esq., of Harmston-hall, Lincolnshire, and relict of Benjamin Thorold, Esq., of the same place.
- Tiplady, William Henry, Esq., of Gower-street, 19th Sept., aged 37.
- Tolvor. On the 20th Aug., at Great Yarmouth, George Edward Tolvor, only surviving son of Samuel Tolvor, Esq., late Town-clerk of that borough.
- Tomkins, Jane Walker, wife of Samuel Tomkins, Esq., Jun., of Albert-road, 7th Sept., aged 37.
- Tosswill, Charles Speare, Esq., of Torrington-place, 16th Sept., aged 49.
- Trollope. On the 12th Sept., in his 49th year, the Rev. Arthur Trollope, M. A., for 21 years curate of the united parishes of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheap-side, St. Pancras, Soper-lane, and All-hallows, Honey-lane.
- Tarmley, Joseph, Esq., 20th Sept., at Peckham.
- Tylee, Mary, wife of John Napher Tylee, Esq., of Raby Lawn, Bath, 6th Sept.
- Vincent, Emilia Elizabeth, wife of George Giles Vincent, Esq., of the Sanctuary, Westminster, on the 5th Sept., aged 63.
- Wadeson, Robert Spiller, Esq., late of Austen Friars, 4th Sept.
- Walker, James Melville, eldest son of the late Rear-Admiral Walker, C.B.
- Walker, Anne, relict of Jonathan Walker, Esq., late of Ferham, near Kotheram, 22nd Aug.
- Waller, John F., Esq., of the Woods and Forests, son of John Waller, Esq., late cashier of that office, 21st Aug., aged 34.
- Walmisley. On the 11th Sept., at the residence of her son-in-law, Henry Glazebrook, Esq., Golder's-green, Hendon, Mary Ann, wife of Thomas Forbes Walmisley, Esq., of Westminster, and mother of Dr. Walmisley, of Cambridge, aged 56.
- Walton, Richard, Esq., Surgeon, of Cambridge, 20th Aug., at Ryde.
- Wansborough, Elizabeth, wife of T. W. Wansborough, Esq., M.D., of Rose Cottage, Chelsea, 20th Sept.
- Waters, Robert Floyd, Esq., 2nd Sept., at St. Pierre Les Calais, France, aged 53.
- Webb, John, Esq., of Raskelf, co. York and Warlabye, co. Leicester, 28th Aug., at Vanvres, near Paris.
- Welchman. On Sunday, the 10th Sept., Sarah, the wife of Robert Frederick Welchman, Esq., of Southam, Warwickshire, solicitor, niece of William Taylor, Esq., of the same place.
- Wenham, Sarah, relict of Edward Wenham, Esq., of Hastings, 17th Aug., aged 65.
- Wheatly, Joseph, Esq., of Leicester, 10th Sept., aged 74.
- White, John, Esq., of Barge Yard Chambers, 13th Sept., at Camberwell, aged 53.
- Wilkes. On the 24th Sept., at Loft's-hall, Essex, aged 77, John Wilkes, Esq. He served the office of high sheriff for Essex, and had been for many years a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for that county.
- Williams. On the 3rd Sept., at the residence of his brother, 3, Lorian-place, Holloway, aged 27, Henry Williams, third son of Mr. Walter Williams, of Bristol.
- Willis, Anne, wife of Richard Willis, Esq., late of Ludlow and Wanstead Park, V.D.L., 19th Sept.
- Wilson. On Sunday, the 13th Aug., at Banbridge, Ireland, Fanny Meredith Wilson, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Wilson, Esq., formerly of Rockland, Carrickfergus.
- Wintle, the Rev. Robert, B.D., of Culham, 4th Sept., aged 76.

Wodehouse, the Hon. and Rev. Alfred.

He was the fifth son of John, second Lord Wodehouse, by Charlotte Laura, his wife, daughter and heiress of John Norris, Esq., of Wilton Park, Norfolk. He was born 10th June, 1814; and married, 21st April, 1840, Emma Hainilla, second dau. of Reginald Macdonald, Esq., Chief of Clanranald, by whom he leaves several children.

Wood, William Henry, fourth son of the late Joseph Wood, Esq., of Westminster, 24th Aug., aged 26.

Wood. At Herne-bay, on the 17th Aug., of scarlet fever, William Wordsworth, the second son, aged 2 years and 11 months, and on the 20th inst., Elizabeth Forth, the much-beloved wife of Charles William Wood, Esq., barrister-at-law.

Wootten, Iffley Richard, Esq., Banker of Oxford, 9th Sept., aged 84.

Ximenes, General Sir David. This gallant officer entered the army at the age

of sixteen, and served in every climate. He was the son of David Ximenes, Esq., by Abigail Mendez, his wife; and younger brother of the late Sir Morris Ximenes, of Bear-place, Berks. The family from which he descended claimed to derive from Roderick, brother of the renowned Cardinal Ximenes. Sir David married, in 1816, Eliza Mary, daughter of Admiral Evans, and had four sons and three daughters.

Yorke, James, Esq., of Westhill, Isle of Wight, 3rd Sept., aged 87.

Young, Lieut.-Col. James, Bengal Artillery, 17th Aug.

Young, Alexander, Esq., M.D., of Trant, second son of the late William

Young, Esq., of London, 20th Aug.

Young. On the 3rd Sept., at Clevedon, Elizabeth, sixth daughter of the late Admiral Young, of Barton-end-house, Horsley, Gloucestershire, and niece of the late Sir William Young, G.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the Fleet.

THE END.

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